

Wm. Fuller

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1905

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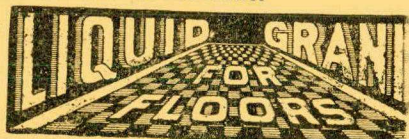
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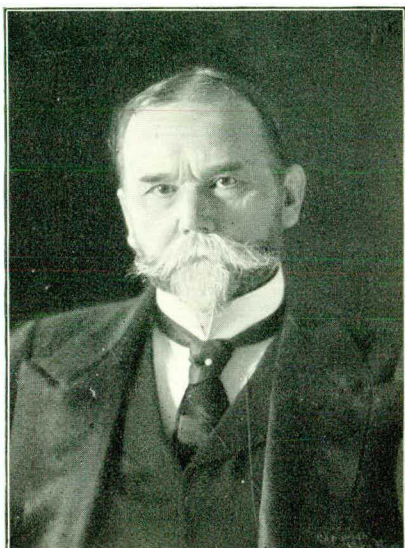
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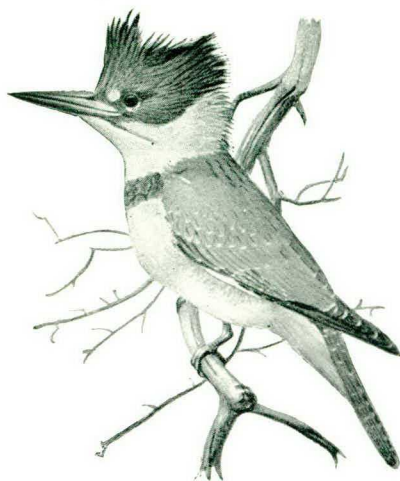
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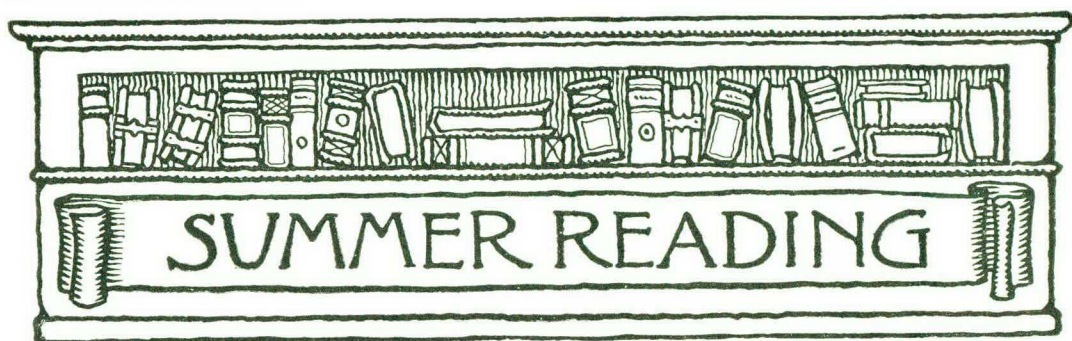
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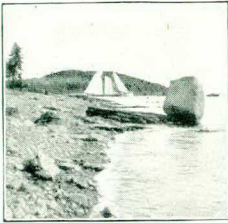
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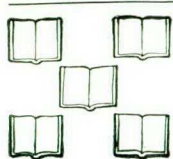
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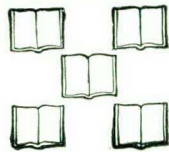
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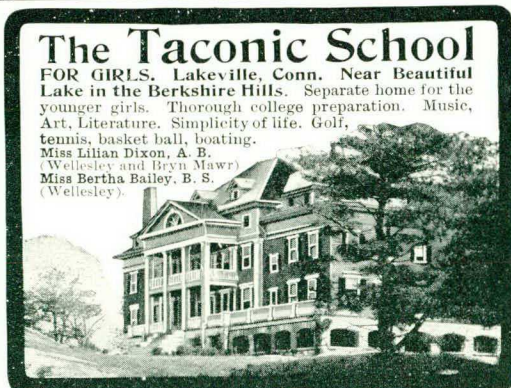
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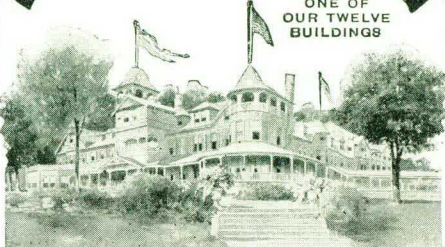
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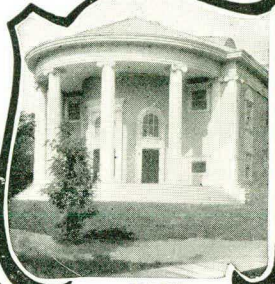
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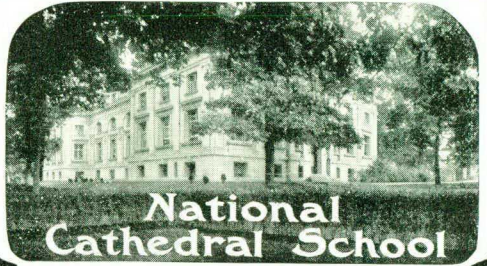


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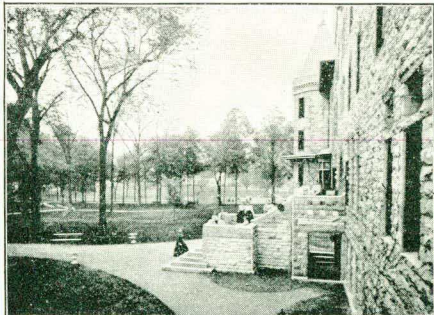
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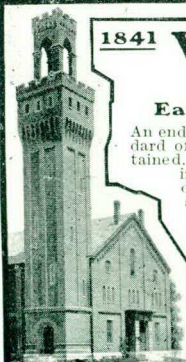
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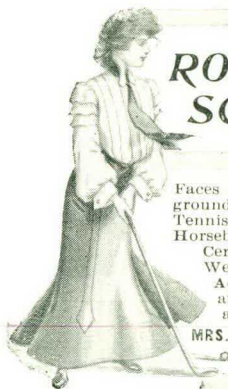
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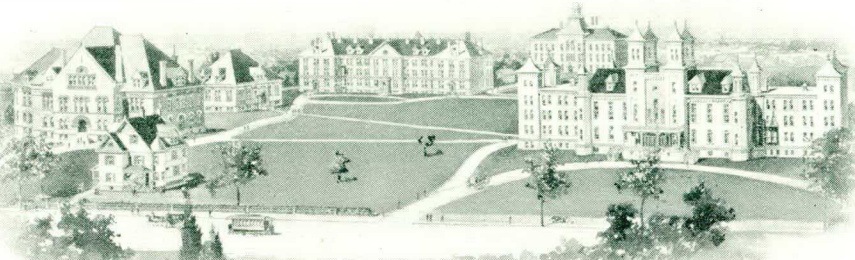
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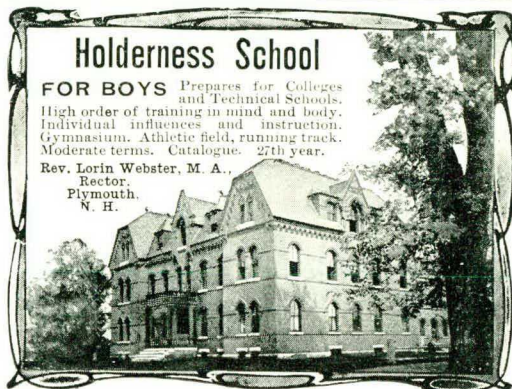
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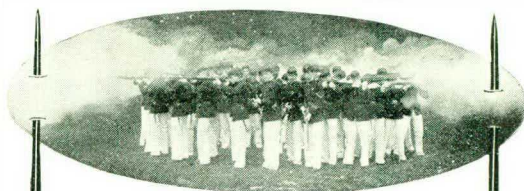
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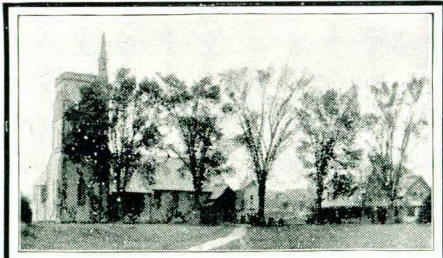
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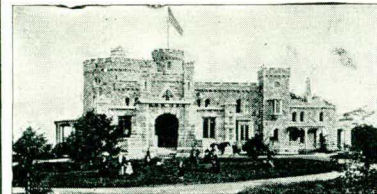
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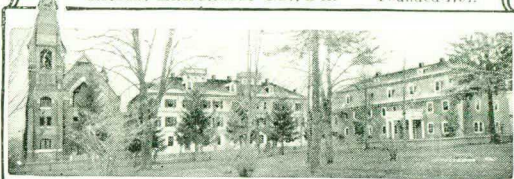
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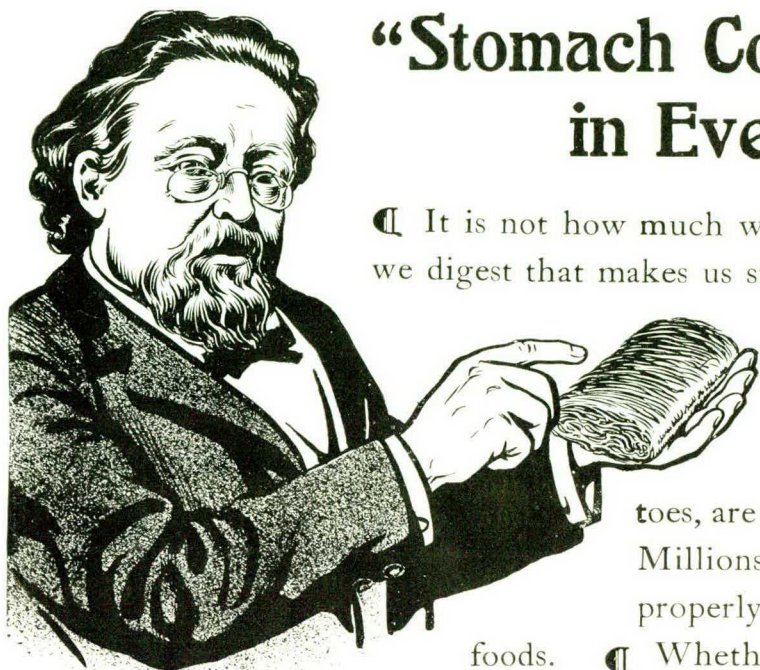
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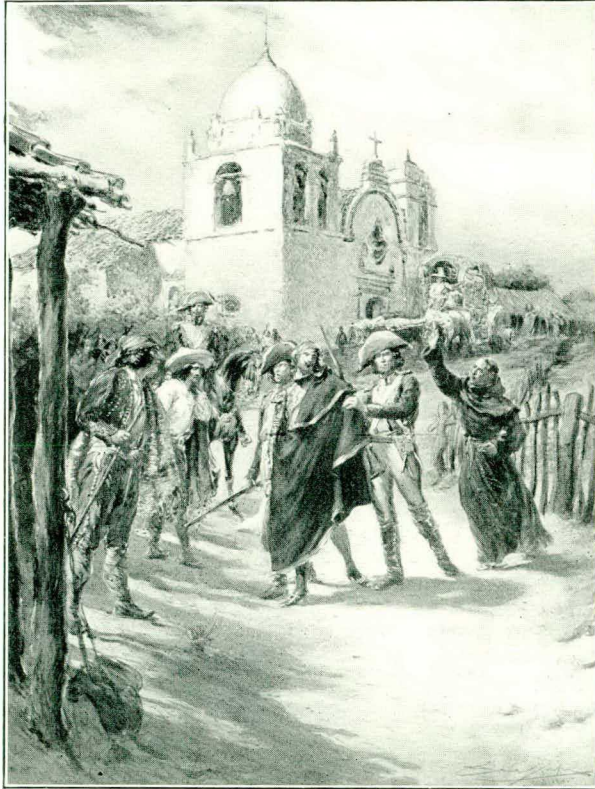
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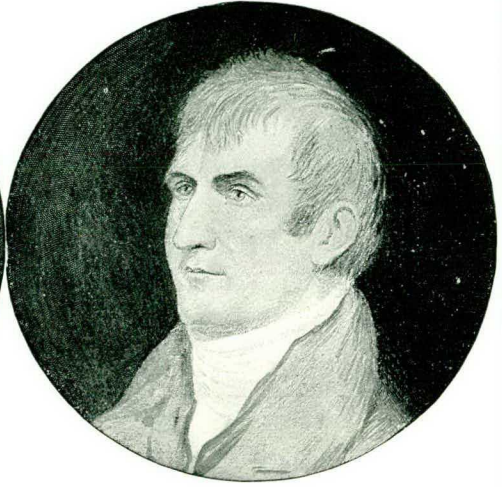
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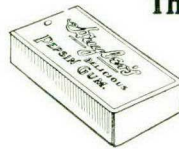
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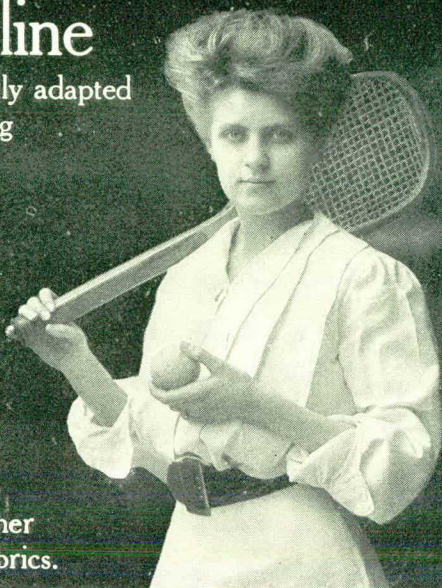
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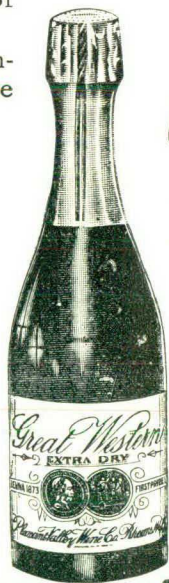
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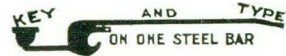
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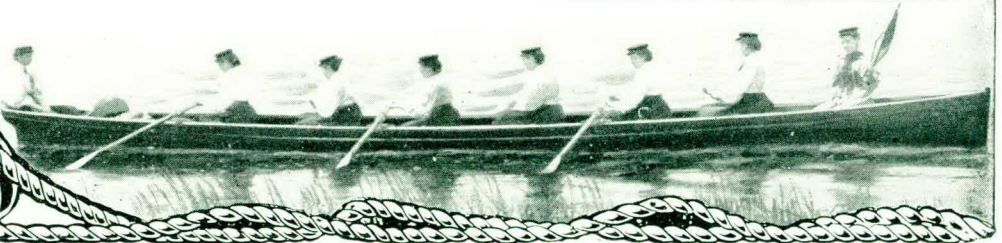
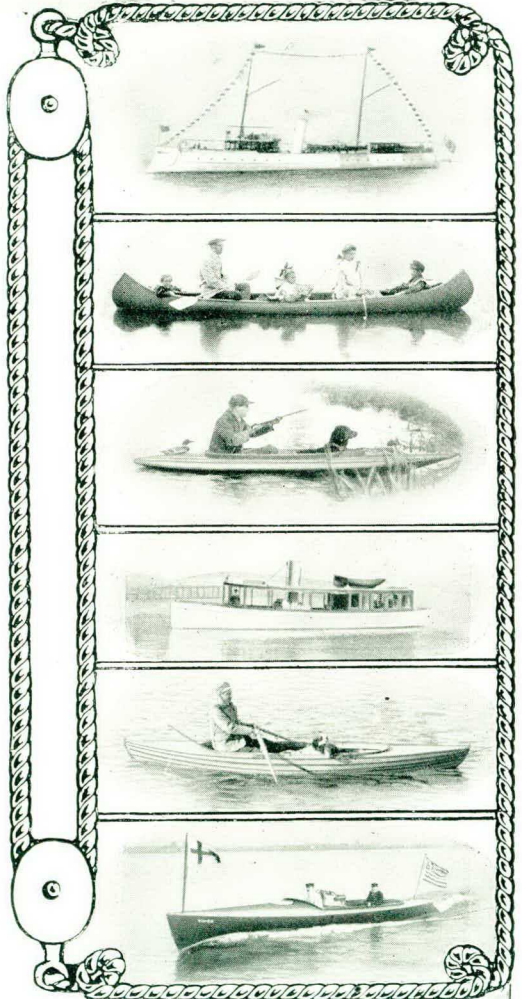
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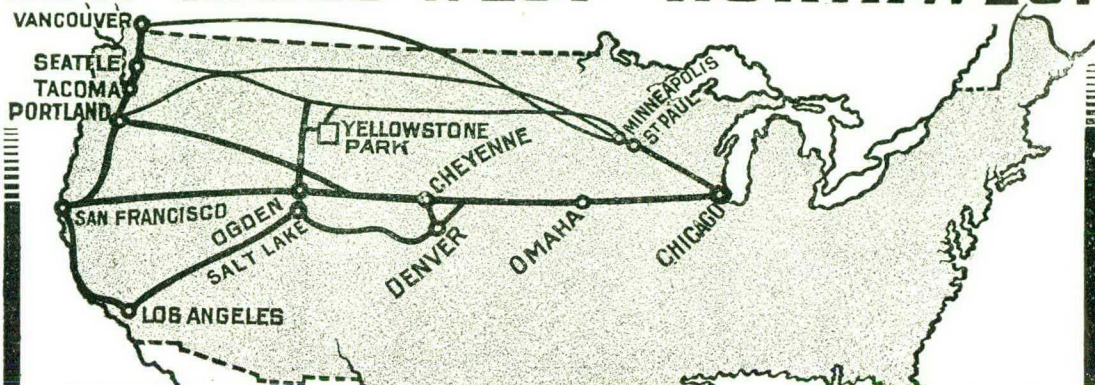
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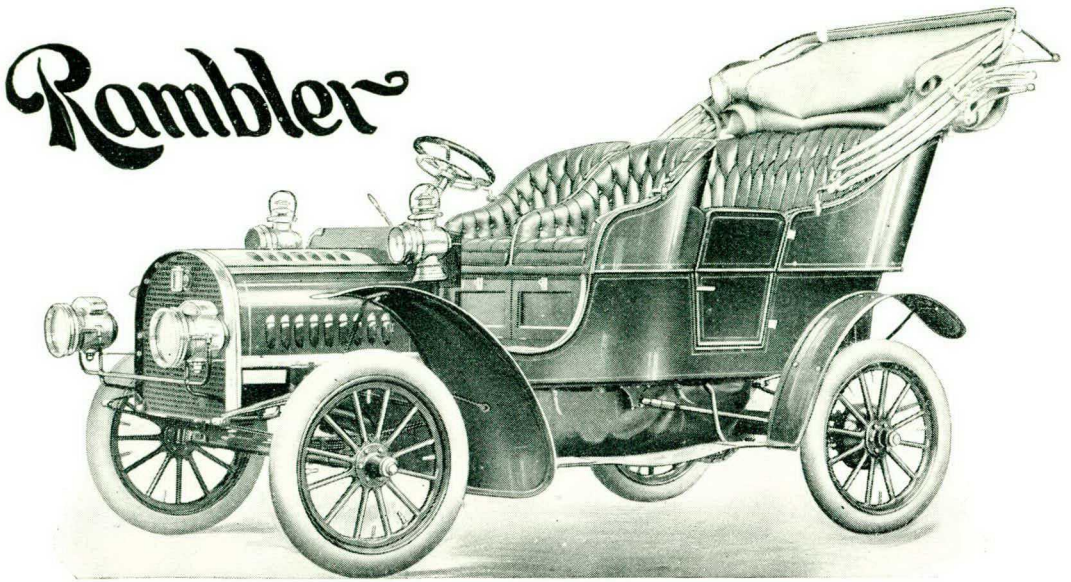
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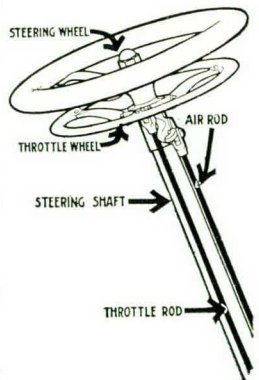
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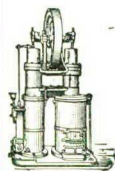
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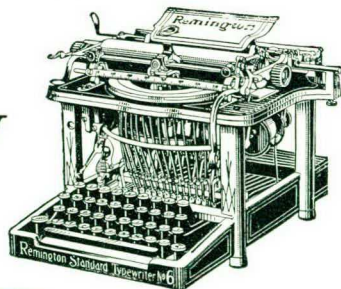


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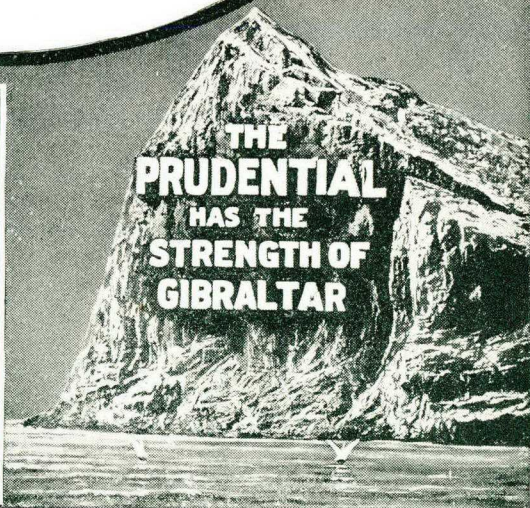
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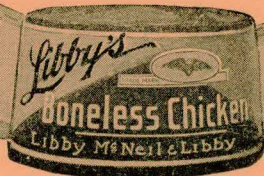
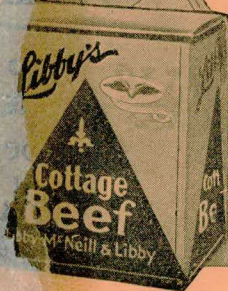
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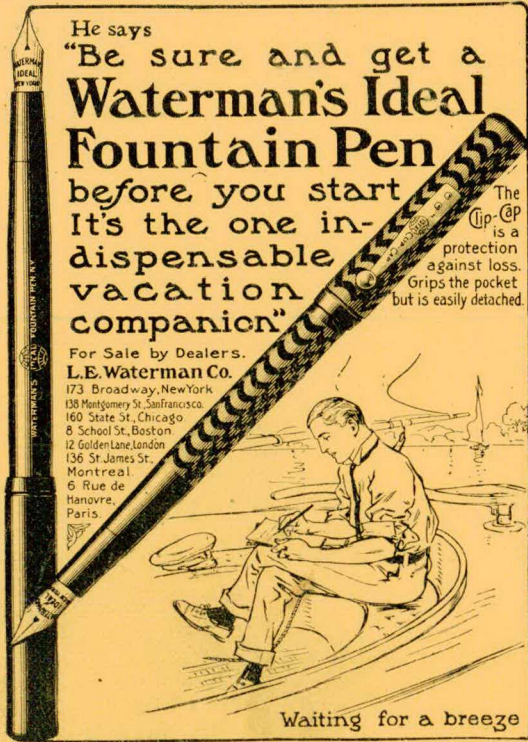
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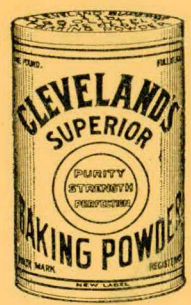
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1905

THE CLAMMER

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

MANY of my friends — and probably all my neighbors — think me erratic and peculiar, I do not doubt. My friends remonstrate with me mildly, and I usually listen and accept and make no reply. For how can they know? And, they being what they are, how can I help them to a knowledge of things which must be born in a man? My neighbors do not remonstrate, for my neighbors are not of necessity my friends, and I am queer enough not to care to cultivate a man's acquaintance merely because he lives next me.

There is Goodwin the Rich, who has the palace on the hill, above my favorite clam beds. It is not likely that I shall ever know him, although his automobiles flash past my front gate, covering my hedge with dust, and enveloping my house in nauseous smells. I do not like automobiles. It is not to be imagined that Goodwin finds me peculiar, for he is probably unaware of my existence; but I have some humbler neighbors who stare at me and shake their heads. And I smile and pass on; for I know what I know, and it passeth their understanding. And all this shaking of heads, and all the protesting of my friends, is because I choose to go clamming.

Some of my friends may, at first, have had the idea that my interest in clams was biological; for I received some training in that branch of science, and even taught it — or was supposed to teach it, with other branches — in a school. But I look back upon that school with horror, as, no doubt, my victims regard me, in retrospect. And my neighbors may, very naturally, have assumed that my interest in

clams was gastronomic, which is, indeed, nearer the truth. But the evidence on that point was inconclusive. They were not asked to my feasts of steamed clams, if I had any, and they came to look upon me as simply queer.

As an occupation for leisure hours, I commend the pursuit of the clam. Your true clammer is of another age, born after his time. He values not at all the improvements of this age. He reads by candle light or goes to bed at dark. He loves the wandering along the bare shores, hoe in hand, the wading through shallows, the mud pies he may make in the incidental pursuit of his prey, and the sights he sees. For the capture of the clams is less than the search for them, even as the sport of the true fisherman lies as much in fishing as in catching fish.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, toward my chosen hunting ground over the oozy flats. The sun was low in the west, and he spread the still water and the shining mud with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. If I might regulate the matter, low tide should always fall at sunset or at dawn. Either is a fitting time, with the old earth at peace and its waters stilled or just waking. And at either time I may satisfy my soul with the unapproachable coloring of the Great Painter. The hot noon is no time for clamming. Then the water glares in your eyes, the sun beats down upon your back. The mud is just mud that stinketh in the nostrils. But when I have the happiness to go clamming at sunset, I am wont to stand and gaze and muse, forgetting my errand until I am

sunken to my ankles in the mud. Then is my regret for my scientific training the keenest, and I know, within my soul, that in the making of a mediocre scientist a good painter has been lost to the world. Strive against it as I may, I cannot see a sunset without converting it into its elements of refraction, with a question of polarization; nor the colors on the muddy puddle under my feet without thoughts of interference. But I am improving, and I hope, in time, to have shaken off all the dry dust of science I was at such pains to acquire. So, that afternoon, I wended on with joy in my heart. For I would dig, or gaze, as the fancy seized me, until the sun was gone and the night was fallen.

Now, that particular piece of flat, to which incline alike my heart and my feet, is my own. I bought the few feet of shore to which the clam beds are attached because I loved it and feared lest, otherwise, the march of progress should take it from me. For Goodwin the Rich lives here, and he is improving the shore — his Water Front. But he shall not improve away my clams. He may dig here and fill there and build his walls, but he shall leave mine untouched. For it is mine, as witnesseth a certain deed recorded with the Register. And as I thought these thoughts, walking over my sand, — there is more sand than mud here, which is perhaps why I like it, — as I thought on these things, anger surged within me and I stamped my foot. And, behold, a little jet of water spurted up beside it.

"Oho," said I, "so there you are."

And straightway I stopped and set down my basket and began to dig; but leisurely, and with my face to the west, for I would bid the sun good-night. And that clam was found, and his fellows, and my basket was half full, and I rose to see the sun. And as I stood and saw him, his red disk was half down behind the hill, and I could see it sink. So I raised my hand to salute him, and there came a sweet voice behind me.

"Man," said the sweet voice, "why are you digging there?"

Now I was surprised to hear that voice, but most surprised at its sweetness. But yet I would not turn nor answer until the red sun had winked his last. For, I thought, here is one of the maids from the house of Goodwin the Rich — or perhaps the governess; yes, surely, the governess. The truly Rich may insist upon sweet voices in their governesses. And at last I turned and saw the governess sitting upon the bank, just where the sod broke off to the sand. And the light from the western sky shone upon her, the light from the sky that was all yellows and reds and would soon be turned to violet and green. And as she sat there, in her plain black dress, with that light shining upon her, she seemed very beautiful. Truly, thought I, the Rich may have what they will. But I could not have told what was the color of her hair. In that light it was red and gold. And I stammered in my speech.

"Your pardon, madam," I said. "I was saying good-night to the old sun."

She smiled, a smile as sweet as her voice, but with a touch of sadness in it. The life of a governess to the Rich is not all a path of roses.

"Yes," she said. "I came down to see the sun set, too. But why are you digging?"

"I was digging clams," I answered gently. For I felt a sorrow for her sadness.

"Oh," she said, "do you dig clams? Have you some clams in your basket? I should like to see some clams."

Now truly, that was an easy matter, that she should see some clams, for there they were in the basket. And the sun was gone, so I lost none of his company if I would please the governess. It did, indeed, strike me as strange that a governess should know so little of clams, but probably she did not teach biology. Governesses to the Rich deal more in appearance and in manners. Still, I hold that in some respects the manners of a clam are worthy of imitation. He is quiet and unobtrusive. I waded out into the water and soused my basket well. Then

I brought it to the governess sitting on the bank.

"Now," she said, a trifle of petulance showing in the sweet voice, "you have got them all wet."

"Better all wet than all muddy," I replied, standing before her, and watching the play of light upon her hair. When I see her hair in the plain light of day, I think I shall find it red, — a brilliant red. But it was wonderful. Her head was bent as she looked into my basket, and my opportunity for observation was excellent. One thing my scientific training has done for me is to make me a good observer.

"Oh," cried the governess, "what is that funny-looking thing they are sticking out? Is it the head?"

"It is called the head," I answered, "but it is not. Is n't it strange how often a thing is not what it is called? But I suppose you do not have to teach anything about clams."

"Teach about clams!" she said, puzzled for an instant. Then she seemed to be amused. "No, I don't. It's lucky, is n't it? For I don't know anything about them. May I take one of them?"

"It will drip on your dress and spot it," I said warningly.

"It does n't matter," she replied. And she took a clam in her hand, and the water dripped upon her dress, as I had said, and it made a spot. She could not see it then, but I knew how it would look in the morning. She was a most careless, heedless governess.

"Of course it matters," I said, reproving. "You will see. Surely they don't give you all the gowns you want, to spot with salt water."

She was puzzled again. "All the gowns I want?" she asked, wondering. "What do you mean?"

"Up at the great house," I said, "at Good— Mr. Goodwin's."

The governess smiled, a merry smile that filled her eyes with light. For she was looking up at me then. And I looked deep into those eyes until her face was the color of her hair.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking down, — and I was sorry, for on a sudden it seemed dark, — "oh, yes, they are very good to me — in the matter of gowns. But I will be careful, if you think I ought."

"I know you ought," I said. "Waste is wicked."

"Yes," she answered, musing, "I suppose it is. But I am afraid I have n't thought about it as much as I might."

She was looking at me, up and down, from my mud-covered rubber boots to my old battered hat. I was clad as a clammer should be clad, and I was not ashamed.

"You are not wicked, are you?" asked the governess. "You are not wasteful?"

"Not of my clothes," I answered. "I cannot be. And do you suppose my wife would drip salt water upon her best dress?"

I thought I saw a shadow steal across her face. But the sun had left many shadows behind him.

"It is n't my" — She hesitated and stopped. "Have you a wife?"

"No," I answered shamelessly. And she laughed aloud, a sweet laugh and low, like — like nothing else in the wide world.

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

I had forgotten how the garb of a clammer would be regarded by a governess to the Rich.

"Sometimes," I said. "I am but a passable fisherman. I can catch enough for myself, or, if need were, for two."

"And do you use the clams to catch the fish?"

"Some of them."

"I should like to open this clam. How shall I do it?"

I broke the shell upon a stone, and pulled forth the clam.

"Oh," cried the governess, "the poor thing! And does n't it hurt it?"

"The scientists will tell you that it does not," I said. "Never having been a clam, I do not know. But I know I cannot use them without breaking the shell."

"And what do you do with the rest?" she asked.

"The rest?"

"Yes, the rest, — those you do not use to catch fish. Come, tell me. Don't make me ask so many questions."

"I like to hear you ask questions," I said, whereupon she smiled again. And her eyes filled with light as they had before, and I knew that I were safer on the quicksand of the Hole than looking down into those eyes. But I went on.

"The rest are eaten. Some make chowder, which is a mystery; some are steamed in the oven; but the best are covered with seaweed and baked on hot stones. Did you never see a clambake?"

"Never," she answered, "although I have heard them mentioned. Are they rare feasts? I should like to see a clambake."

"I shall have one," I said, "and you will come. And we shall have clams, fresh digged and weltering; and fish fresh caught; and chicken, not too fresh; and lobsters and sweet potatoes and corn and many other things. And there will be a great pan for the shells and the husks, for you will not throw them on the ground, as we common people do. And you will shuck the clams with your fingers, and eat the corn from the cob."

"Horrible!" she said. And she looked at her hands, and laughed. They were shapely hands, soft and beautiful. I wished — but it does not matter what I wished, for I knew I might not have it.

"Fisherman," she said, "you amuse me. But I will come to your clambake."

"Do you find me more amusing than your teaching?" I asked. For one does not enjoy being laughed at by a governess with red hair and beautiful eyes, although to stand there, close before her, and to see her laugh, was a joy.

"Yes," she answered, "vastly more than my teaching. My teaching is not amusing. I weary of it."

"Yes," I cried, "I knew it. And do you find the doings at the great house a weariness?"

"I do," she said. "And that is why I came here."

"And will you come again?"

"Perhaps. But when shall that wonderful clambake be?"

"That," I said, "is in the future. There are preparations. And besides, I would have it to look forward to. And how am I to let you know?"

"Why," she said, "that is a problem. Perhaps — you might leave your invitation under that great stone."

"And how should I know?" —

"Why, again," she said, "one might find something under the stone if he but looked."

And she was silent for some while.

"Fisherman," she said, suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Thomas," I answered; "and what is yours?"

She started, and for an instant she was angry. Then she laughed again, adorably, and blushed. "My name is Eve," she said.

"Truly," I said, "I should have known. And I was wrong, for mine is Adam."

"Now, fisherman," she cried, "you presume."

"I must," I answered, "for it is the nature that God gave me."

"And, Thomas," she went on, "you dig in our — in Mr. Goodwin's clam beds."

"I do not," I cried, forgetting, in my anger, "they are mine — they belong to a queer fellow who lives near."

"Oh," she said. "And he lets you dig there?"

"He lets me."

She mused and looked down at the clam beds. But the water was lapping on the flats by this, and the twilight waned.

"I wonder," she said, and stopped.

"What?"

"I, too, would dig for clams."

"Well," I said, "why not? But not in that gown."

"Would it be a waste, and wicked? But you said it was spotted already."

"It may be cleaned," I answered. "I wonder at you." For I was impatient. What a spendthrift governess!

"There are so many things I do not think of," she said contritely. "But I must learn. And what gown, then?"

"A short one," I said, "and an old one, if you have such a thing. I never heard of so extravagant a governess."

"Oh," she said, and smiled again. And I saw the light in her eyes, though it was nearly dark. "And have you known many governesses, fisherman?"

"None," said I. "But my name is Adam."

"You said Thomas."

"Eve," I replied, with firmness, "I said Adam."

"Well, then, Adam, what else?"

"Boots," I answered, — "rubber boots. See mine."

It was not light enough, but she had seen.

"Yes," she said, "but governesses do not have rubber boots."

"They should," said I, "for the grass is wet even now, and it is long. But I will bring you some."

"Oh," she began, and stopped. And I knew she blushed, though I could not see.

"And I wonder," she went on, "if that queer fellow would let me dig, too."

"He would."

"You seem very sure, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected.

"Well, then, Adam."

"I am sure," I said; "and besides, I shall not tell him."

"It is very dark," she observed. "The twilight is quite gone."

"Not quite gone. See the west." Indeed, there was a light streak in the west, and the bearded hill was marked against it.

"I must go in," she said; but she did not rise.

"Not yet," I urged.

"I must go in," she repeated, "or they will send for me." And this time she rose.

"I will go with you," I insisted.

"No," she said, "you will stay. Good-night, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected. "Governesses should have better memories."

She laughed. I loved to hear her laugh, and I would have seen her eyes.

"Good-night, Adam."

"Good-night, Eve. To-morrow" —

But she was gone, swiftly, and I stayed, as I was commanded. And my heart was beating as no clammer's should. For a heart-beat of above seventy a minute is not fitting for a clammer. I sat, that night, with my book in my lap, staring into the dark shadows, and my candle sputtered and went out. Will this new light go out of my life, too?

I sat upon the edge of the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and I stared at the red sun, and he stared back at me. I sat close beside the place where the governess had sat, — very close, — but that place was vacant. For perhaps, I thought, perhaps — And the old sun spread his colors lavishly over the still water and upon the wet sand; his purples and his reds and his dainty shades of pink and blue and green. If I could mix my colors like that — or are they mixed? My scientific training does not help me much. It does not tell me why the colors are now brighter than they were yesterday, and now sombre. There is more than one kind of reflection, and science knows them not. And, as I stared and wondered — for these things are marvels — came a sweet voice behind me, and my heart leaped up into my throat and choked me. And I did not stop to reflect that it was not my heart at all, but some ganglion or plexus or what not. What cared I for ganglion or plexus?

"Fisherman," said the sweet voice, "you are early."

"Eve," said I, — and my voice was steady, — "may a man come too early to Paradise? The woman comes after — though I have all my ribs."

"Fisherman," she said, "you are a strange man."

"So I have heard," I answered. "But you forget. A governess should have a better memory. I wonder that you can teach."

"I am but a passable teacher, Adam. I cannot even teach well enough for one."

"Well enough for two, if we be the two. For I am learning."

"Adam," she said, "I might speak seriously to you. I ought to be angry with you" —

"But you are not. It is strange how seldom we are what we should be. I should call you 'lady,' as though I were a car conductor, and be most respectful, as befiteth a fisherman" —

"But you are not. Why, Adam?"

"How should I know? It is the nature that God gave me. And those who stand nearest to nature — well, I am learning. Come and sit here, Eve, where I can see you."

"Now, Adam, really — you must learn. Even a fisherman should not need to be told to stand" —

"Your pardon, madam," I cried, standing. "You are right, and as I said, I am but a passable fisherman. Did the first man stand, in Paradise? Probably he ran. But I do not, for I can see you well as we are — and that light on your hair, Eve" —

She stamped her foot. "Fisherman," she cried, "it is too much. I will not stay. Remember that" —

"I am a fisherman. I will," I said. "And you are a governess."

Then she laughed, which was what I wanted. I was missing the sun's good-night, but what of that? For I might see his marvels half the days in the year; but this marvel that I saw — how many days? I wished, — but my wishes are vain. Still, there was I, looking up, and there was she, looking down and smiling yet, and the glory of the west was in her eyes and on her hair.

"Turn, fisherman," she said, "or you will miss your good-night to the sun."

"What I see pleases me better," I said. "But stand beside me, and we will bid him good-night together."

So she stood beside me, which was a marvel, and the sun rested his red rim on the bearded hill, and we saw him sink.

And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hill, I saluted, and so did she. And then she laughed. I love a ready laugh, — mine is not ready, but has to be pumped out, with a great noise, — and such an one as hers —

"Now, Adam," she said, "we must dig. We have wasted time."

"No," I answered, "for the beds are but now uncovered. See the colors, Eve. What would you give to paint like that? There is but one Painter."

"One could never learn," she said, "there is so much to learn."

"But we are learning, every day."

"And what have you learned to-day, Adam?"

"Many things."

"From the sun?"

"From the sun," I answered, "and from you."

"From me!" she cried. "What have you learned from me, fisherman?"

"Some day I will tell you, governess," I said.

"What day, fisherman?"

"When we dig for clams at dawn."

"And when will that day be?"

"In more than one week, and less than two."

"And why not any day, Adam, — when I will?"

"The tide, Eve. Even a woman must wait for the tide. See, it has made us late to-night."

"Come, fisherman," she said, "let us dig quickly, or it will be too late."

So I drew the boots from my basket, and she took them.

"Fisherman," she said, "these are new. Where did you get them?"

"I had them," I replied; which was true. I had had them since the morning.

She sat behind a tree and put them on, and I heard her laughing to herself. Then she came forth.

"They are too large," she said, "but it does not matter."

I might have known it. But what know I of women's boots?

"My stock is small," I answered. "I had no other size." And that was true, too.

So I showed her how to dig, and when her hoe broke through a shell, she almost wept. But she dug six.

"I am tired," she said then. "I will dig no more to-night. Does your back get tired, too?"

"Not now," said I, "but it did, at first."

Then she sat behind the tree and changed the boots, and we hung them in the tree against another time. And then we sat upon the bank, for the colors had not faded. And Eve sat silent, gazing at the water and the western sky; and I sat silent and gazed up at her.

"Eve," said I.

She turned and looked at me, but did not speak.

"I think many things," I said, "and some of them I would say."

"No," she answered, "do not say them. Watch the sky and the water while the colors last. See, it is almost dark."

"The water and the sky are from everlasting to everlasting, Eve, so far as I am concerned. But you — no, I must make the most of what I have."

"Fisherman," she said, "you must not speak so to me."

"And why not, governess? Does it displease you? May a fisherman not say his say to a governess? If I were a — what must I be, to rank with a governess? Would my speech offend you then?"

"Adam," she answered, "I came here to dig for clams."

"Truly," said I, "we did, and to see the sun go down."

"And the sun is gone, and the clams are digged, and I must go."

"Eve," I observed, "you are a logician."

"I am not," she replied. "I am a woman."

"Heaven be praised for that!" I cried. "A perfect work!"

"Adam," she said, and she was half laughing as she spoke. "I ought to be angry with you."

"You ought not," I answered, "for it heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Or so the ancient writers tell us. Besides, I do not like it."

"Like a woman's postscript," said she. "You are a strange fisherman."

"Truly," I said, "I am. But see the water and the sky, Eve. What peace and tranquillity! Can you feel anger when you look upon that? And what am I? The grass of the field, and to-morrow I shall be cast into the oven. For to-morrow it will be hot."

"You speak much nonsense, Adam."

"Nonsense is the savor of life, Eve."

She said nothing, but sat there, with her hands clasped about her knees, and I gazed up at her and was content. And the twilight faded and was gone.

"Now I must go," she said at last.

She rose, regretfully, I thought, and the thought gave me joy. And that was marvel, too; for what was this governess to me — this governess whom I had seen but twice? But that unruly ganglion of mine —

"Adam," she said, smiling down at me, "you have not scolded me. My gown" —

"Your gown is well enough," I answered; "too good for clamming, but I suppose it is the worst you could do. If I said more of it, it would be that you look adorable in that gown — or any other. But I must not say it, or you will be angry."

"No," she said, "you must not say that, for anger heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain, and I have enough already. It is the oldest gown I have — and the shortest."

"It is" —

"Never mind. If it is wasteful and wicked, I cannot help it. Will it do for digging clams to-morrow?"

"We may not dig clams to-morrow."

"And why not, Adam, — if I will?"

"The tide. It will be too late. But the sun will go down."

"Good-night, Adam. You may have the clams I dug."

"If I could press them, Eve, like flowers! Good-night."

And again I sat through an evening too long for a clammer; and, though my book was in my hand and my candle burned bright and clear, I did not read, but I stared into the dark shadows. And from those shadows there shone out that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes, with the light in them from the soul within. Oh, Eve, Eve! And I have seen you only twice.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I have seen it often and wondered at the poor fools who turned from this to that, then tried the other thing, and found no satisfaction in any. And I have laughed at them and counseled them to turn to clamming. And there is a cure for that malady, too; a simple cure, as simple as the fount of eternal youth. It is only to find it and the thing is done. And some find the fount, and some do not. And those who find it, why, eternal youth is theirs and joy and peace are in their abiding places forever. And those who find it not, why, Heaven help them! For there is no peace for them nor rest on earth.

So it befell that I rose before the dawn, and went forth. And there, without, was a fog as thick as cheese. But though I could not see ten fathoms, yet I looked out toward my clam beds. And then I thought: You poor fool, shall she come down in this thickness, at four in the morning, looking for clams? And yet again, I took my basket and wandered in that fog like a lost soul. And the more fool I, for the tide was not half down, and no dawn to see. And as I wandered along the shore, angry and out of sorts, striking with my hoe in the sand, I met one of my neighbors; and as he passed behind me, I heard him laughing in the fog.

And my breakfast was no better. My fresh-gathered eggs were bitter in my mouth, and they tasted of sulphur; and my coffee was gray that should have been

a rich red-brown like the copper beech; and my rolls were lead or cotton, I knew not which. I lighted my pipe and went out.

The hot sun was burning off the fog. I stood at the foot of my garden, where I have a seat against the trunk of an old pine, and I watched the fog writhing and twisting in the anguish of defeat and dissolution, vanishing into the hot air above in little jets and shreds, rolling away over the water to the ocean, a far gray bank. And the waters of the bay danced in the sun, and dazzled my eyes. So, for some while, I paced there, back and forth. Then I heaved a sigh and sat me upon my seat, and the great pine whispered softly above me; but I fidgeted upon the seat and found no peace.

So, all day, I wandered the shores, and I dug no clams, but found myself picking shells and pebbles of bright colors. And in the early afternoon I stood by our clam beds — Eve's and mine — and looked up through all the greenery toward the great house, and saw the gleam of dresses. And I left my basket by the bank and turned and ran, — like the fool I was. Why did I run? For as the sun was low, and my pulse high, I wandered once more over to that place. And as I came near, behold, there on the bank sat Eve. And at the sight, that ganglion which serves me for a heart began its rioting so that I nearly choked. But I came nearer yet, and sat me down beside her, and she smiled at me. And then I found that peace I had sought all day.

"Fisherman," she said, "you are not early to-night."

"I am not," I said, "and yet I am. For I have haunted this place all day, and yet I feared to come too soon."

She did not ask me why, but pointed to my basket. "Are these your gatherings?"

I nodded.

"Why, Adam? They are not clams — nor fish."

"I do not know, Eve. I have done strange things to-day."

"Are they for me?"

"What shall a governess do with pebbles?"

"They might be useful in my teaching, Adam. Are they for me?"

"If you will. Anything I have is yours" —

"Fisherman, remember" —

"Eve, Eve, how shall I remember, with you sitting beside me, and your eyes smiling, and that light upon your hair?"

"Then I will not smile nor sit beside you. And so I must go" —

"No, no," I cried. "Stay, for the pity of man. I will remember, — or I will try. I cannot promise more. A fisherman and a governess! So I may not give you the pebbles, Eve, but I will bargain with you."

"For what?"

"For that rose you wear." For she wore a great red rose upon her bosom.

She considered. "It is a fair bargain," she said at last, "and I agree. A rose for your pebbles."

So she took her rose and fastened it upon my coat. And I did not speak nor thank her, for I could not. What foolish thing should I have said? It was hard enough not to kiss the hand so near my lips. And we sat there a long while in silence, she looking at the west, and I gazing up at her or idly sticking the little pebbles in the sod. And when the sun was gone and she rose to go, she saw the pebbles, and they made two words, ADAM and EVE. I thought she would have stamped upon them, but she did not. She only smiled and bade me good-night.

And so for days I lived in purgatory and in paradise, wandering the shore, without purpose save to pass the endless day till sunset: and at evening I sat with Eve upon the bank until the twilight faded, and she left me. And the weeds sprang in my garden, and my neighbors laughed at me more than ever. For I went clamming at high tide. And upon my mantel, between two plates of glass that were cunningly bound about the edges, was a red rose.

Then, one evening, I waited there upon

the bank and no Eve came. And I fretted and fumed and mourned until I bethought me of the great stone. Without hope, I looked beneath; and, wonder of wonders, there was a scrap of paper with its message. "They will not let me come to-night." And I acted like the fool I was, and kissed the dainty thing, and thrust it in my pocket, and pulled it out again a dozen times. Never having seen her writing, I should know it, it was so like her. And I tore a corner, though I hated to, — I had no other paper, — and wrote, "We miss you, the sun and I. Eve, Eve, do not fail to-morrow. Do not shut the gates upon me yet." And I put it beneath the stone and went away.

And in the morning the sky was gray, with low-hanging clouds, heavy and wet. And by afternoon there was a driving drizzle, and my heart sank. But I went. I would not fail, though I had no hope. And there, leaning against a tree, stood Eve, the water dripping from her wide felt hat, and shining upon her long coat. And she smiled at me as I came, and I could not speak; but I looked at her until the slow flush mounted to her forehead.

"Eve," I said at last, "how shall a fisherman remember, when you stand so, before him, — and on such a day?"

"Why, fisherman," she said, lightly, "it is a good day. I find this weather as good as any other, — in fair measure."

"It pleases me," I said, "although this morning it did not."

Then, deliberately, I went to the great stone and turned it up, and my paper was gone. And Eve watched me, and again the slow flush mounted to her forehead, but she said nothing. And as we stood together under the tree, there was a constraint upon us both. The things that I would say I might not, and for the light things that I might say, I had no heart.

And the next day, too, it rained, but I cared not. And again we stood together under the tree, Eve and I, and as we stood there, the clouds parted and showed the sun sinking in splendor. And I saw a greater glory than I had seen. And when

the sun was gone, there was the young moon following.

"Peace on earth," I said; but she did not speak.

So for some while we stood silent, and I saw the gold and the red fade from the clouds, and the clouds themselves were gone, deep banks of indigo, into the east. Then the western sky was grown violet and a green like the curl of a wave, till, overhead, it became the night. And I looked at Eve, and her look smote upon my heart, for it was troubled. But I might not say the thing I would; for shall a fisherman so speak to a governess to the Rich? Even a governess to the Rich may have her woes, it seems, and it is no fisherman's part —

"Eve," I said. And she started, as though her thoughts were wandering.

"Eve," I said again, "would you dig for clams at dawn? For the beds will be uncovered by dawn to-morrow."

"Oh," she answered, "will they? And is it a joy to see the dawn?"

"Did you never see a dawn, Eve?"

"Never. Have I missed much?"

"If you see one, Eve, you will know how much."

"I would like to see a dawn," she said. And then she was silent, and I thought her near to tears, and a great fear came upon me.

"Now, Adam," she said, at last, "I must go. Good-night."

Then she turned and listened. "They are coming for me now. Run, Adam."

"Run!" I cried. "Run, when I stand upon my own? Why should I run? No, I will stay. And they shall do nothing to you against your will."

I had forgotten that I was a fisherman, but Eve did not note it. "Run, Adam," she cried, beseeching. "If you care for my peace, run."

And so I ran, like any poacher. And that night, sitting staring into the shadows, I wondered.

My clam beds — mine and Eve's — have many virtues. From them I can see

both east and west; from that point neither dawn nor sunset escapes me. And another virtue they had had for me, that was more than dawn or sunset. And what that was, any man who has been in such case as mine will know without the telling. So, though I loved the dawn, it was more than that that brought me stealing through the early gray of morning to the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand.

There I sat and waited, alone, and I watched the gray brighten in the east, and hoped that Eve would not be too late. And just as the gray became a tender blue, and hope was leaving me, there was the light step behind me, and I rose and stood, as a fisherman should stand before a governess. And Eve did not speak to me, for she saw the east.

"Oh!" she cried softly.

And she said no word more, but there we stood together. And we saw the blue brighten and become suffused with pink, and there in the eastern sky lay a great rose that stretched its petals to the zenith. And in the heart of that rose was a little cloud like a flame, with one long finger pointed straight at Eve and me. And all those soft tints of blue and pink, with the flame of the little cloud, were spread upon the water that was but just stirring in its sleep, and dimpling here and there. Then was the little flame-cloud edged with gold upon its lower side, and shot through with orange lights, and the pink rose turned to saffron and then to orange, and the rim of the sea was luminous, like molten gold. And on a sudden the gold and orange fled from the little cloud, and a great blazing fire showed above the sea.

"The sun, Eve," I whispered; and as I spoke, a little breeze flashed across the water and darkened it like a breath upon a mirror. And there was the great disk of the sun half risen, and we might no longer look him in the face.

And at that Eve fetched a great sigh, and turned, and the chorus of the birds broke forth in the trees behind us. They had been calling back and forth before,

but now they sang madly. The old earth had waked once more, and it was day.

"Adam," said Eve, "I thank you."

Then she sat upon the bank, where the colored pebbles still marked the names, and I sat there beside her; and for some while we spoke not, but listened to the mad music of the birds. Then Eve would dig for clams.

"What matter, Eve?" I asked. "The clams will be the bigger for waiting. We have seen the dawn, and we may see the day grow."

"Yes," she said, "we have seen the dawn. I did not dream it could be like that. There are no words, Adam. And I would see the day grow. But for my conscience' sake I must dig."

"Eve," I said, "a conscience is a most distressing comrade. Does a governess have a conscience — a governess to the Rich?"

"Does not a fisherman?" she asked.

"He cannot afford it," I replied. "It is a luxury not for the poor nor for the very rich."

"But a governess is not very rich. And if she were, she yet might have a conscience. I have."

"And does it plague you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, let us dig, and I will tell you."

I, too, had somewhat that I would tell, and presently we were digging. And Eve dug in silence, and gently, for she would not harm the clams.

"Well, Eve?" I said, when I was wearied of the silence.

She was so long about speaking that I feared she never would. "Adam," she asked, at last, "are you a wise man?"

"Very," I answered; "wiser than Solomon. He had seven hundred wives, and I have none."

"And is that wise, — to have none?"

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "you do not help me. I jest because I fear to speak in earnest."

"You are good, Adam," she said. "And if you are wise, you may tell me what to do."

"If you would do what I tell you!"

She was bending very low over her digging, and her face was turned away, which did not please me. I like to see her face.

"I fear that I may lose my place," she said.

I straightened up at that, but she bent lower yet.

"Lose your place!" I cried. "And why?"

"Why — they — it is not easy to tell you, Adam."

"I will not urge you, Eve, but" —

"You need not. I wish to tell you, for I — a governess may not always stand alone. She is a woman, after all."

"Yes," I said, "thank God!"

"They — they would" — She began to laugh, a nervous laugh and with no mirth in it, — "they would marry me, Adam."

"What!" I cried. "They would — who would marry you? Not old Goodwin!"

"No," she said; and laughed the more, and seemed really merry at it. "Now I feel better. Not old Goodwin. He has a wife."

I was puzzled.

"Who, then, Eve? Who would marry you? I doubt not there are many who would, for I know" —

"It is old Goodwin's wife," she said, breaking me off short, and just in time.

Then she stood straight. "Now, Adam," she went on, "I am not so nervous as I was, but I may laugh or I may cry with no reason. I will sit upon the bank and tell you, for truly I am in straits. And do you bear with me, for you are honest, and I may trust you. And indeed I know no other I may trust — but one."

"A governess advised in matrimony by a fisherman!" I said. "And who is that one, Eve?"

"You shall hear. And do not jest, Adam, or my laughter may turn to tears. They are near enough. And now for the story, which is a short one. Old Goodwin's wife would marry me to a certain

rich man, — for my worldly good, as she says.”

“A certain rich man,” I said, musing. “And will he enter the Kingdom of Heaven?”

“That he will not.”

“Then why doubt? And do you love him, Eve?”

“I do not.”

“Then why doubt?”

“If I do not,” she said, “I shall lose my place. And that is much to me, Adam, for what shall I do then? The man whom I may trust is old Goodwin, but he is not so much my friend as to hold against his wife.”

“And what said you to the man?”

“I said no, but still he came. And now I know not what I shall say next.”

“Shall I tell you what to do, Eve?”

“If you know, Adam.”

“Marry me,” I said. And she looked at me with wide eyes and laughed; and at that laugh I was sore and hurt, though I had no right. Then her laugh died and her eyes filled.

“Forgive me, Adam,” she said. “I should not laugh, but indeed I am overwrought. Truly — truly, I might almost find it in my heart” —

I stood before her, trembling. “I should not have said it, Eve. What is a fisherman, that he should offer the little that he has to you? But I am well-to-do, Eve, — for a fisherman. You should never want — nor work. And if you might find it in your heart” —

“I will consider your offer, good fisherman,” she said, smiling. “I must consider. You have — I must tell you, in justice, you have an even chance with that other. But I must consider.”

“So an honest fisherman, well-to-do, has an even chance with a rich rascal whom you do not love. That is a high price on honesty, Eve.”

“Yes,” she said, “but not too high. And now, Adam, be my good friend still.”

“I will,” I replied, “if I may not be more.”

So she was silent, and so was I. And

presently I reached down to my basket and drew forth a package wrapped in a napkin.

“Governess,” I asked, “are you, by chance, hungry?”

“Fisherman,” she answered, “I am famished; but not by chance. Open, quickly.”

So I unwrapped the package, and in it were slices of white bread, cut thin, and between, lettuce picked that morning, crisp and cool. And we ate, together, and Eve grew merry, and my content came back to me.

“Fisherman,” she said at last, “I thank you. Now I must go.”

“Thank me for what, Eve?”

“It was the sandwiches I meant,” she said.

“And how long must you consider? When shall I have my answer?”

“Your answer? Oh, when I come to your clambake.”

“It shall be to-morrow,” I said.

“Oh, not so soon,” she cried.

“The day after, then.”

She hesitated. “Well,” she said, “good-by.”

“I shall come here for you, Eve.”

But she was gone, and I went, too, my brain in turmoil.

Down under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a governess, I should suppose — with a heart at ease. And for a fisherman whose heart is not at ease it serves as well as any place but one, and that one not fixed, but moving as she moves. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine, but not if I could make it otherwise. And there was the seat against the tree, and from that seat he might see my favorite clam beds. But what would rich men care for clam beds? And, for the seat, why, I had other views.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped in the ground and lined with great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned

long and the stones were hot, I raked the ashes off. Then I shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged, myself — and alone — that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, in layers, orderly, with the clean, salt-smelling weed between: the lobsters, green and crawling, and the fish, fresh caught, and the chicken, not too fresh, and the sweet and tender corn, and sweet potatoes. And over all I piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, my work done, I sat there and looked out. And when it was time I garbed myself and set forth. And my heart-beat was too high, by far, and there was a faintness at my throat. But I strode along the shore and came to our bank, where the colored pebbles shone in the sun, ADAM and EVE. And there I sat, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and waited. And presently there was the light step I knew so well, and up came my heart into my throat and choked me. But I stood, as a fisherman should before a governess, and turned.

And such a governess! All in light, filmy white, with two red roses at her bosom, and her hair a glory. And her eyes, — there are no other such eyes as hers, — her eyes smiled at me, and then they opened wide in wonder.

"Adam," she said, "is it you? Are you my fisherman?"

"Truly," I answered, "I am your fisherman, whether you will or not, — and for as long as I have life."

"The time is not yet, fisherman," she said. "Remember."

"It is hard to remember, governess, even for a fisherman."

"I did not know you, Adam," she said. "You should have told me."

"What, Eve? That a fisherman may have decent raiment? But I am well-to-do — for a fisherman."

"Come," said she, "let us go, or we shall be late to the clambake."

"With all my heart," I answered,

"though it matters not if we are late. For there is but one guest."

"There will be two, Adam."

"Two!" I cried. "I have asked but one. If it is that certain rich man, I give you warning he shall have no clams of mine, but I will cast him into the sea."

"It is my father, Adam," she replied. "He is here and would see a clambake, so I asked him."

"Your father, Eve? Do governesses have fathers? And is he here to help you?"

"I hope that he will help me," she said. "I think he will."

And she smiled brightly.

My heart grew cold, and froze beneath my ribs. "Then," I said, "you will not need help from a fisherman, governess."

"Adam," she said, reproaching, "let us enjoy our clambake."

"That is good doctrine, Eve," said I, "and I will do my best. But how will your father know?" —

"It is for him to find it," she answered, "and he may, for he has eyes and a nose. Now I might find my way straight enough, for I see a smoking mound upon that point, beneath the pine. It seems a pleasant place, Adam."

"That queer fellow that I mentioned let me use it," I said in haste. "He is from home just now."

"He seems a good friend of yours," she said.

"At times I think he is," I said, "and at other times he is the poorest friend I know."

As we talked, we walked along the shore. And we climbed the steep path and stood beneath the pine. The dome of seaweed still smoked bravely, and before the seat against the pine was set a little table, upon stakes. It was just large enough for two, and upon it were all things fitting — and no more. No cloth, only the bare white boards of pine, rubbed smooth.

"Now, governess," I said, "the bake is done. Do you sit there, and I will serve you."

"No, Adam," she cried, "for I must help."

She always had her will, that red-haired governess. So I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table corn and sweet potatoes and a chicken and a fish and the lobsters; and, last of all, a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed. And as I pitched the weed, I heard Eve laughing.

"Adam," she said, "look here. And there are two of us."

I turned and saw the table filled to overflowing, and no place left large enough to set a plate; and Eve sitting on the seat, and laughing so that tears stood in her eyes.

"I should have made the table larger," I said. "But we need no plates. What would the first man have done with a plate, Eve?"

"Or with baked clams?" she asked. "But we are not in Eden."

"I am," I said.

And she spoke hastily: "At least the other guest shall not want."

"Let us begin," I said, "while the clams are hot. There is yet more."

So we sat side by side upon the bench, and the wind whispered softly in the tree above. And suddenly Eve rose.

"My father, Adam," she said. "He is just in time."

I stood and turned. Her father! It was Goodwin the Rich; and my castles were tumbling about my ears.

So we saw each other, he and I, and looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And though he was Goodwin the Rich, he seemed a man, and I hoped he thought as much of me. And he said something about clams and his daughter, I know not what, and I said some foolish thing, I know not what. Then I fetched a box from my shed, for him to sit upon,—a proper seat for the Rich,—and he seemed to like it, and tilted back and forth, and ate prodigious quantities of clams and all things else, and pronounced them uncommon good.

And I sat mute, but Eve talked steadily, a merry talk, and ate the heads of the clams—or tried to eat them—and found them but ill eating—until I showed her how to take the clam by the head and dip him in the butter, and eat him properly. And she bit the corn from the cob, and opened the clams with her fingers, and I watched her in adoration and despair. For what should I say to a Daughter of the Rich?

So there we sat long at my little table under my great tree, and I saw the tide lapping high upon the shore, and heard the wind that sighed loud in the pine. And indeed that sighing wind fell in marvelously with my mood, for I was not merry, as any may guess. And at last Goodwin the Rich had filled him full with lobster and corn and clams, and he seemed well pleased, and sat upon his box, and smiled and exhaled peace. And in a while he rose and made some excuse, and thanked me and went his way.

Then, when he was gone, I sat there still and looked out upon the water, and said nothing. For I could not look at Eve and be content, but still I had the water and the shore. And I felt that Eve was watching me and smiling.

"Adam," she said at last.

"Well?"

"We have had a pleasant clambake, have we not? Such a feast as I never had."

I made no reply.

"Fisherman," she said then, "you should make some pretty speech."

"Is it for a fisherman," I asked, "to make pretty speeches? He must catch his fish and dig his clams."

"You have changed so, Adam," she said, reproaching.

"It is not I have changed," I answered.

Still I would not look at her, but she was silent, and I knew her smile was gone.

"And is there nothing more?" she asked. "Is it ended?"

"It is ended," I said. "Even the stones grow cold."

"Adam," she cried, "why will you be

so contrary? It is not ended. I will not have it so."

"The Rich may have what they will," I said, "nearly, but not quite. I was not made for a plaything for the Rich."

"You are bitter, and you are not fair," she said softly. "It is not like you, Adam. There is something more. Why will you make it hard?"

"I will not make it hard," I answered. "There is nothing else. What has a fisherman to say to a Daughter of the Rich, or she to him? So, for that other matter, Miss Goodwin, I absolve you from an answer."

"Adam," she cried, "you make me angry. I have a mind to go home."

"Shall I see you on your way?" I asked.

"I will not have it so," she said, and stood and stamped her foot. I knew well how she must look, in that pretty rage. "And you forgot, Adam."

"What?" I asked. "I would not fail in duty."

"My name," she said. "I told you it was Eve."

"Are you not Miss Goodwin?"

"Adam," she said firmly, "I said Eve."

"Well, Eve, have you not done with me?" I sighed and would not look at her, though she stood before me.

"No, I have not," she said. "I should laugh if I were not so angry. Look at me."

I stood and looked down at her, an instant but no more. I could not, for I should have choked.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "have you no mercy? Must the Rich destroy the playthings that they weary of?"

"Adam," she said, "you have a duty yet. Do not shirk it. A fisherman must not shirk his duty."

"I am but a drowned fisherman," I replied. "But what a drowned man may do, I will do."

"You promised to be my good friend," she said. "So come back with me along the shore."

So we went down the steep path and

side by side along the shore, where the water lapped high. And we came to our bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, and there Eve sat her down.

"Sit beside me, Adam."

And down I sat, as wretched as man was ever, and I looked into the water that covered my clam beds. I doubted I should have heart to dig in those beds again.

"Adam," said Eve, and her voice was not steady, "I have considered, and"—

"Eve," I cried, "can you not spare me that? If you feel any friendship for me, spare me that. I am blind enough, but I can see"—

"Oh, you are the blindest man that ever was." And she slipped her hand within my arm, and drew it back again, and began to cry softly. And at that I sprang to my feet, and my heart thumped like a hammer, till I thought it would burst my ribs.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking so it shamed me, "do not play with me. Do you mean"—

"Oh, you blind man, can you not see what I mean? Must I say it more plainly? It is yes, Adam, and no play."

And she smiled at me through her tears, and suddenly, for me, earth and sky were flooded with a great glory.

Now, what I did next, I shall not tell, nor what she said to me; for those are things for my Eve and me to know and to remember. But any man who has been in such case as mine may guess to some purpose, if he will but try. And after some time, I know not how long, we sat there side by side upon the bank, most decorous, for out upon the water was a boat. But we might say what we would, and I might hold her hand, down upon the sod, out of sight, and I might gaze into her wonderful eyes and see in them the tender light that made them pass all wonders.

"Such trouble as I had to get you, Adam, at the last!"

"It served you right," I said, "for your deceit."

She laughed, a happy laugh. "You honest fisherman!" she said. "It was so

easy to deceive you! But never again, Adam. You may trust me."

"Always," I answered, and stooped low and kissed the hand I held. And she stooped, too, and quite by chance—and if they saw us from the boat, I did not care.

"And were you deceived?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "for half an hour. You are too honest, Adam. But I love you for it."

And then we did some other silly things, and cared not for the boat.

"And what of old Goodwin, Eve?" I asked, after some while. "What will he say?"

She laughed again her happy laugh. "What did he say, Adam? He seemed pleased, I thought."

"Eve," I cried, "you do not mean"—

"He came there for that purpose, Adam. I confessed to him. He is my friend, I told you."

"Honest gentleman!" I said. "I beg his pardon. He may have my clam beds if he will."

"No, no," she cried, "for they must be mine, too, those clam beds. I will not have them changed."

"They are yours, Eve," I said, "for they were mine and I am yours. See the colors the old sun spreads over them now. He is almost sitting on that hill."

"We will bid him good-night together," she said, "a happy one, Adam. Stand beside me."

So we stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still water with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the bearded hill, we saluted. And again we sat upon the bank, and saw the red west turn to violet, and then to green. And then Eve rose and said good-night.

"Until to-morrow, Adam," she said.

"Until to-morrow, Eve," I echoed.

And then she seemed to listen.

"They are coming for me, Adam. If you love me, run!"

RHODA'S TEACHER AND HER SCHOOL

BY ARTHUR GILMAN

THE teacher no longer sits below the salt. His is the noblest profession known to man. Of him we demand higher qualifications, nobler instincts, and greater devotion than of any other. His purpose is to train and develop the immortal; to fit it for its work, to establish its character, and to endow it with power to perform aright all human duties, private and public. The teacher of boys has one phase of this work to perform, the teacher of girls another. How many of the men and women engaged in "teaching," as they say, really consider their high calling in its sublime aspect? How many go into it as a "business?" How many think? A high English authority tells us that in

his country the teachers who think are few.

What are some of the qualifications of a teacher? Knowledge of his subject comes first to mind, of course, but, that allowed, the subject must take a place in the background, for the child to be taught stands first. The question for the teacher is not, "How shall I get into this mind the facts of my subject?" but rather, "How shall I train this child so that it may reach its greatest development? How shall I arouse in it an interest in the subject so real that it will demand facts which, without such interest, are dry and impossible of assimilation?"

Before all other qualifications, how-

ever, the teacher's character is the fundamental requisite. That must be above reproach in all things. Milton's words about the poetic power are specially true in regard to the power to teach. "He who would not be frustrate," said the great poet, "of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, must himself be a true poem." He who would not be frustrate of his hope to teach well at any time ought himself to be a lofty exemplar of the virtues he would impress upon his pupils. The teacher who stands before a class for hours every day ought to exert greater influence even than the clergyman who speaks from the pulpit one day in the week, and he ought at least to have an equally lofty character, known and recognized by all men. The teacher who is master of his subject, and who has this nobility of character, needs no help of artifices to assist him in governing his pupils — he has simply to be, and they obey.

Directness of aim is one of the prime necessities for successful gunnery. It is necessary in every effort. The teacher should remember this. "Many a master," says one, "runs about mentally just as if he were trying to catch geese on a common. There is the flock assembled in a reasonably compact body. He makes a dash into the middle — of course missing his victim, and off they go in all directions, he after them, first chasing one, then another, till the flock has ceased to be a flock, and he, all out of breath, is no longer within reach of any of them. Run one goose quietly into a corner, — run him down, is the first rule for catching geese, and a good rule, too, whether in classroom or on common."

This dictum has a direct relation to our discussion. When we bring our minds to bear on the subject of schools and teachers, let us make the aim definite by getting the range on some particular school or teacher. In no way can this be accomplished better than by singling out our own daughter, for that brings in the personal element and gives point to the thoughts. When

we take a class or an entire school as our unit, we are apt to dissipate our attention. A class or a school does not come home to a man as his own daughter and her school do. Let us call our daughter Rhoda, and think of her school.

What, therefore, is our desire for Rhoda? What do we wish for this particular bit of humanity? Where do we wish her to stand when she comes to maturity? She is to be cultivated, to be developed, to be a refined member of the social union, and she is destined to take part in the development of other human beings. How shall we fit her in body and mind for this high function? As we look at her, we determine that she must not become a mere compendium of facts, a walking encyclopædia. She certainly must not be developed into a specialist, for a specialist is one-sided, and Rhoda is to be a well rounded woman.

Whom shall we take for Rhoda's teacher? First, she must be a normal woman, with the natural instincts of womanhood. She cannot be a mere specialist herself, even if she teach but a single subject. She must be in touch with everything that belongs to humanity. Look at the great teachers of the past whose biographies have come down to us. It is patent that we are not impressed by what they have done, nor is it their knowledge that impressed their pupils. It is not what a great teacher knows, but what he is, that has made him a power among his pupils. His personality has left the impression and has made him forever loved by his boys or girls. It is not what he did.

The world is full of examples that illustrate this. The biography of Robert E. Lee is a case in hand. When he was president of Washington and Lee University it was not because he was a great scholar that the students idolized him, nor because he was a general of highest rank, but for the reason that every student felt the power of his personality, — felt that in the president he saw one who felt for him as an individual.

The life of that most original of English

head masters, Edward Thring, furnishes another instance. As I write there comes to me a letter from one of Thring's former pupils, for many years engaged in active business affairs. This practical man writes, "Edward Thring was indeed a jewel among men. . . . His personality and influence pervaded the whole of Uppingham, and I suppose so strict a man was never so beloved by his boys as he was. I never saw a countenance like his. It was deep-lined, solemn, severe in repose, but it would suddenly light up, the keen blue eyes flash, and the whole expression become joyous, kind, and tender, while his merry laugh rang out, when the humor was on him, or a subject touched him or roused his enthusiasm or sympathy." Again it is plain from this unpremeditated utterance of an old pupil that it was the man, and not the knowledge, that inspired the boys. What matters it to this writer what Thring taught? Perhaps another man might have given the Uppingham boys the same facts in grammar or in literature, but it was only Thring the man who could after so many years call forth such words as these. It was his personality that made boys the men that they became. What thought did an Uppingham boy give to the fact that the Headmaster was a great executive? Was he impressed by Thring's Napoleonic ability as a commander? Perhaps now, after years of stress of battle with strong opposition themselves, the boys appreciate the odds against which their master struggled; but then little did they reckon if Thring wrestled with his antagonistic trustees or with the Uppingham authorities, to get opportunity to develop the school as it should be developed, or to get proper drainage when health and even life depended upon prompt action. Whatever impression Thring's ability as a director may make, that is not the trait first suggested by the mention of his name. No, it is the beloved man who is recalled! So, Rhoda's teacher must be a real person with all human sympathies, with nobility of mind and heart, possessing innate and

cultivated graces, and with sufficient education.

Rhoda's teacher must needs know her subject, but experience tells us that it is not the greatest scholar who becomes the greatest teacher. How many women and men of limited intellectual endowment have inspired their pupils to progress far beyond the limits that they themselves ever reached!

The true teacher trains his pupil in the proper use of his natural powers, and aims to make him independent of the assistance as well as of the authority of others. He develops in him an ability to think, to foresee consequences, to calculate their effects, and, in short, to govern himself.

The mechanical teacher, on the other hand, controls by rules, holds the pupil up by stays, and begets no strength in him. When the teacher withdraws this support, when the pupil is freed from these rules, he is unable to stand alone, unless, indeed, strength has come to him in some other way. As well might we expect to increase physical vigor in a pupil by exercising in his stead in the best equipped gymnasium.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. The college valedictorian, trained to take knowledge in, rather than to impart it, may have much of it with but little wisdom; he may be able, as a teacher, to drill boys and girls in Greek or Latin declensions, and cram them with facts, useful or valueless; but if he cannot produce in them what Spencer calls "pleasurable excitement," and interest, he is a failure. His would be the sort of teaching that harps upon obedience and discipline, and endeavors by force of rule and rod to oblige the pupil to study and learn. The will cannot be forced, but the real teacher knows well that it can be led. He remembers the remark of Rousseau that "the teacher's province is less to instruct than to guide," that "he must not lay down precepts, but teach his pupils to discover them." This was the way of that great teacher, Agassiz, certainly.

Obstacles were made to be surmounted, and there are so many of them in the way that it seems unnecessary to create others. Yet there are teachers who think it a part of their work to obstruct the progress of their pupils by setting up factitious difficulties, for the sake of discipline, forsooth. Rhoda's teacher will have none of this.

There was once a very bright girl who could not be aroused in her classes in mathematics. She was overflowing with interest in her other school work, but could look upon this single subject with no warmer feelings than simple endurance. It was found, on inquiry, that a teacher who for a considerable period had directed her work disliked this particular line of thought. It was then said, and properly said, that if this teacher had been interested in the science, the pupil would have been likewise interested.

It is vain for a teacher to attempt to work up an appearance when the reality is not there; girls and boys readily see through all such thin disguises. No word is needed; the feeling of the teacher is known at once, and the pupil takes a sympathetic attitude, believing that the teacher is right, and that following her cannot lead him far astray. The same holds good in regard to the moral and religious character of the teacher. No spoken words are needed to put the pupil in accord with her in this higher domain. The instructor of character goes about among her pupils shedding upon them the light of her beneficent example, leading them to appreciate and enjoy instinctively what is grand and true. In fact, it is better that the ordinary teacher should not endeavor to give too much direct religious instruction, for religion can no more be taught than any other virtue can. Virtues are lived, and the strong imitative faculty of the child leads to the cultivation of traits that are admired. The true teacher aims to train the pupil to be strong enough to live her individual life without the help that some teachers think necessary to give their pupils. Pupil and teacher are inevitably destined to part at some time,

and the teacher who encourages her charge to be dependent upon her trains her to weakness and to sure failure when the parting time comes.

There are enthusiastic teachers who are inspired by the spirit of rush; but the school should not be a place of hurry and confusion. The air of calmness and peace should pervade its sphere of influence. The very word school gives the cue. The Greek words *σχολή* and *σχολαστικός* must not be forgotten in our age of haste. To the Greek in his calm civilization, *σχολή* signified a place of leisure, and *σχολαστικός* was a person who employed his leisure in cultivating his mind. The teacher who is always pressed cannot perform his duty in a proper way. The spirit of hurry demands inevitably its sacrifice. It is true also that there is a spirit of thoroughness that is wearing, that exhausts the vitality. One who cannot discriminate between things that may properly be lightly touched, and those of more importance, is at a vast disadvantage. Textbooks exist that show plainly that the editor was obsessed by the feeling that his work must be spoken of as "exhaustive," and he carries every point to the utmost verge of explanation, giving as great weight to those matters of little importance as to those of real value to the reader, and not complimenting him by supposing that he is in the possession of brains. In this case thoroughness is the thief of time and strength.

We know that there are two periods of leisure in the life of man, childhood and age. The first is adapted to the purposes of education, and the other to counsel and meditation. There are favored mortals who are privileged to extend the time of leisure over their entire lives; but in comparison with the whole of humanity, they are few in number. They have opportunities for benefiting the world that others cannot hope for. Professors and other instructors in institutions of learning should belong to the favored class; but their chances for leisure are lessened by the fact that they are so poorly paid

that they are forced to focus all their attention on the effort to make provision for the physical needs of their households and themselves. Clergymen should also belong to this class, but too often their stipends are so niggardly that they, too, are obliged to forego every advantage that leisure could and ought to bring.

Childhood is, therefore, the only real period of leisure that can be counted on by mankind in general, and this is the period of education proper, the time of school days.

If, now, a school is a place of leisure, not of bustle and haste; if by education we mean training, the development of the child, mind, body, and soul, the acquisition of power, the establishment of character; if by teacher we mean a person capable of performing this great and beneficent work, a man or a woman who can be properly described as a "combination of heart, head, artistic training, and favoring circumstances, an artificer in mind and noble life," rather than a hearer of lessons, then we are brought to the conclusion that there are very few teachers anywhere, and but little education. Perhaps, however, the case is not quite so desperate as it appears, and we may at least comfort ourselves with the recollection that there have been great teachers in the past; and we may believe that many are now at work forming the character of the coming generation, even in the beginning of the twentieth century. The trouble is that in this world of storm and stress they are at a disadvantage, and the merely mechanical teacher can almost always make a better impression on the average parent. A father or a mother is ordinarily not an educational specialist, and is obliged to come to a decision after a superficial survey which does not give the work of the real instructor time to show itself. Nature, whom, indeed, we must follow, does not make haste. The seed does not become a tree in a day or a week, even in a forcing house; and yet many parents expect the teacher to show at the end of a brief period

the rings that the oak takes years to develop.

We are now to say where this leisure and these opportunities are to be enjoyed. Rhoda's teacher must have a schoolroom. That necessitates a building, and the room must have four walls. These walls and this building should be so constructed as to cultivate good taste. The adornment should be simple and true. No sham stone can find a place on the walls. The wood must be wood the stone stone, the plaster plaster. There must be harmony of colors, symmetry of proportion, and floods of sunlight, and the light must fall on every desk and table at the right angle to be favorable for the eyes. There should be casts and pictures to please and cultivate, but there should be no approach to luxury. Adornments must not be supplied with the prodigality sometimes seen, where profusion amounts to confusion and over-adornment gives rise to disgust. There must, of course, be desks adaptable to the varying sizes of the pupils, with seats likewise adaptable. Finally, there must be space and air, — space enough to enable all to move about without inconvenience to others, and air sufficient to enable them to breathe with ease and health. Such requirements do not make heavy demands upon the bank account. Sunlight and air are provided free by Providence; proper desks and seats are no more costly than bad ones; casts and engravings are offered at prices that quite take them out of the class of luxuries; harmony and proportion are things for which no architects make extra charges.

What courses of instruction shall the model teacher carry on in her model schoolroom? It is evident that the teacher is of much greater importance than any course of study; but it seems to us of the twentieth century that there is little or no knowledge not appropriate for a girl. Girls go to college nowadays, of course, though the going to college has already entered its second stage, and is no longer the fad that it once was. It is conceded that a girl has as good a right to a college

education as a boy has; but it is far from being proved that all girls should take that course. It has been discovered that studies once thought to be outside of the sphere of woman are studies that she is adapted to shine in.

When we look back to the day when Vassar College opened its doors, and recollect how society shuddered at the thought that girls would be tempted to pursue a college course, we see that there has been progress. We recall the care with which the first announcements were worded in order that they might not arouse more prejudice than necessary. It is plain that the projectors dared not jeopardize the success of the enterprise by offering the girls all the college opportunities that their brothers had. You will see that it was gingerly said that they might well carry on this or that study, because this and that seemed to be "appropriate for girls;" botany, for instance, would be a good study, for flowers and girls seemed to have an established sympathy. Chemistry would do likewise, for does it not come handy in cooking? French would serve on a foreign trip, and so on. Now we know that women have made their mark in biology, in mathematics, and in what not? If the announcement of Vassar College had encouraged some of the studies now successfully pursued by girls and women, its end would have been near its opening day; at least, so it seems to one who read its first circulars and watched its first steps.

Shall Rhoda go to college, then? Yes, if Rhoda wishes to — if her cast of mind promises success in that life. If she be nervous and delicate, the regularity of the college work and the training she will receive there will do her good; if she be robust, she will be able to enter upon the work of the classroom and even of the gymnasium without damage; but it is always to be premised that the leisure necessary for the scholastic life must never be taken from her. If in the college she is to be submitted to pressure and excitement, let her beware.

Suppose that Rhoda is not of the college type; then her teacher will plan for her differently. The fitting course for college, it may as well be confessed, is the narrowest that can be imagined. It places the girl in the position of the athlete training for a *tour de force*, for a contest, not for a life. From her must be taken during her preparatory years all that does not directly bear upon the examinations that are to be tried at the close. There is usually no time for rest, no opportunity to carry on any "cultivating" work. Every day there must be the same hard grind, with the eye unflinchingly, perhaps tremblingly, held to the goal, — the dreaded examination. The study that she undertakes is not for the improvement of the human being, not even to determine that she is fitted for a college course, but simply — so she thinks, at least — to enable her to answer a certain set of questions. It is, as it is usually performed, a test of the ability to recall at will facts drilled into her mind by a trainer. There are some colleges that see the wrongness of this dry and "catchy" kind of examination paper, and endeavor to make the questions such as really to furnish a test of the intellectual condition of the candidate; but some of them offer a premium for very cram, and award the prize to the drill-master, thus making the fitting school that is able to send the largest number with the highest marks stand as the best; whereas that school is really the best that gives the candidate the most complete moral and physical preparation for college work and life. Therefore in her school days the girl who is not destined for college has the advantage. The other will have her opportunity for broadening after she has successfully passed the college gates; but we cannot forget that there are many advantages in the possession of these opportunities at an earlier age. A girl came to me, for example, the other day who had gone through the college preparatory course in a Latin School; but circumstances kept her out of college. She was fitted for the chance

to broaden her intellectual horizon in college, but now the chance was taken from her. She found that ground had been lost, and she sought admission to classes in school that were not preparatory for admission examinations. Therefore, if Rhoda is not destined for college, she will receive from her teacher the cultivating training which will prepare her for a full life, will enlighten her whole being, will add to her appreciation of all that is true and beautiful, and will send her out the well rounded woman who is so greatly needed in every social circle.

The college for girls has become to a certain extent a professional school. It is a necessity that women who take up the grand profession of the teacher should have had a college course; perhaps, even, that they should become specialists. Doubtless specialists are of advantage to the world; but special development in the man or woman is of more worth for the race as a whole than it is for the in-

dividual in particular. A certain man is said to have spent his life in counting the spots on the sun. He accomplished much for the science of astronomy, perhaps, in laying a foundation of facts for others to build upon; but was it not done at the cost of his own starvation, at a cost too great?

Can too high an estimate be set upon the teacher? Have I set too high an estimate on Rhoda's teacher? Is it true that there is no higher profession? Is there anything better for a man to do than to train the immortal?

If we doubt, let us reflect that He who spake as never man spake stands for all time as *The Teacher*. There is no higher name than his. He took little children in his bosom; He trained his followers, not by precept more than by example; true, He left precepts for the world, but it is his personality that counts in the upbuilding of character.

THE LESSON OF BALZAC¹

BY HENRY JAMES

I HAVE found it necessary, at the eleventh hour, to sacrifice to the terrible question of time a very beautiful and majestic approach that I had prepared to the subject on which I have the honor of addressing you. I recognize it as impossible to ask you to linger with me on that pillared portico — paved with marble, I beg you to believe, and overtined with charming flowers. I must invite you to pass straight into the house and bear with me there as if I had already succeeded in

beginning to interest you. Let us assume, therefore, that we have exchanged some ideas on the question of the beneficent play of criticism, and that I have even ingeniously struck it off that criticism is the only gate of appreciation, just as appreciation is, in regard to a work of art, the only gate of enjoyment. You may wonder perhaps why I speak as if we were possessed, in our conditions, of a literary court of appeal, and I hasten to say that the appeal I think of, is precisely from the general judgment, and not to it; is to the particular judgment altogether: by which I mean to that quantity of opinion, very small at all times, but at all times infinitely precious, that is capable of giving some intelligible account of itself.

¹ A lecture delivered for the first time before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, January 12, 1905, and repeated on various occasions elsewhere. Several passages omitted in delivery — one of considerable length — have been restored.

Where, among us, at this time of day, this element of the lucid report of impressions received, of estimates formed, of intentions understood, of values attached, is exactly to be looked for—that is another branch of the question, to which I am afraid I should have to devote quite another discourse. I do not propose for a moment to invite you to blink the fact that our huge Anglo-Saxon array of producers and readers—and especially our vast cis-Atlantic multitude—presents production uncontrolled, production untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world. It is all the complete reversal of any proportion, between the elements, that was ever seen before. It is the biggest flock straying without shepherds, making its music without a sight of the classic crook, be-ribboned or other, without a sound of the sheepdog's bark,—wholesome note, once in a way,—that has ever found room for pasture. The very opposite has happened from what might have been expected to happen. The shepherds have diminished as the flock has increased—quite as if number and quantity had got beyond them, or even as if their charge had turned, by some uncanny process, to a pack of ravening wolves. Let us none the less assume that we may still find two or three of the fraternity hiding under a hedge or astride of some upper limb of a tree; let us even assume that if we set rightly, if we set tactfully about it, we may establish again some friendly connection with them.

Putting, on this basis, then, all our heads together, we may become aware of an intelligent gratitude, deep within our breasts, to any author who consents to fit with a certain fulness of presence and squareness of solidity into one of the conscious categories of our attention. There are literary figures in plenty that scarce fill out even the smaller of these critical receptacles; there are others, on the contrary, that almost strain the larger to breaking. It is to these latter that in-

terested contemplation most fondly attaches itself—to that degree, really, that there seems, on any good occasion, more and more about them to be said. They have the great sign that their immediate presence causes our ideas, whether about life in general or about the art they have exemplified in particular, to revive and breathe again, to multiply, more or less to swarm. I must profess that no Novelist,—since we are by common consent confining our attention to that great Company,—no Novelist, to my sense, so rewards consideration as he or she (and I emphasize the liberality of my “she”) who offers the critical spirit this opportunity for a certain intensity of educative practice. The lesson of Balzac, whom we thus march straight up to, is that he offers it as no other members of the company can pretend to do.

For there are members of the company who scarce produce the effect in question at all. Take, to begin with, close at Balzac's side, his illustrious contemporary Madame George Sand, so suggestive, so affirmative, so instructive, as a dealer with life, as an eloquent exponent of her own, as what we call to-day a Personality equipped and armed, but of an artistic complexion so comparatively smooth and simple, so happily harmonious, that her work, taken together, presents about as few pegs for analysis to hang upon as if it were a large, polished, gilded Easter egg, the pride of a sweet-shop if not the treasure of a museum. Let me add, further—so far as it is a question of the nameable sisterhood too—that Jane Austen, with all her light felicity, leaves us hardly more curious of her process, or of the experience in her that fed it, than the brown thrush who tells his story from the garden bough; and this, I freely confess, in spite of her being one of those of the shelved and safe, for all time, of whom I should have liked to begin by talking; one of those in whose favor discrimination has long since practically operated. She is in fact a signal instance of the way it does, with all its embarrassments, at

last infallibly operate. A sharp short cut, one of the sharpest and shortest achieved, in this field, by the general judgment, came out, betimes, straight at her feet. Practically overlooked for thirty or forty years after her death, she perhaps really stands there for us as the prettiest possible example of that rectification of estimate, brought about by some slow clearance of stupidity, the half-century or so is capable of working round to. This tide has risen high on the opposite shore, the shore of appreciation — risen rather higher, I think, than the high-water mark, the highest, of her intrinsic merit and interest; though I grant indeed — as a point to be made — that we are dealing here in some degree with the tides so freely driven up, beyond their mere logical reach, by the stiff breeze of the commercial, in other words of the special bookselling spirit; an eager, active, interfering force which has a great many confusions of apparent value, a great many wild and wandering estimates, to answer for. For these distinctively mechanical and overdone reactions, of course, the critical spirit, even in its most relaxed mood, is not responsible. Responsible, rather, is the body of publishers, editors, illustrators, producers of the pleasant twaddle of magazines; who have found their “dear,” our dear, everybody’s dear, Jane so infinitely to their material purpose, so amenable to pretty reproduction in every variety of what is called tasteful, and in what seemingly proves to be saleable, form.

I do not, naturally, mean that she would be saleable if we had not more or less — beginning with Macaulay, her first slightly ponderous amoroso — lost our hearts to her; but I cannot help seeing her, a good deal, as in the same lucky box as the Brontës — lucky for the ultimate guerdon; a case of popularity (that in especial of the Yorkshire sisters), a beguiled infatuation, a sentimentalized vision, determined largely by the accidents and circumstances originally surrounding the manifestation of the genius

— only with the reasons for the sentiment, in this latter connection, turned the other way. The key to Jane Austen’s fortune with posterity has been in part the extraordinary grace of her facility, in fact of her unconsciousness: as if, at the most, for difficulty, for embarrassment, she sometimes, over her work-basket, her tapestry flowers, in the spare, cool drawing-room of other days, fell a-musing, lapsed too metaphorically, as one may say, into wool-gathering, and her dropped stitches, of these pardonable, of these precious moments, were afterwards picked up as little touches of human truth, little glimpses of steady vision, little master-strokes of imagination. The romantic tradition of the Brontës, with posterity, has been still more essentially helped, I think, by a force independent of any one of their applied faculties — by the attendant image of their dreary, their tragic history, their loneliness and poverty of life. That picture has been made to hang before us as insistently as the vividdest page of *Jane Eyre* or of *Wuthering Heights*. If these things were “stories,” as we say, and stories of a lively interest, the medium from which they sprang was above all in itself a story, such a story as has fairly elbowed out the rights of appreciation, as has come at last to impose itself as an expression of the power concerned. The personal position of the three sisters, of the two in particular, had been marked, in short, with so sharp an accent that this accent has become for us the very tone of their united production. It covers and supplants their matter, their spirit, their style, their talent, their taste; it embodies, really, the most complete intellectual muddle, if the term be not too invidious, ever achieved, on a literary question, by our wonderful public. The question has scarce indeed been accepted as belonging to literature at all. Literature is an objective, a projected result; it is life that is the unconscious, the agitated, the struggling, floundering cause. But the fashion has been, in looking at the

Brontës, so to confound the cause with the result that we cease to know, in the presence of such ecstasies, what we have hold of or what we are talking about. They represent, the ecstasies, the high-water mark of sentimental judgment.

These are but glimmering lanterns, however, you will say, to hang in the great dusky and deserted avenue that leads up to the seated statue of Balzac; and you are so far right, I am bound to admit, as that I place them there, no doubt, in a great measure, just to render the darkness visible. We do, collectively, with all our dimness of view, arrive at rough discriminations, and by one of the roughest of these the author of the *Comédie Humaine* has in a manner profited; we have for many a year taken his greatness for granted; but in the graceless and nerveless fashion of those who edge away from a classic or a bore. "Oh, yes, he is as 'great' as you like — so let us not talk of him!" My purpose has been to "talk" of him, and I find this form of greeting, therefore, and still more this form of parting, not at all adequate; failing as I do to point my moral unless I show that a really paying acquaintance with a writer can never take place if our recognition remains perfunctory. Our indolence and our ignorance may prefer the empty form; but the penalty and the humiliation come for us with the perception that when the consecration really takes place we have been excluded, so to speak, from the fun. I see no better proof that the great interesting art of which Balzac remains the greatest master is practically, roundabout us, a bankrupt and discredited art (discredited, of course, I mean, for any directed and motived attention), than this very fact that we are so ready to beg off from knowing anything about him. Perfunctory rites, even, at present, are seldom rendered; and amid the flood of verbiage for which the thousand new novels of the season find themselves a pretext in the newspapers, the name of the man who is really the father of us all, as we stand, is scarcely

more mentioned than if he were not of the family.

I may at once intimate that the family strikes me as likely to recover its wasted heritage, and pull itself together for another chance, on condition only of shutting itself up, for an hour of wholesome heart-searching, with the image of its founder. He labors, I know, under the drawback of not being presentable as a classic — which is precisely why there would have seemed to be the less furtherance for regarding him as a bore. His situation in this respect is all his own: it was not given him to flower, for our convenience, into a single supreme felicity. His "successes" hang so together that analysis is almost baffled by his consistency, by his density. Even *Eugénie Grandet* is not a supreme felicity in the sense that this particular bloom is detachable from the cluster. The cluster is too thick, the stem too tough; before we know it, when we begin to pull, we have the whole branch about our heads — or it would indeed be more just to say we have the whole tree, if not the whole forest. It tells against a great worker, for free reference, that we must take his work in the mass; for, unfortunately, the circumstance that nothing of it surpassingly stands forth to represent the rest, to symbolize the whole, suggests a striking resemblance to work of other sorts. Of the mediocrities, and the bunglers too is it true that *they* do not supremely flower — as well as, further, of certain happy geniuses who have flowed in an uncontrolled, an undirected, above all an unfiltered, current.

But the difference is that, for the most part, these loose and easy producers, the great resounding improvisatori, have not, in general, ended by imposing themselves; when we deal with them conclusively and, as I have said, for clearance of the slate, we deal with them by simplification, by elimination: which may very well be the revenge that time takes upon them to make up for the amount of space they happened immediately to occupy.

They are still there, evidently: but they are there under this condition, which enters into account, at every instant, in any pious inquiry about them, and which is attached, intimately, to the appearance they finally wear for us, that the looseness and ease showing as their main sign in the time of their freshness is now a quality still more striking and often still more disconcerting. The weak sides in an artist are weakened with time, and the strong sides strengthened; so that it is never amiss, for duration, to have as many strong sides as possible. It is the only way we have yet made out — even in this age of superlative study of the cheap and easy — not to have so many weak ones as will eventually betray us. Balzac stands almost alone as an extemporizer achieving closeness and weight, and whom closeness and weight have preserved. My reason for speaking of him as an extemporizer I shall presently mention; but let me meanwhile frankly say that I speak of him, and can only speak, as a man of his own craft, an emulous fellow-worker, who has learned from him more of the lessons of the engaging mystery of fiction than from any one else, and who is conscious of so large a debt to repay that it has had positively to be discharged in instalments; as if one could never have at once all the required cash in hand.

When I am tempted, on occasion, to ask myself why we should, after all, so much as talk about the Novel, the wanton fable, against which, in so many ways, so showy an indictment may be drawn, I seem to see that the simplest plea is not to be sought in any attempted philosophy, in any abstract reason for our perversity or our levity. The real gloss upon these things is reflected from some great practitioner, some concrete instance of the art, some ample cloak under which we may gratefully crawl. It comes back, of course, to the example and the analogy of the Poet — with the abatement, however, that the Poet is most the Poet when he is preponderantly lyrical, when he speaks, laughing or crying, most directly from his

individual heart, which throbs under the impressions of life. It is not the *image* of life that he thus expresses, so much as life itself, in its sources — so much as his own intimate, essential states and feelings. By the time he has begun to collect anecdotes, to tell stories, to represent scenes, to concern himself, that is, with the states and feelings of others, he is well on the way not to be the Poet pure and simple. The lyrical element, all the same, abides in him, and it is by this element that he is connected with what is most splendid in his expression. The lyrical instinct and tradition are immense in Shakespeare; which is why, great story-teller, great dramatist and painter, great lover, in short, of the image of life though he was, we need not press the case of his example. The lyrical element is not great, is in fact not present at all, in Balzac, in Scott (the Scott of the voluminous prose), nor in Thackeray, nor in Dickens — which is precisely why they are so essentially novelists, so almost exclusively lovers of the image of life. It *is* great, or it is at all events largely present, in such a writer as George Sand — which is doubtless why we take her for a novelist in a much looser sense than the others we have named. It is considerable in that bright particular genius of our own day, George Meredith, who so strikes us as hitching winged horses to the chariot of his prose — steeds who prance and dance and caracole, who strain the traces, attempt to quit the ground, and yearn for the upper air. Balzac, with huge feet fairly ploughing the sand of our desert, is on the other hand the very type and model of the projector and creator; so that when I think, either with envy or with terror, of the nature and the effort of the Novelist, I think of something that reaches its highest expression in him. That is why those of us who, as fellow-craftsmen, have once caught a glimpse of this value in him, can never quite rest from hanging about him; that is why he seems to have all that the others have to tell us, with more, besides, that is all his own. He lived and breathed in his

medium, and the fact that he was able to achieve in it, as man and as artist, so crowded a career, remains for us one of the most puzzling problems — I scarce know whether to say of literature or of life. He is himself a figure more extraordinary than any he drew, and the fascination may still be endless of all the questions he puts to us and of the answers for which we feel ourselves helpless.

He died, as we sufficiently remember, at fifty — worn out with work and thought and passion; the passion, I mean, that he had put into his mighty plan and that had ridden him like an infliction of the gods. He began, a friendless and penniless young provincial, to write early, and to write very badly, and it was not till well toward his thirtieth year, with the conception of the *Comédie Humaine*, as we all again remember, that he found his right ground, found his feet and his voice. This huge distributed, divided and subdivided picture of the life of France in his time, a picture bristling with imagination and information, with fancies and facts and figures, a world of special and general insight, a rank tropical forest of detail and specification, but with the strong breath of genius forever circulating through it and shaking the treetops to a mighty murmur, got itself hung before us in the space of twenty short years. The achievement remains one of the most inscrutable, one of the unfathomable, final facts in the history of art, and if, as I have said, the author himself has his own surpassing objectivity, it is just because of this challenge his figure constitutes for any other painter of life, inflamed with ingenuity, who should feel the temptation to represent or explain him. How represent, how explain him, as a concrete active energy? How depict him, we ask ourselves, at his huge conceived and accepted task, how reconcile such dissemination with such intensity, the collection and possession of so vast a number of facts with so rich a presentation of each? The elements of the world he set up before us, with all its insistent particulars,

these elements were not, for him, a direct revelation — of so large a part of life is it true that we can know it only by living, and that living is the process that, in our mortal span, makes the largest demand on our time. How could a man have lived at large so much if, in the service of art, he had so much abstracted and condensed himself? How could he have so much abstracted and condensed himself if, in the service of life, he had felt and fought and acted, had labored and suffered, so much as a private in the ranks? The wealth and strength of his temperament indeed partly answer the question and partly obscure it. He could so extend his existence partly because he vibrated to so many kinds of contact and curiosity. To vibrate intellectually was his motive, but it magnified, all the while, it multiplied his experience. He could live at large, in short, because he was always living in the particular necessary, the particular intended connection — was always astride of his imagination, always charging, with his heavy, his heroic lance in rest, at every object that sprang up in his path. But as he was at the same time always fencing himself in against the personal adventure, the personal experience, in order to preserve himself for converting it into history, how did experience, in the immediate sense, still get itself saved? — or, to put it as simply as possible, where, with so strenuous a conception of the use of material, was material itself so strenuously quarried? Out of what mines, by what innumerable tortuous channels, in what endless winding procession of laden chariots and tugging teams and marching elephants, did the immense consignments required for his work reach him?

The point at which the emulous admirer, however diminished by comparison, may most closely approach him is, it seems to me, through the low portal of envy: so irresistibly do we lose ourselves in the vision of the quantity of life with which his imagination communicated. Quantity and intensity are at once and together his sign; the truth being that his

energy did not press hard in some places only to press lightly in others, did not lay it on thick here or there to lay it on thin elsewhere, did not seek the appearance of extent and number by faintness of evocation, by shallow soundings, or by the mere sketchiness of suggestion that dispenses, for reference and verification, with the book, the total collection of human documents, with what we call "chapter and verse." He never throws dust in our eyes, save only the fine gold-dust through the haze of which his own romantic vision operates: never does it, I mean, when he is pretending not to do it, pretending to give us the full statement of his case, to deal with the facts of the spectacle surrounding him. Then he goes in, as we say, for a portentous clearness, a reproduction of the real on the scale of the real — with a definiteness actually proportionate; though a clearness that in truth sometimes fails (like the sight of the forest of the adage, which fails for the presence of the trees), through the positive monstrosity of his effort. He sees and presents too many facts, — facts of history, of property, of genealogy, of topography, of sociology, and has too many ideas and images about them; their value is thus threatened with submersion by the flood of general reference in which they float, by their quantity of indicated relation to other facts, which break against them like waves of a high tide. He may thus at times become obscure from his very habit of striking too many matches; or we may at least say of him, out of our wondering loyalty, that the light he produces is, beyond that of any other corner of the great planted garden of romance, thick and rich and heavy — interesting, so to speak, on its own account.

There would be much to say, I think, had we only a little more time, on this question of the projected light of the individual strong temperament in fiction — the color of the air with which this, that or the other painter of life (as we call them all), more or less unconsciously suffuses

his picture. I say unconsciously because I speak here of an effect of atmosphere largely, if not wholly, distinct from the effect sought on behalf of the special subject to be treated; something that proceeds from the contemplative mind itself, the very complexion of the mirror in which the material is reflected. This is of the nature of the man himself — an emanation of his spirit, temper, history; it springs from his very presence, his spiritual presence, in his work, and is, in so far, not a matter of calculation and artistry. All a matter of his own, in a word, for each seer of visions, the particular tone of the medium in which each vision, each clustered group of persons and places and objects, is bathed. Just how, accordingly, does the light of the world, the projected, painted, peopled, poetized, realized world, the furnished and fitted world into which we are beguiled for the holiday excursion, cheap trips or dear, of the eternally amusable, eternally dupeable voyaging mind — just how does this strike us as different in Fielding and in Richardson, in Scott and in Dumas, in Dickens and in Thackeray, in Hawthorne and in Meredith, in George Eliot and in George Sand, in Jane Austen and in Charlotte Brontë? Do we not feel the general landscape evoked by each of the more or less magical wands to which I have given name, not to open itself under the same sun that hangs over the neighboring scene, not to receive the solar rays at the same angle, not to exhibit its shadows with the same intensity or the same sharpness; not, in short, to seem to belong to the same time of day or same state of the weather? Why is it that the life that overflows in Dickens seems to me always to go on in the morning, or in the very earliest hours of the afternoon at most, and in a vast apartment that appears to have windows, large, uncurtained, and rather unwashed windows, on all sides at once? Why is it that in George Eliot the sun sinks forever to the west, and the shadows are long, and the afternoon wanes, and the trees vaguely rustle, and the color of the day is much

inclined to yellow? Why is it that in Charlotte Brontë we move through an endless autumn? Why is it that in Jane Austen we sit quite resigned in an arrested spring? Why does Hawthorne give us the afternoon hour later than any one else? — oh, late, late, quite uncannily late, and as if it were always winter outside? But I am wasting the very minutes I pretended, at the start, to cherish, and am only sustained through my levity by seeing you watch for the time of day or season of the year or state of the weather that I shall fasten upon the complicated clock-face of Thackeray. I do, I think, see his light also — see it very much as the light (a different thing from the mere dull dusk) of rainy days in “residential” streets; but we are not, after all, talking of him, and, though Balzac’s waiting power has proved itself, this half-century, immense, I must not too much presume upon it.

The question of the color of Balzac’s air and the time of *his* day would indeed here easily solicit our ingenuity — were I at liberty to say more than one thing about it. It is rich and thick, the mixture of sun and shade diffused through the *Comédie Humaine* — a mixture richer and thicker and representing an absolutely greater quantity of “atmosphere,” than we shall find prevailing within the compass of any other suspended frame. That is how we see him, living in his garden, and it is by reason of the restless energy with which he circulated there that I hold his fortune and his privilege, in spite of the burden of his toil and the brevity of his immediate reward, to have been before any others enviable. It is strange enough, but what most abides with us, as we follow his steps, is a sense of the intellectual luxury he enjoyed. To focus him at all, for a single occasion, we have to simplify, and this wealth of his vicarious experience forms the side, moreover, on which he is most attaching for those who take an interest in the real play of the imagination. From the moment our imagination plays at all, of course, and

from the moment we try to catch and preserve the pictures it throws off, from that moment we too, in our comparatively feeble way, live vicariously — succeed in opening a series of dusky passages in which, with a more or less childlike ingenuity, we can romp to and fro. Our passages are mainly short and dark, however; we soon come to the end of them — dead walls, without resonance, in presence of which the candle goes out and the game stops, and we have only to retrace our steps. Balzac’s luxury, as I call it, was in the extraordinary number and length of his radiating and ramifying corridors — the labyrinth in which he finally lost himself. What it comes back to, in other words, is the intensity with which we live — and his intensity is recorded for us on every page of his work.

It is a question, you see, of *penetrating* into a subject; his corridors always went further and further and further; which is but another way of expressing his inordinate passion for detail. It matters nothing — nothing for my present contention — that this extravagance is also his great fault; in spite, too, of its all being detail vivified and related, characteristic and constructive, essentially prescribed by the terms of his plan. The relations of parts to each other are at moments multiplied almost to madness — which is at the same time just why they give us the measure of his hallucination, make up the greatness of his intellectual adventure. His plan was to handle, primarily, not a world of ideas, animated by figures representing these ideas; but the packed and constituted, the palpable, proveable world before him, by the study of which ideas would inevitably find themselves thrown up. If the happy fate is accordingly to *partake* of life, actively, assertively, not passively, narrowly, in mere sensibility and sufferance, the happiness has been greatest when the faculty employed has been largest. We employ different faculties — some of us only our arms and our legs and our stomach; Balzac employed most what he possessed in

largest quantity. This is where his work ceases in a manner to mystify us — this is where we make out how he did quarry his material: it is the sole solution to an otherwise baffling problem. He collected his experience within himself; no other economy explains his achievement; this thrift alone, remarkable yet thinkable, embodies the necessary miracle. His system of cellular confinement, in the interest of the miracle, was positively that of a Benedictine monk, leading his life within the four walls of his convent and bent, the year round, over the smooth parchment on which, with wondrous illumination and enhancement of gold and crimson and blue, he inscribed the glories of the faith and the legends of the saints. Balzac's view of himself was indeed in a manner the monkish one; he was most at ease, while he wrought, in the white gown and cowl — an image of him that the friendly art of his time has handed down to us. Only, as happened, his subject of illumination was the legends not merely of the saints, but of the much more numerous uncanonized strugglers and sinners, an acquaintance with whose attributes was not all to be gathered in the place of piety itself; not even from the faintest ink of old records, the mild lips of old brothers, or the painted glass of church windows.

This is where envy does follow him, for to have so many other human cases, so many other personal predicaments to get into, up to one's chin, is verily to be able to get out of one's own box. And it was up to his chin, constantly, that he sank in his illusion — not, as the weak and timid in this line do, only up to his ankles or his knees. The figures he sees begin immediately to bristle with all their characteristics. Every mark and sign, outward and inward, that they possess; every virtue and every vice, every strength and every weakness, every passion and every habit, the sound of their voices, the expression of their eyes, the tricks of feature and limb, the buttons on their clothes, the food on their plates, the

money in their pockets, the furniture in their houses, the secrets in their breasts, are all things that interest, that concern, that command him, and that have, for the picture, significance, relation and value. It is a prodigious multiplication of values, and thereby a prodigious entertainment of the vision — on the condition the vision can bear it. Bearing it — that is *our* bearing it — is a serious matter; for the appeal is truly to that faculty of attention out of which we are educating ourselves, as hard as we possibly can; educating ourselves with such complacency, with such boisterous high spirits, that we may already be said to have practically lost it — with the consequence that any work of art or of criticism making a demand on it is by that fact essentially discredited. It takes attention not only to thread the labyrinth of the *Comédie Humaine*, but to keep our author himself in view, in the relations in which we thus image him. But if we can muster it, as I say, in sufficient quantity, we thus walk with him in the great glazed gallery of his thought; the long, lighted and pictured ambulatory where the endless series of windows, on one side, hangs over his revolutionized, ravaged, yet partly restored and reinstated garden of France, and where, on the other, the figures and the portraits we fancy stepping down to meet him climb back into their frames, larger and smaller, and take up position and expression as he desired they shall look out and compose.

We have lately had a literary case of the same general family as the case of Balzac, and in presence of which some of the same speculations come up: I had occasion, not long since, after the death of Emile Zola, to attempt an appreciation of *his* extraordinary performance — his series of the *Rougon-Macquart* constituting in fact, in the library of the fiction that can hope in some degree to live, a monument to the idea of plenitude, of comprehension and variety, second only to the *Comédie Humaine*. The question presented itself, in respect to Zola's ability

and Zola's career, with a different proportion and value, I quite recognize, and wearing a much less distinguished face; but it was there to be met, none the less, on the very threshold, and all the more because this was just where he himself had placed it. His idea had been, from the first, in a word, to lose no time — as if one could have experience, even the mere amount requisite for showing others as having it, without losing time! — and yet the degree in which he too, so handicapped, has achieved valid expression is such as still to stagger us. He had had inordinately to simplify — had had to leave out the life of the soul, practically, and confine himself to the life of the instinct, of the more immediate passions, such as can be easily and promptly caught in the fact. He had had, in a word, to confine himself almost entirely to the impulses and agitations that men and women are possessed by in common, and to take them as exhibited in mass and number, so that, being writ larger, they might likewise be more easily read. He met and solved, in this manner, his difficulty — the difficulty of knowing, and of showing, of life, only what his "notes" would account for. But it is in the *waste*, I think, much rather, — the waste of time, of passion, of curiosity, of contact, — that true initiation resides; so that the most wonderful adventures of the artist's spirit are those, immensely quickening for his "authority," that are yet not reducible to his notes. It is exactly here that we get the difference between such a solid, square, symmetrical structure as *Les Rougon-Macquart*, vitiated, in a high degree, by its mechanical side, and the monument left by Balzac — without the example of which, I surmise, Zola's work would not have existed. The mystic process of the crucible, the transformation of the material under æsthetic heat, is, in the *Comédie Humaine*, thanks to an intenser and more submissive fusion, completer, and also finer; for if the commoner and more wayside passions and conditions are, in the various episodes there, no-

where gathered into so large and so thick an illustrative bunch, yet on the other hand they are shown much more freely at play in the individual case — and the individual case it is that permits of supreme fineness. It is hard to say where Zola is fine; whereas it is often, for pages together, hard to say where Balzac is, even under the weight of his too ponderous personality, not. The most fundamental and general sign of the novel, from one desperate experiment to another, is its being everywhere an effort at *representation* — this is the beginning and the end of it: wherefore it was that one could say at last, with account taken of everything, that Zola's performance, on his immense scale, was an extraordinary show of representation imitated. The imitation, in places — notably and admirably, for instance, in *L'Assommoir* — breaks through into something that we take for reality; but, for the most part, the separating rift, the determining difference, holds its course straight, prevents the attempted process from becoming the sound, straight, whole thing that is given us by those who have really *bought* their information. This is where Balzac remains unshaken, — in our feeling that, with all his faults of pedantry, ponderosity, pretentiousness, bad taste and charmless form, his spirit has somehow paid for its knowledge. His subject is again and again the complicated human creature or human condition; and it is with these complications as if he knew them, as Shakespeare knew them, by his charged consciousness, by the history of his soul and the direct exposure of his sensibility. This source of supply he found, forever — and one may indeed say he mostly left — sitting at his fire-side; where it constituted the company with which I see him shut up, and his practical intimacy with which, during such orgies and debauches of intellectual passion, might earn itself that name of high personal good fortune that I have applied.

Let me say, definitely, that I hold

several of his faults to be grave, and that if there were any question of time for it I should like to speak of them; but let me add, as promptly, that they are faults, on the whole, of execution, flaws in the casting, accidents of the process: they never come back to that fault in the artist, in the novelist, that amounts most completely to a failure of dignity, the absence of saturation with his idea. When saturation fails no other presence really avails; as when, on the other hand, it operates, no failure of method fatally interferes. There is never in Balzac that damning interference which consists of the painter's not seeing, not possessing, his image; not having fixed and held his creature and his creature's conditions. "Balzac aime sa Valérie," says Taine, in his great essay, — so much the finest thing ever written on our author, — speaking of the way in which the awful little Madame Marneffe of *Les Parents Pauvres* is drawn, and of the long rope, for her acting herself out, that her creator's participation in her reality assures her. He has been contrasting her, as it happens, with Thackeray's Becky Sharp, or rather with Thackeray's attitude toward Becky, and the marked jealousy of her freedom that Thackeray exhibits from the first. I remember reading at the time of the publication of Taine's study — though it was long, long ago — a phrase in an English review of the volume which seemed to my limited perception, even in extreme youth, to deserve the highest prize ever bestowed on critical stupidity undisguised. If Balzac loved his Valérie, said this commentator, that only showed Balzac's extraordinary taste; the truth being really, throughout, that it was just through this love of each seized identity, and of the sharpest and liveliest identities most, that Madame Marneffe's creator was able to marshal his array at all. The love, as we call it, the joy in their communicated and exhibited movement, in their standing on their feet and going of themselves and acting out their characters, was what rendered possible the

saturation I speak of; what supplied him, through the inevitable gaps of his preparation and the crevices of his prison, his long prison of labor, a short cut to the knowledge he required. It was by loving them — as the terms of his subject and the nuggets of his mine — that he knew them; it was not by knowing them that he loved.

He at all events robustly loved the sense of another explored, assumed, assimilated identity — enjoyed it as the hand enjoys the glove when the glove ideally fits. My image indeed is loose; for what he liked was absolutely to get into the constituted consciousness, into all the clothes, gloves and whatever else, into the very skin and bones, of the habited, featured, colored, articulated form of life that he desired to present. How do we know given persons, for any purpose of demonstration, unless we know their situation for themselves, unless we see it from their point of vision, that is, from their point of pressing consciousness or sensation? — without our allowing for which there is no appreciation. Balzac loved his Valérie then as Thackeray did not love his Becky, or his Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*. But his prompting was not to expose her; it could only be, on the contrary, — intensely aware as he was of all the lengths she might go to, and paternally, maternally alarmed about them — to cover her up and protect her, in the interest of her special genius and freedom. All his impulse was to *la faire valoir*, to give her all her value, just as Thackeray's attitude was the opposite one, a desire positively to expose and desecrate poor Becky — to follow her up, catch her in the act, and bring her to shame: though with a mitigation, an admiration, an inconsequence, now and then wrested from him by an instinct finer, in his mind, than the so-called "moral" eagerness. The English writer wants to make sure, first of all, of your moral judgment; the French is willing, while it waits a little, to risk, for the sake of his subject, your spiritual salvation. Ma-

dame Marneffe, detrimental, fatal as she is, is "exposed," so far as anything in life, or in art, may be, by the working-out of the situation and the subject themselves; so that when they have done what they would, what they logically had to, with her, we are ready to take it from them. We do not feel, very irritably, very lecturedly, in other words with superfluous edification, that she has been sacrificed. Who can say, on the contrary, that Blanche Amory, in *Pendennis*, with the author's lash about her little bare white back from the first — who can feel that she has *not* been sacrificed, or that her little bareness and whiteness, and all the rest of her, have been, by such a process, presented as they had a right to demand?

It all comes back, in fine, to that respect for the liberty of the subject which I should be willing to name as *the* great sign of the painter of the first order. Such a witness to the human comedy fairly holds his breath for fear of arresting or diverting that natural license; the witness who begins to breathe so uneasily in presence of it that his respiration not only warns off the little prowling or playing creature he is supposed to be studying, but drowns, for our ears, the ingenuous sounds of the animal, as well as the general, truthful hum of the human scene at large — this demonstrator has no sufficient warrant for his task. And if such an induction as this is largely the moral of our renewed glance at Balzac, there is a lesson, of a more essential sort, I think, folded still deeper within — the lesson that there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive. I am unwilling to say, in the presence of such of his successors as George Eliot and Tolstoi and Zola (to name, for convenience, only three of them), that he was the last of the novelists to do the thing handsomely; but I will say that we get the impression at least of his having had more to spend. Many of those who have followed him affect us as doing it, in the vulgar phrase, "on the cheap;" by reason mainly, no doubt, of their having been, all helplessly, fore-

doomed to cheapness. Nothing counts, of course, in art, but the excellent; nothing exists, however briefly, for estimation, for appreciation, but the superlative — always in its kind; and who shall declare that the severe economy of the vast majority of those apparently emulous of the attempt to "render" the human subject and the human scene proceeds from anything worse than the consciousness of a limited capital? This flourishing frugality operates happily, no doubt — given all the circumstances — for the novelist; but it has had terrible results for the novel, so far as the novel is a form with which criticism may be moved to concern itself. Its misfortune, its discredit, what I have called its bankrupt state among us, is the not unnatural consequence of its having ceased, for the most part, to be artistically interesting. It has become an object of easy manufacture, showing on every side the stamp of the machine; it has become the article of commerce, produced in quantity, and as we so see it we inevitably turn from it, under the rare visitations of the critical impulse, to compare it with those more precious products of the same general nature that we used to think of as belonging to the class of the hand-made.

The lesson of Balzac, under this comparison, is extremely various, and I should prepare myself much too large a task were I to attempt a list of the separate truths he brings home. I have to choose among them, and I choose the most important; the three or four that more or less include the others. In reading him over, in opening him almost anywhere to-day, what immediately strikes us is the part assigned by him, in any picture, to the *conditions* of the creatures with whom he is concerned. Contrasted with him other prose painters of life scarce seem to see the conditions at all. He clearly held pretended portrayals as nothing, as less than nothing, as a most vain thing, unless it should be, in spirit and intention, the art of complete representation. "Complete" is of course a great word, and there

is no art at all, we are often reminded, that is not on too many sides an abject compromise. The element of compromise is always there; it is of the essence; we live with it, and it may serve to keep us humble. The formula of the whole matter is sufficiently expressed perhaps in a reply I found myself once making to an inspired but discouraged friend, a fellow-craftsman who had declared in his despair that there was no use trying, that it was a form absolutely too difficult. "Too difficult indeed; yet there is one way to master it — which is to pretend consistently that it is n't." We are all of us, all the while, pretending — as consistently as we can — that it is n't, and Balzac's great glory is that he pretended hardest. He never had to pretend so hard as when he addressed himself to that evocation of the medium, that distillation of the natural and social air, of which I speak, the things that most require on the part of the painter preliminary possession — so definitely require it that, terrified at the requisition, when conscious of it, many a painter prefers to beg the whole question. He has thus, this ingenious person, to invent some other way of making his characters interesting — some other way, that is, than the arduous way, demanding so much consideration, of presenting them to us. They are interesting, in fact, as subjects of fate, the figures round whom a situation closes, in proportion as, sharing their existence, we feel where fate comes in and just how it gets at them. In the void they are not interesting — and Balzac, like Nature herself, abhorred a vacuum. Their situation takes hold of us because it is theirs, not because it is somebody's, any one's, that of creatures unidentified. Therefore it is not superfluous that their identity shall first be established for us, and their adventures, in that measure, have a relation to it, and therewith an appreciability. There is no such thing in the world as an adventure pure and simple; there is only mine and yours, and his and hers — it being the greatest adventure of all, I verily think, just to *be* you or I, just

to be he or she. To Balzac's imagination that was indeed in itself an immense adventure — and nothing appealed to him more than to show *how* we all are, and how we are placed and built-in for being so. What befalls us is but another name for the way our circumstances press upon us — so that an account of what befalls us is an account of our circumstances.

Add to this, then, that the fusion of all the elements of the picture, under his hand, is complete — of what people are with what they do, of what they do with what they are, of the action with the agents, of the medium with the action, of all the parts of the drama with each other. Such a production as *Le Père Goriot* for example, or as *Eugénie Grandet*, or as *Le Curé de Village*, has, in respect to this fusion, a kind of inscrutable perfection. The situation sits shrouded in its circumstances, and then, by its inner expansive force, emerges from them, the action marches, to the rich rustle of this great tragic and ironic train, the embroidered heroic mantle, with an art of keeping together that makes of *Le Père Goriot* in especial a supreme case of composition, a model of that high virtue that we know as economy of effect, economy of line and touch. An inveterate sense of proportion was not, in general, Balzac's distinguishing mark; but with great talents one has great surprises, and the effect of this large handling of the conditions was more often than not to make the work, whatever it might be, appear admirably composed. Of all the costly charms of a "story" this interest derived from composition is the costliest — and there is perhaps no better proof of our present penury than the fact that, in general, when one makes a plea for it, the plea might seemingly (for all it is understood!) be for trigonometry or osteology. "Composition? — What may that happen to *be*, and, whatever it is, what has it to do with the matter?" I shall take for granted here that every one perfectly knows, for without that assumption I shall not be able to wind up, as I must immediately do. The presence of

the conditions, when really presented, when made vivid, provides for the action — which is, from step to step, constantly implied in them; whereas the process of suspending the action in the void and dressing it there with the tinkling bells of what is called dialogue only makes no provision at all for the other interest. There are two elements of the art of the novelist which, as they present, I think, the greatest difficulty, tend thereby most to fascinate us: in the first place that mystery of the foreshortened procession of facts and figures, of appearances of whatever sort, which is in some lights but another name for the picture governed by the principle of composition, and which has at any rate as little as possible in common with the method now usual among us, the juxtaposition of items emulating the column of numbers of a schoolboy's sum in addition. It is the art of the brush, I know, as opposed to the art of the slate-pencil; but to the art of the brush the novel must return, I hold, to recover whatever may be still recoverable of its sacrificed honor.

The second difficulty that I commend for its fascination, at all events, the most attaching when met and the most rewarding when triumphantly met, — though I hasten to add that it also strikes me as not only the least "met," in general, but the least suspected, — this second difficulty is that of representing, to put it simply, the lapse of time, the duration of the subject: representing it, that is, more subtly than by a blank space, or a row of stars, on the historic page. With the blank space and the row of stars Balzac's genius had no affinity, and he is therefore as unlike as possible those narrators — so numerous, all round us, it would appear, to-day in especial — the succession of whose steps and stages, the development of whose action, in the given case, affects us as occupying but a week or two. No one begins, to my sense, to handle the time-element and produce the time-effect with the authority of Balzac in his amplest sweeps — by which I am far from meaning in his

longest passages. That study of the foreshortened image, of the neglect of which I suggest the ill consequence, is precisely the enemy of the tiresome procession of would-be narrative items, seen all in profile, like the rail-heads of a fence; a substitute for the baser device of accounting for the time-quantity by mere quantity of statement. Quality and manner of statement account for it in a finer way — always assuming, as I say, that unless it is accounted for nothing else really is. The fashion of our day is to account for it almost exclusively by an inordinate abuse of the colloquial resource, of the report, from page to page, from chapter to chapter, from beginning to end, of the talk, between the persons involved, in which situation and action may be conceived as registered. Talk between persons is perhaps, of all the parts of the novelist's plan, the part that Balzac most scrupulously weighed and measured and kept in its place: judging it, I think, — though he perhaps even had an undue suspicion of its possible cheapness, as feeling it the thing that can least afford to be cheap, — a precious and supreme resource, the very flower of illustration of the subject, and thereby not to be inconsiderately discounted. It was his view, discernibly, that the flower must keep its bloom, or in other words not be too much handled, in order to have a fragrance when nothing but its fragrance will serve.

It was his view indeed positively that there is a *law* in these things, and that, admirable for illustration, functional for illustration, dialogue has its function perverted, and therewith its life destroyed, when forced, all clumsily, into the constructive office. It is in the drama, of course, that it is constructive; but the drama lives by a law so different, verily, that everything that is right for it seems wrong for the prose picture, and everything that is right for the prose picture addressed directly, in turn, to the betrayal of the "play." These are questions, however, that bore deep — if I have successfully braved the danger that they abso-

lutely do bore; so that I must content myself, as a glance at this point, with the claim for the author of *Le Père Goriot* that colloquial illustration, in his work, suffers less, on the whole, than in any other I know, from its attendant, its besetting and haunting penalty of springing, unless watched, a leak in its effect. It is as if the master of the ship were keeping his eye on the pump; the pump, I mean, of relief and alternation, the pump that keeps the vessel free of too much water. We must always remember that, save in the cases where "dialogue" is organic, is the very law of the game, — in which case, as I say, the game is another business altogether, — it is essentially the fluid element: as, for instance (to cite, conveniently, Balzac's most eminent prose contemporary) was strikingly its character in the elder Dumas: just as its character in the younger, the dramatist, illustrates supremely what I call the other game. The current, in old Dumas, the large, loose, facile flood of talked movement, talked interest, as much as you will, is, in virtue of this fluidity, a current indeed, with so little of wrought texture that we float and splash in it; feeling it thus resemble much more some capacious tepid tank than the figured tapestry, all overscored with objects in fine perspective, which symbolizes to me (if one may have a symbol) the last word of the achieved fable. Such a tapestry, with its wealth of expression of its subject, with its myriad ordered stitches, its harmonies of tone and felicities of taste, is a work, above all, of closeness — and therefore the more pertinent image here, as it is in the name of closeness that I am inviting you to let Balzac once more appeal to you.

It will strike you perhaps that I speak as if we all, as if you all, without exception were novelists, haunting the back shop, the laboratory, or, more nobly expressed, the inner shrine of the temple;

but such assumptions, in this age of print — if I may not say this age of poetry, — are perhaps never too wide of the mark, and I have at any rate taken your interest sufficiently for granted to ask you to close up with me for an hour at the feet of the master of us all. Many of us may stray, but he always remains — he is fixed by virtue of his weight. Do not look too knowing at that — as a hint that you were already conscious he is heavy, and that if this is what I have mainly to suggest my lesson might have been spared. He is, I grant, too heavy to be moved: many of us may stray and straggle, as I say — since we have not his inaptitude largely to circulate. There is none the less such an odd condition as circulating without motion, and I am not so sure that even in our own way we do move. We do not, at any rate, get away from him; he is behind us, at the worst, when he is not before, and I feel that any course about the country we explore is ever best held by keeping him, through the trees of the forest, in sight. So far as we do move, we move round him; every road comes back to him; he sits there, in spite of us, so massively, for orientation. "Heavy" therefore if we like, but heavy because weighted with his fortune; the extraordinary fortune that has survived all the extravagance of his career, his twenty years of royal intellectual spending, and that has done so by reason of the rare value of the original property — the high, prime genius so tied-up from him that that was safe. And "that," through all that has come and gone, has steadily, has enormously appreciated. Let us then also, if we see him, in the sacred grove, as our towering idol, see him as gilded thick, with so much gold — plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols. It is for the lighter and looser and poorer among us to be gilded thin!

"IN SWIMMING"

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

LATE in the afternoon, when the boys grew tired of playing baseball, some one would say, "How about going in now?" or, more often, give a whistle and hold up two fingers of one hand, the universal sign of natatory purpose and invitation. Then my heart would sink. At that age I never got tired of playing baseball — and I could not swim. Once they were headed for the river, it was useless to protest; and I followed them, as disconsolate and envious a nine-year-old as there was in the land.

We crossed the railroad track at the foot of the meadow, and ran down the path under the arching willows and oaks of the bank to the river beach. There, while the others were undressing, I would stand and scale stones out over the water with an assumed indifference, deaf to their urgings that I should come in with them and try to learn. They treated me with a compassionate kindness — not unlike that with which the heath-dwellers in *The Return of the Native* assisted the unfortunate Christian Cantle to acquiesce in his incompetence — and when they found that I could not be persuaded, they would ask me, one after another, to keep an eye on their clothes. I do not know from what source they feared molestation, and I never was aware that any of them carried valuable property which might tempt a passer-by to crime. Their injunction may have been thoughtfully designed to restore to me some measure of self-respect and make me feel that, even though I could not swim, there was still a place for me in the world. At any rate, I took the responsibility with some seriousness, and preserved a sharp watch over all the articles entrusted to my care, occasionally nailing down a fluttering shirt with a stone, or pursuing a hat that

had been started on a bumping expedition by the breeze.

When the half-past five train burst thundering out of the cut a hundred yards up the river, all the boys made for deep water, or, if they were too near shore for that, modestly immersed themselves, — all except one young Indian, whose practice it was to come scrambling ashore and there dance defiantly, waving his arms and yelling while the train passed. This performance was always rather shocking to me, even while I admired its daring. One day the Indian's mother was on the train, and recognized him from the window, and for a week thereafter he did not go in swimming, but sat with me, like Fido, by the clothes.

As often as I had the opportunity, and could be sure there were no other boys to spy upon my infantile efforts, I used to sneak down to the river and give myself swimming lessons. Whether the fault was mainly with the teacher or with the pupil I do not know; but I had begun to despair of ever learning, when one day I stretched myself out recklessly upon the water and began to swim. I was so amazed to find myself afloat that after a few strokes I felt I had better stop and think about it, so I dropped my feet and groped for bottom; to my infinite horror it was not there. The current of the river, probably more than my own efforts, had carried me beyond my depth.

I beat the water desperately with my hands, trying to regain the swimming position, and went under. My fright, after the first terror at not finding bottom, was quite inadequate. When I came up strangling and saw the shore slipping by, the rock on which I had laid my clothes more distant than before, I thrust crazily with arms and legs, and determined that

nobody, and least of all my mother, should ever know of my narrow escape. I accepted escape as a foregone conclusion, even while realizing the peril. Somehow I got ashore, choking and gasping, and made my way back to my clothes. There, while I sat on a rock and recovered myself, I reflected with some pride that I had achieved a new importance. I had almost been drowned, and I had learned to swim. A disposition to test the reality of my acquirement, and ascertain if I might rely on its permanence, impelled me to enter the water again. In the exhilaration of confirming my discovery, it soon became a pleasure to take a risk. I enjoyed the sensation when, a few days later, I interrupted the ball game by giving a whistle and holding up two fingers of one hand.

The largest percentage of drowning accidents to boys occur, I am told, in rivers. From my own experience I am convinced that if a lake or the ocean is accessible, a river should not be chosen as the scene of one's elementary swimming lessons; but where a river is the only water at hand a boy had better risk being swept away by the current. No doubt in most cases he will take that risk, even though his parents concede only as much liberty to swim as the mother in the nonsense rhyme was willing to allow her daughter. One of the pleasures that I find in summer travel is to watch out of the train window, as we skirt the banks of streams, for the boys bathing, standing waist deep in the water, or, with only wet heads above the surface, stemming the current in momentary rivalry. In these glimpses the pleasure is perhaps not wholly that of personal reminiscence and sympathy; I think the veriest hoodlum of the village seen stripped and in a woodland setting may be the Pan in one's fleeting vision of Arcady. Some persons I have heard cry out against the publicity of such bathing; to me the sight seems as innocent as the pastime. Cows knee-deep in streams are the painter's favorite subject for a pastoral; if I were a painter I think I

should choose almost as often boys bathing in a brook.

To be picturesque is not, however, the swimmer's aim, and except for its picturesque effect river bathing is not very satisfactory. The bigger the river, the more dirty and unpleasant and unsheltered is it likely to be; the smaller the stream, the more certain in the summer months to become a mere dribble in which one crawls about hunting for a spot where it may be deep enough to swim. Or, if it is not disqualified in either of these respects, its current will cause annoyance; one grows weary of always having to quarter against it, of never being able to lie peacefully at rest without being whisked off to a point which is inconveniently conspicuous or from which return is undesirably laborious.

The utmost luxury for the swimmer would be always to have freedom of choice as to where he would swim — whether in pond or lake or ocean. Then he would be able each day to adapt his swim to his mood. For swimming may be variously operative on a man; desiring one remedy, he may find himself refused it by the perversity of the element — served with the wrong prescription. He would like a swim as relaxing as a Turkish bath, and he is in for a boxing match. For instance, it is a hot, oppressive day; you have been doing concentrated mental labor for some hours, and you wish to turn, not to vigorous exercise, but to a soothing employment, a languid, indolent use of the muscles which will leave you in a mood for sleep. But your available swimming tank is the Atlantic Ocean, in a latitude where the temperature of the water never rises above fifty-eight degrees; and the day is windy and overcast; you put on your bathing suit and stand on the beach looking reluctantly at the breaking waves. The wind chills you a little, and although nothing is more distasteful than to nerve yourself for an effort, you do it; you take a breath and run into the icy water — and oh, the torture of that entrance! The cold waves dash at your ankles and then

at your knees, and then, while you are reeling, they grip your waist and wrestle with you for a fall — which you grant them with a shuddering relief. You go under, lips compressed, eyes shut, and shoot up again to the air, crying to yourself, "Thank Heaven that's over!" Then you kick out and strike out and writhe round in the waves in a furious effort to get warm; you can't do it swimming on your breast, and you turn on one side and draw up your knees and lunge out and gasp; and then a wave cuffs you in the head and gives you a stinging earful, and you leap up in angry, sputtering remonstrance. You do not grow appreciably warmer, violent as is your endeavor, rough as is your buffeting; you are bounded up and down, and pitched into the smother of breaking waves, and slapped and doused and insolently abused, until you work yourself into a passion and plough through the turbulent sea with venomous puffs that might be translated, "You will, will you! You will, will you! Take that now — take that — take that!" Thus you are provoked to an insane contention and excitement, when a few moments before your whole inclination had been toward a meditative floating upon a warm and tranquil pond. But for all your furious bravado, for all your mighty exercise, your teeth are already chattering with cold, your vigor is stiffening in your veins; and you are glad to turn and be helped ashore by the waves that you had presumed to defy.

Then, when you rub yourself down and dress, you begin to glow with an ardent energy, with legs a little tremulous, perhaps. You had desired mere relaxation, and you have been violently stimulated. But the spirit to be up and doing soon fades into an impotent restlessness, and from that you pass into the comatose indolence which was your primary desire. There is, perhaps, some subtle detriment to the temper when one has to experience such probationary stress and tumult in order to attain the repose into which the dweller by a pond may gently slip. Tho-

reau would have been a more irascible person if he had had to do his swimming off the Maine coast instead of in Lake Walden.

Yet the placid dwellers beside quiet lakes may not claim entire advantage of opportunity over the turbulent sea bathers. They know the soft delight of swimming; they miss its stormy joy. It is agreeable to be one of them when the only demand made by your body is for rest; but when both your spirits and your vitality are high, the unruffled smoothness of the pond, even though it is overhung by the springiest of springboards, does not quite meet your longings. You can run and leap and dive and rush in sprints through the water, but you are aware of a disappointing tameness; you are playing in a dead, unresponsive medium; you are not sporting with a resourceful, lithe, and sinewy adversary; you cannot conjure up the excitement and ardor of battle which grip your imagination with the first plunge into the swelling ocean. The greater buoyancy of the salt water exalts the swimmer's spirit and quickens his vitality; the gentler drag of the inland lake woos him to a luxurious listlessness. As you buffet the ocean waves, you can exultingly feel and exclaim, "Aha, old man, you're trying to down me — but I'm still on top; put that in your pipe and smoke it." And so, proud wrestler that you are, you swarm up one billow and down the next, grappling to your heart all the while a personified adversary and laughing with triumph because in spite of his struggles he cannot get you down and put his knee on your chest. It is something to emerge panting and dripping from these contests, and strut upon the sand, and mentally credit yourself with one more victory.

Quiet inland bathing offers you no such extravagant opportunities to be a *poseur*. If the water is warm, you loll in it at your ease; your mind is soon stupefied by the sensuousness in which you are enfolded; the interest of your sleepy eyes does not

extend beyond the gentle ripples that widen away from the slow, submerged strokes of your arms. After a while you roll over on your back and drowsily execute at intervals a languid "shoo fly" leg motion, while you look drowsily up into the void. Now and then you will raise your arms and flap them down through the water like a pair of sweeps; it is only a tired sort of effort. And finally, in the supreme abandonment of indolence, you lay your head back, far back, until the water creeps up about your eyelids; you stretch out legs and arms motionless, and lie, breathing tranquilly, sensible of no other movement in the world than the slight flux and slip of the water upon your heaving chest. Then may you realize, perhaps, something of the lark's sensation when, with wings outspread, it hangs suspended between earth and sky. He who has never thus suspended himself idly in still water, with fathoms below him and infinity above, has missed one of the sensuous delights of existence. Unfortunate man, who goes to his grave believing that there is nothing better than bed for weary limbs and a jaded brain!

The consequences, of course, are hunger and torpidity. The bath in the quiet pond does not make you feel "freshened up" — unless you flout its allurements, dive in, scramble out, and roughly rub yourself down. I cannot be sympathetic with any one whose moral rigidity thus denies him a Sybaritic indulgence. In the cold, loud-sounding sea I may be his comrade; but let him not insult with such hygienic tentativeness my luxurious inland pool. He must give himself to it trustingly, with no reserve, willing to be wooed into idle dalliance, to eat the lotus and smell the poppies and mandragora of life. If he dares no experience that may slacken the tension of his fibres, physical or moral, let him avoid the seductive inland pool. For not only does a surrender to its embrace leave one too indolent to work; it even purifies the zealot who sets too high a value upon work, and it insinuates before him an

ideal of play. After the first somnolence has worn off, he will be active for further exercise, for sports and games, he will show a keen interest in being amused; but for toil he will have aversion. Fresh water swimming is for those who have never had, or who have put aside, scruples against idleness; for the promotion of the "strenuous life" we must have the water cold, and we must have it salt.

It depends partly upon the individual, and again partly upon the place, whether swimming is more to be enjoyed as a solitary recreation or as a social diversion. There are some unimaginative persons, incapacitated for solitude under any circumstances, who would never resort to a lonely swim except in the last despair of ennui; and I believe there are a few morbid persons who shrink from displaying themselves in bathing suits and abhor the more informal freedom that sometimes prevails among swimmers. But disregarding such abnormal types, we may broadly lay down the principle that a lonely swim in the ocean is a cheerless undertaking, and that a lonely swim in a small inland lake is a delight. In excluding the ocean as a fit resource for the solitary, I would not deny that he may find satisfaction in an early morning plunge; but that is hardly "going in swimming." There are, to be sure, a few moments in the life of a man when in his own exultant bigness he may stalk grandly and alone into the sea and hail it as his intimate play-fellow, and breast it with a single valiancy — when he may imagine himself in the likeness of deep calling unto deep, just as, if he happened at that juncture to be mountain climbing, he would leap from crag to crag and personify the live thunder. But these occasions arise rarely in the lives of ordinary mortals; and they are to be seized at the instant; their duration is seldom above half an hour. If the lawyer could strip off his clothes and plunge into the lonely ocean the moment after he had completed the masterly argument that was to disrupt a trust; if the doctor who had struggled

day and night sleeplessly to bring back the moribund to life, and had come at last staggering to victory, could in that weary happiness of power launch himself unaccompanied on the waves; if the speculator who, to general panic and his own large aggrandizement, had turned the market topsy-turvy, could souse himself, chuckling like a boy at his prank, and find the ocean comrade for his laughter, —that would indeed be the sublimation of climax. But as our Napoleonic moments are few, so also are our Napoleonic moods transitory; after a brief half hour there come the questions: "Is it so complete?" "What next?" "Has destiny nothing more?" At the psychological moment the ocean was remote or unavailable for solitude; by the time we can get down to it and the beach is all cleared for our majestic entrance, we begin to look about for the encouragement of companions. We do not like to feel insignificant; and nothing makes a man more sensible of insignificance than striking all alone out into the boundless sea. If there is but one unknown head bobbing in the waves a quarter of a mile distant, it will give him heart for his mimic wrestling; but if there is no one to share the absurdity of the play with him and dare with him the oppressive grimness of infinity, he soon comes ashore subdued.

Indeed, even in its most benign moods, the ocean has for the lonely bather a dubious geniality; it does not encourage trifling. It is only when the exuberant and boisterous crowds are gathered on the sand and frolic in the waves that there is created an atmosphere of light-hearted forgetfulness which makes the swimmer's sanguine imagination quite free to play.

And these exuberant crowds — how they contribute to the interest and gayety of your swim! As you go lunging through the water, rudely shouldering your huge adversary, you view the other swimmers and the promenaders on the beach with a heartening enjoyment. The man just entering the water, flinging up his arms as he treads warily, the woman out on the

raft who is learning to dive and who flops flat under the surface with a splash, the swift swimmer who glides by with a long overhead reach of a brown arm that rises and dips and rises again, rhythmical as a gull's wing, — such little glimpses give a zest to the elemental experience through which you are passing. You find it pleasant to loiter for a time in the midst of such buoyant and vivacious effort; you like the shrill voices and the strident laughter; your eyes sweep the beach with a moment's interest in the gay parasols, in the bunchy bathing suits of the hesitating women, in the gaunt, dripping forms of the emerging men. Then some human porpoise rolls lazily by on his back, with white toes and a comfortable amplitude projecting above the surface, and you feel that you have loitered long enough; you must not be outstripped by such lumbering freight. So you turn and go about your business, — the conquest of the vast wrestler who has been nudging you all the while. Far out beyond the diving raft, and beyond the other bathers, you meet him and try conclusions; you test upon him all your art and skill; you turn on your side and shoot yourself at him like a projectile; you grapple with him hand over hand; you tread him down with your feet; you duck under and trip the wave that he sends to quell you; and then you swim under water and come up suddenly and take him in the rear. There is never a moment when you are not getting the better of him in spite of all his roughness; and though at the end you have to call it a drawn battle, you know that morally the victory is yours. And on your way in from that gallantly fought field to rejoin those more timorous bathers whose champion you may swellingly imagine yourself, you stop at the raft and take a final dive, just by way of a farewell fillip to your gnashing adversary.

Occasionally on a hot summer afternoon I resort to a city beach which is enclosed for men alone. It is the most democratic place I know, and one of the most humorous. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers,

shopkeepers, plumbers, motormen, teamsters, and, I daresay, criminals, enter the bath-house, put off their clothes, and pass out upon the other side, equal not only before the Lord, but also in one another's sight. Each man wears suspended by a cord about his neck a small brass check bearing the number of his dressing-room; — and he wears nothing else.

From either end of the bath-house a high board fence juts far out into the water, and shelters the bathers from exposure to the fastidious world. It is a scene for Teufelsdröckh — so many "forked radishes with heads fantastically carved" performing on land and water so many exercises — "while I," exclaims the Philosopher of Clothes, "— good Heaven! — have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly!" And it must have been after being made partaker in some similar scene that he declared in enthusiasm, "There is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappings; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs;' yet also a Spirit and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries."

According to the hour, the warmth of the day, the height of the tide, the bathers vary in number from fifty to five hundred. They are of all ages and of all figures; among them some, by the baked brownness of their skins, may be distinguished as habitués of this beach; they lie on the sand sunning themselves by the hour, tanning themselves all over with a scrupulous uniformity. At one end of the beach three or four play handball against the fence; others are jumping and running; there are usually one or two attempting complicated acrobatic feats. One dignified old gentleman I once saw

stand unperturbed for some minutes in the middle of the beach, gravely performing with his empty fists a variety of Indian club and dumb-bell evolutions; and near by a stout person with bushy white side whiskers was making repeated efforts to touch his toes. It speaks well, I think, for the manners of our men that the most whimsical of these performances evoked nothing more than passing glances and considerably hidden smiles. I know of no other place where in the interest of health a man may so companionably play the fool. And after he has done that to his heart's content, and sunned himself sufficiently on the sand, the luxury of his swim out into the bay where a fleet of sailboats is at anchor, and distant green islands with gray buildings lift their heads, would be considerably less if he were clogged by a bathing suit. The "return to nature" which has been so much agitated of late, and which is recommended chiefly — to judge by publishers' prospectuses — for its renewal of "red blood" in the system, requires from most of its devotees a sacrifice of time and comfort and a forsaking of civilized life. An afternoon at this quaint beach, where human nature stripped to the skin is primitively beguiling itself in sun and air and sea, satisfies my own preadamite cravings and spares me the inconveniences usually suffered by those who respond to the call of the wild.

It has been a grief to me that the most enthusiastic swimmer whom I know has always contemned this favorite resort, — a prejudice which I set down partly to the fact that he is British and an unbudgeable creature of habit. He fortifies himself, however, with argument. "When you swim in the ocean," he says, "let it be in the ocean, and not in a miserable enclosed bay fringed by a city." So every summer afternoon, rain or shine, he takes a boat down the harbor, and after an hour's sail lands at a well known beach that has the desirable outlook upon unlimited sea. I accompanied him on one of these excursions; his fingers were fum-

bling at his buttons before he left the boat. "I'll be waiting for you on the beach," he said, as he shut me into my compartment at the bath-house; and though I was expeditious in the hope of denying him that satisfaction, I found him not only waiting as he had predicted, but waiting with an air of intolerable impatience. There was no trembling on the brink for me that day. Into the water I went perforce, with a rush and a splash, close at his heels; it was cold, and I pressed out at a rapid stroke. He held his lead; after we had gone some distance and my teeth were chattering, I suggested that it was perhaps time to turn back. "Turn back! I have n't started yet," he replied scornfully. As he is not young, but an experienced scientist and philosopher with a full gray beard, and I have considerably the advantage of him in years, I was nettled by his answer, and resolved to stay with him in his folly; no doubt he would soon be calling on me to save his life. But at last in those arctic currents I surrendered my pride; "I'm going back," I announced. "All right," he answered, and continued on into the Atlantic.

Half an hour later, when I was all dressed and waiting, he waded ashore and walked up the sand, the brine dripping from his gray beard, his arms pink and glistening, — not a quiver of his frame. "You do pretty well for a city swimmer," he said kindly.

Even with that concession from him I am aware that he should be writing this paper, and not I. My only justification is my feeling that the inexperienced dabbler in an art may sometimes bring to the interpreting of it a keener zest of longing and a more ardent estimate than the past master who has penetrated all its mysteries.

It seems somewhat remarkable that swimming should have had such scant appreciation in literature. The poets have astonishingly neglected it — astonishingly, I say, for it supplies one of the most sensuous human experiences. Byron, to whom, of all writers, one would naturally look for a sympathetic treatment of the

theme, gives it only a few mediocre lines. Clough has dealt with it mock-seriously; Swinburne has experimented with it. For Shakespeare there was an opportunity, — in *Julius Cæsar*, — but he ignored it. Homer might have been eloquent, but with his hero Ulysses three days in the water and half dead, he could not enlarge on swimming as a pleasure. Shelley and Keats, poets of sensuousness, make no poem about swimming. Walt Whitman, though both rhapsodist and swimmer, was never inspired to rhapsodize on swimming. The most appreciative and suggestive words on the subject have been written by Meredith in *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, in the chapter entitled "A Marine Duet." "The swim was a holiday; all was new — nothing came to her as the same old thing since she took her plunge; she had a sea-mind — had left her earth-mind ashore. The swim . . . passed up out of happiness, through the spheres of delirium, into the region where our life is as we would have it be: a home holding the quiet of the heavens, if but midway thither, and a home of delicious animation of the whole frame, equal to wings." Matey was pursuing her. "He had doubled the salt sea's rapture, — and he had shackled its gift of freedom. She turned to float, gathering her knees for the funny sullen kick." There is a true descriptive phrase! "Their heads were water-flowers that spoke at ease. . . . They swam silently, high, low, creatures of the smooth green roller. He heard the water-song of her swimming." But it will not do to extract sentences from their setting; I will make only one more quotation. "The pleasure she still knew" — returning to shore — "was a recollection of the outward swim, when she had been privileged to cast away sex with the push from earth, as few men will believe that women, beautiful women, ever wish to do."

As to the truth of this, let some woman who is a swimmer testify; if it is true, the full, adequate appreciation of swimming can never be written by a man.

THE PILGRIM CHAMBER

BY ALICE BROWN

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace."

The old gray house stood in the midst of lavish greenery. There were great lilac bushes crowning the bank wall at the east, and on the west an orchard carried the eye through intimate reaches of gnarled wood and drooping branches. In front was the garden, a survival of ancient bloom, chiefly green now in its budding richness, but smelling of leaf-mould and the May. Zilpha Blake had no time to attend to it; but she did dig a little in a hasty fashion when her household would allow it, and ran out there for a momentary solace if circumstance harried her, to pluck a bit of sweet herb or a sprig of blue. Now, in the flush of the spring morning, she was following her nephew, her dead brother's son, as he lingered along the road on his homeward way. Her sympathetic hand was on his arm, and she seemed to be detaining him, to coax out the full flood of his exasperated story. Zilpha was a slender, flaxen-haired woman, with eager blue eyes and a childish mouth. She was not pretty, simply capable, and adapted, through an acquired patience, to much "flying 'round." Daniel stopped when he felt that he was taking her too far, and began to lash the roadside bushes with the switch he had cut to drive the cows. His brown face was suffused with color, and in spite of his stature, in spite of his commanding profile, he looked as if he were going to cry. Zilpha suddenly thought that.

"Don't you feel bad, Dan'el," she said indignantly, as if she were reproaching an absent enemy. "Now don't you take on."

"I ain't takin' on. You see, Aunt Zil, she's such a little thing."

"Yes, Dan'el, yes, I know it." Her tone persuaded, as her hand detained him. He looked down at the wet grass of the pathway, and destroyed a cobweb or two with a wandering foot. Then his words came rushingly.

"Mother treated her well enough till I told her we meant to get married."

"What she say then?"

"She turned right ag'inst her. Never said a word to her, but she says to me, 'You remember, don't you, where we got Annie Rowe? We took her right off the town farm, straight as she could come.'"

"Well!" said Zilpha deprecatingly.

"Yes, that's what she said. An' I says, 'Mother, she's been here five years, an' you know her as well as you do me. You know there ain't a lazy bone in her, nor an ugly thread.' I said that to mother," he added hastily, as if to excuse an economic argument, "because mother's such a driver. I knew 't would n't cut no ice with her if I told her Annie suited me to a T, an' I was goin' to marry her whether or no."

"So do, Dan'el, if you feel to, so do!"

"Well, I reckoned wrong. Nothin' I could say done a mite o' good. Mother she turned right ag'inst her. She's put the heft o' the work on her now, an' she don't give her a good word from mornin' till night."

A shrill, high-keyed voice came from the direction of the house. It seemed to fly over the orchard trees like an insect, its song piercing as it came.

"Zilpha! Zilpha! where be you?"

Zilpha heard, but she only cast a glance in its direction, and stepped nearer a shielding barberry bush.

"That Hetty Ann?" asked Daniel,

accompanying her look with a frown of his own.

"Yes, it's Hetty Ann. She expects me to come up, the minute she's awake, an' bring her a cup o' hot water."

"I'd bring her a cup o' cold p'ison," said Daniel moodily.

"Law, no! hot water's good for her. Keeps her still, anyways. Now, Dan'el," again she touched him with a reminding hand, "you must n't forget your mother's terrible obstinate."

"I guess I know that. She won't have anybody do more for folks than she does. If I got set ag'inst Annie, she'd cocker her up. Mother's got to be on the wrong side o' the fence anyways."

"It's a terrible hard place to be in!" She stood wrinkling her brows in the face of the morning sun, considering, in the midst of that effulgence, the resources of her world. Suddenly her face cleared, with the brightening of her eyes. She laughed a little, in a shamefaced deprecation. "I dunno but you'll think it's pretty queer, Dan'el," she said, "but I've a good mind to ask you suthin'."

"Ask away, Aunt Zil," he said, softening appreciably as the talk touched her. "There's nothin' I would n't tell you."

"Well" — She paused a moment, her gaze traveling over the rolling fields to the far horizon. Then it returned to him. "Well, Dan'el, it's this: you want Annie terrible bad. Why don't you kinder pray a little, an' see if you can't git her that way?"

He laughed outright, and patted her shoulder with a gentle hand.

"You don't get that bee out o' your bunnit, do you, Aunt Zil? S'pose I should ask you how much you'd ever got yourself by prayin', what'd you say then?"

A look of fear flitted into her face, and her eyes grew big.

"Don't you say one word, Dan'el," she implored him. "I don't dast to pray."

"Why not?"

"I dunno 's I can tell ye, Dan'el. Yes, I guess I can, too. It's kinder dangerous.

If I prayed for what I want, I'm afraid I'd git it."

He looked at her with the frown summoned to men's brows by woman's tortuous logic of the soul. She went swiftly on, not for his enlightenment, but concerned, suddenly and for the moment, with a rare interest in herself.

"Dan'el, there's suthin' I've thought out, an' I dunno's I should dast to mention it, even to the minister. It ain't in the Bible. Leastways I ain't ever seen it there. But I know it's true. Dan'el, did it ever come over you God ain't got everything to do with, more'n we have? Did it ever come into your head He's kind o' poor, so's He's got to contrive an' plan when He does anything out o' the common, same's the rest?" She was looking at him in a bright and eager questioning, and Daniel shook his head. "You see," she put the tips of her small fingers together in unconscious imitation of the minister when he was proving a point in meeting, "He's terrible indulgent. When we ask for anything, He wants to give it to us. But mebbe He can't! The thing ain't there. There ain't such a thing, mebbe, in the whole world. S'pose Hetty Ann had prayed she might marry that good-for-nothin' that flung her off. Why, God could n't ha' give her that, because there wa'n't no such man as Hetty Ann thought he was, nor ever had be'n. All she could have was a kind of a play house-keepin' here with me. Now, take me. What do you s'pose I want more'n anythin' else under the sun?"

"You tell, Aunt Zil," said the young man warmly.

"Law, Dan'el, you could n't git it for me. I want a spare room — a spare chamber."

"Why, you've got four chambers, now." He read her face, creasing into its pucker of shrewd good-will. "You don't mean to tell me you want one o' them chambers for yourself an' yet you won't turn out some o' them old pirates and take it?"

"Now, Dan'el, you consider. Uncle

Timmie's got one chamber, an' he's bedrid, now ain't he? An' Hetty Ann's kinder touched in her head, an' she's as contented as a kitten if she can play she's got a parlor an' a bedroom. So she takes two. An' there's Aunt Joyce in the fourth. An' she's got to have it, Dan'el, she's got to have it. There ain't a soul on earth would board her for two dollars a week, an' let her set by the winder muddlin' over them law papers and thinkin' she's goin' to win her case an' git the heft o' the state of Illinois. So that's the reason I can't pray for a spare room. My chambers are all took up."

"Zilpha!" came the voice over the tree tops. "Zilpha! where be you?"

"I'll scooch down here a minute," said Zilpha, huddling up on a stone by the barberry bush. "Mebbe they'll think I've gone to drive the cow." She sat there like an elf, her arms folded, and her bright gaze challenging his. "You see," she went on, reviewing her argument for the first time before another mind, "if I should pray for the spare chamber, I should git it. I make no doubt I'd git it. But mebbe somebody'd have to be swep' away to give it to me. Or mebbe the Lord would harden my heart, an' make me put Hetty Ann into one room an' take t'other for myself."

"What's she want two rooms for, anyways?" said Daniel, returning to an irrelevant issue.

Zilpha's face grew quite eager in its wistful sympathy.

"Why, don't you know, Dan'el?" she asked, in the hushed voice of one who rehearses a solemn story. "You'd ought to know that. He was goin' to marry her, an' everything was all ready, even to her rollin' pin, and then he wrote her he did n't prize her no more, an' he went off out West. So now she kinder plays house up there. She'll do it by the hour, jest like a child. She ain't a mite o' trouble, Dan'el, not a mite." Her eyes were shining with the look of earnest care evoked by all maimed creatures as she saw them.

Again the voice came shrilling over the trees. There was a new, insistent note in it, and Zilpha got up quickly.

"Now I must be goin' back," she said, shaking out her dew-wet skirt. "But if I was you, Dan'el, I should kinder make it a subject o' prayer about Annie. I should say, 'If I can have her without hurtin' anybody;' because you would n't want to do that, now should you, Dan'el?"

He turned heavily on his way.

"I guess I'll leave the prayin' to you, Aunt Zil," he said. "As to hurtin' anybody, I dunno whether I would or not. Anyway, I know this: if you need a spare chamber, I'd like mighty well to clear out the whole b'ilin of 'em in there, an' fix you up the way you want. I will, too, some fine day, 'fore you know it."

They smiled back at each other with the understanding of mates who have weathered other gales, and took their different ways. Daniel walked with head bent, still debating the problem of his love; but Zilpha sped on light-heartedly. Inside her own gate, she paused to give the garden a warm look. It was full of buds, and so many summers had she known it in its fullness that it seemed, to her impetuous mind, to be already in flower. It was her unconscious habit to dwell gratefully upon the inventory of the beautiful earth, and in spite of her fifty years and the trials they had brought her, she felt only good fortune as she ran into her kitchen and set back the neglected kettle, boiling on the stove. Then she stepped about the room singing in an underbreath and turning a hymn into a pæan, with its rich invitation to the Beloved, "Over the hills where spices grow."

It was a part of her routine upstairs that she should be the maid and Hetty Ann the mistress. So she placed the cup of hot water on a tray, and ran up to the east chamber where Hetty Ann sat in bed, her yellow hair streaming about her like sunlight, and served her with the traditional manners of hired help. Great-Uncle Timmie was not awake, but Aunt Joyce was already upon the stairs. Zilpha

followed, her broad back covered by a wrapper with a palm leaf figure, and moderated her own steps in time to the ponderous thud of large feet in carpet slippers. Aunt Joyce had the blackest of thin hair braided in little braids by her ears and looped back to the knob behind. Her eyes were black and sharp under broad splashes of brow, and her cheeks were of a hard red, veined by a network of redder hue, like an unskilled painting upon wood. At the bottom of the stairs, she spoke without turning:—

“That you, Zilpha? I guess I’ll have a cup o’ tea this mornin’. Coffee kinder goes ag’in’st me somehow.”

“Green tea or black?” asked Zilpha blithely, at the kitchen door. She was unreasonably pleased. The mere talk of satisfied wishes had given her a lilting sense of something wonderful quite near. Aunt Joyce turned and interrogated her with a judicial though not an unkindly eye.

“You ain’t be’n an’ bought two kinds?” she asked.

Zilpha laughed.

“No, I ain’t. I had black on hand. T’other’s the sample the grocery give out last week.”

Half an hour later, sitting at the kitchen table, drinking tea, and forgetting how Aunt Joyce’s girth shut out the lilacs and the sun, she listened with half a mind to the other woman’s meanderings in the old channel of the dragging law suit and the land. With the rest of her intelligence she was running about the earth, picking up pleasures here and there, trifles nobody wanted, and ranging them in order in her spare room.

“Zilpha, what you thinkin’ about?” inquired Aunt Joyce suddenly. “You ain’t heard a word I said.”

Zilpha guessed at random.

“You said if you could only come on that deed from Uncle Samwel to Aunt Mirandy, your title’d be complete.”

“Yes, that was what I said,” owned Aunt Joyce, mollified. “I thought you was dreamin’, that way you’ve got.”

But Zilpha had heard the lamentation of the deed for many years, and her own mind responded to an echo.

“That deed wa’n’t ever recorded,” Aunt Joyce continued, pounding out her words with an irritating beat of emphasis. “The very day he died, Uncle Samwel set out to git it put on record, an’ he dropped down right in front o’ the courthouse, an’ nothin’s ever be’n heard o’ that paper from that day to this. An’ whether ’t was stole out o’ his pocket, or whether he lost it on the road” — But no one, save newcomers in the town, ever heard Aunt Joyce’s stories to the end.

All that day Zilpha went about her work to the rhythm of an invocation made to suit her needs. It was that Dan’el should be given his Annie, if it could be managed “without hurtin’ anybody.” And then, in a guilty whisper, as if other than beneficent powers might hear, she added, with the same qualifying phrase, “I wisht I could have a spare room.” The habit of petition became pleasant to her, and at the end of a week the spare room seemed quite near. This was one of her hard weeks. Hetty Ann took down her curtains, with a housewifely impulse, and tried to wash them in a bowl. Uncle Timmie, who had the quietude of a gentle animal trained to habit, owned that he was “kinder tired o’ layin’ still,” and Aunt Joyce, according to the family phrase dedicated to her since she was a girl, “reigned supreme.” In the early morning she was at Zilpha’s door, propounding new hypotheses touching the stolen deed; and one afternoon, when Zilpha had betaken herself to the sitting-room lounge to rest her tired feet, she felt a presence through her closed eyelids, and opened them, with a snap, to find Aunt Joyce looming before her like a cloud. She wore her black alpaca and her bonnet trimmed with ancient crape. She had thrown back the bonnet strings, and stood fanning her face with the county paper.

“I be’n to the post-office,” she volunteered. “I walked all that two mile,

hopin' to ketch a ride, an' then I walked back ag'in. Zilpha, I got a letter from the lawyer. What you s'pose he said?"

"I dunno," returned Zilpha wearily.

"He said if I's to find that deed, it would clinch the whole thing."

"What deed?" asked Zilpha, from her dream.

"My soul an' body! ain't you heard a word I said? That deed Uncle Samwel gi'n Aunt Mirandy. Zilpha, you wake up! Ain't you got no seem to ye?"

Zilpha rose to her feet. She felt called by another than Aunt Joyce. Something within her raised an imperious note and bade her save her soul alive. She stood still for a moment rubbing her dazed eyes, and then in the full flood of Aunt Joyce's adjurations, she turned about and sped out of the room, through the kitchen, and into the shed. There she paused, her eyes fixed upon the distance, an old phrase starting up in her memory.

"Over the hills and far away,"

it sang itself, and her lips formed the words aloud, —

"I wisht I could run off!"

But at that instant Hetty Ann, at a window above, raised her thin voice in a crooning song, as it might have been to a child. At the first note Zilpha straightened, and she turned about soberly, all the myriad calls of other souls in unison against her. At the kitchen door she paused again, remembering the bright world without, and it was then that her eyes fell upon the rough stairs in the corner of the shed.

"My soul!" cried Zilpha. "O my soul!"

She ran up the stairs and into the brown-raftered room packed with the litter of old years, and known and forgotten as the "shed chamber." She stood for a moment in the one vacant floor space, and looked about her at the broken chairs, the chests and tables of a bygone time. The wormeaten walls were low, but there was a window opening through grapevine leaves and tendrils to the east. The place exhaled an atmosphere of calm. No

human moods had left their invisible arras upon its walls. No one had slept there, nor talked out the trials of the day. From time to time through the year some one had come, with unrecognizing glance, to cast a broken bit of household goods into the corner and go again. The room had lived its life alone, accumulating no memories. It had been a sleeping possibility, and Zilpha, with a catch in her throat, knew it had waked for her. She drew out an old flag-bottomed rocking chair, and placed it by the window. There she sat down, and looked, in measureless content, through the grape leaves at the sky. She had her spare chamber. All that afternoon she sat in a dream, not of any conscious well-being, but of rest. It seemed as if all the loads of life were floating to some unknown shore upon a tide of peace, and when she met Aunt Joyce at the supper table, her old cheerfulness had come back, throbbing with a fuller note out of her certainty that now there was something to justify it.

"You be'n asleep?" asked Aunt Joyce, noting her pink flush and dewy eyes.

"No, I guess not," said Zilpha vaguely.

"Where you be'n all the arternoon?"

"Oh, 'round!"

The next day Zilpha finished her housework in haste, and set about cleaning the shed chamber. She moved softly lest Aunt Joyce should hear, and every nerve and muscle trembled with the excitement of dragging down the litter of furniture to pile it in a corner of the shed. In due time the chamber was sweet and clean; it smelled of soap instead of its own delicious mustiness, and Zilpha felt in it a double charm, responsive to her hand. She had with infinite pains set up an old bedstead, and laid on it an extra husk bed from her own room. There was the chair by the window, and a table near the stairs. Looking about, she could not see that it might have been bettered for her purposes. She could lie down upon the bed, she could rest in the chair, and she could set a glass of water on the table. It was enough. Thereafter, for a week or

more she gave her charges a zealous tendance all the forenoon, to slip away from them with a clear mind at two o'clock, and spend an hour in her retreat. But one day she caught herself back out of her dream, and sat there, still with fear. Aunt Joyce's heavy step had entered the shed. She was looking about in one of her familiar missions of inquiry, and presently Zilpha heard her overhauling the pile of furniture. There was a rattle and a pause while Aunt Joyce pondered over what she had found. Then her voice arose commandingly through its veiling huskiness.

"Zilpha!"

But Zilpha did not move.

The rummaging and clattering went on, and by and by Aunt Joyce took her heavy progress toward the sitting-room, calling Zilpha as she went. Then the little guest of the upper chamber slipped downstairs and into the kitchen, and there Aunt Joyce, returning, met her.

"Where you be'n?" queried Aunt Joyce, though in an absent questioning.

"Oh, 'round!" said Zilpha, with the ease of one who has found a phrase to serve. Aunt Joyce hardly heeded. Her black eyes were piercing with the wonder of discovery.

"Zilpha," said she, "I never set eyes afore on that old truck in the corner o' the shed."

"Did n't you?" asked Zilpha, trembling.

"Never, long as I've be'n in an' out. Did n't there use to be a pile o' wood there?"

"I guess so," said Zilpha, in a faltering voice.

"Was the wood piled in front on't?"

"I guess not."

"Zilpha, don't you be so numb. Do you know what's out there in that pile? There's Aunt Mirandy's hair chist with a lot o' her things in it. There's Uncle Samwel's leg boots, the ones he had on when he died. I know, for they had to cut the legs to git 'em off. I've stood 'em up there on the hair trunk. You go look at 'em."

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Zilpha hurried into the shed, but not to interrogate Uncle Samwel's boots. She went to the shed door, and stood there gazing at the sky, blurred now by her rebellious tears. Her citadel was in danger. Aunt Joyce had begun exploration, and, fired by the treasures before her, she would keep on. One sight of the shed chamber stairs, and she would go toiling up in search of unknown stores above. For a moment Zilpha stood there rigid with intensity of thought, and then a purpose leaped into her brain and straightened her to meet the fray. Five o'clock struck, and she turned soberly about to get supper, and listen to Aunt Joyce in her excited monologue wherein Uncle Samwel's boots came like a recurring beat.

Aunt Joyce was in high feather that evening. She sat in the kitchen in the dusk, and, inspired by her afternoon's feast upon the relics of the past, told interminable stories of the family, all feuds and warfare. Zilpha hardly answered her. She sat there, looking straight in front of her, with eyes that seemed to pierce the dark.

"You 'sleep, Zilpha?" Aunt Joyce asked suddenly, breaking her stream of reminiscence.

Zilpha did not answer.

"You 'sleep? My soul! You ain't a mite o' company. I'll go to bed."

She stalked grumbling up the stairs, and Zilpha listened. The heavy steps moved intermittently about the room above, and then they ceased. There was a creaking of the bed. Aunt Joyce was set in bounds for one night more. Zilpha rose, and, lightfooted as an intruder moved to some guilty task, stole out into the shed, and began to pile cord-wood sticks in front of the shed chamber stairs. For an hour she worked passionately, like some fierce little animal barricading its home. Then she stopped and wiped her forehead with one trembling hand. Triumph was in her heart.

"Zilpha!" came a soft voice from the door. "Zilpha, you here?"

"That you, Annie? What is it? Anybody sick?" She hurried to the door and laid her hand on the shoulder of the young girl standing there. It was moonlight, and Annie's face looked pure and pale in the beguiling beams. She began to sob, with sudden violence.

"Oh my, Zilpha!" she kept repeating. "Oh my!"

"There, there, don't you take on!" urged Zilpha, in alarm. "Ain't anything happened to Dan'el, has there? Annie, you speak. You scare me 'most to death."

"It ain't Dan'el. He's gone off to buy some cattle. He's goin' to be gone four or five days. She's been awful to me. She begun soon as he was off."

"His mother?"

"Yes. I don't blame her. She can't bear me, because she wants him to look higher, an' to-night she got mad an' did n't know what she was sayin', an' she twitted me about the poor farm, an' I pretended to go upstairs to my chamber; but I've run away, Zilpha, I've run away."

"There, there, dear," said Zilpha crooningly, in the tone she had for hushing Hetty Ann. "Don't you take on. You're goin' to stay right here with me."

"Oh, no, I ain't! Your house is all took up. Dan'el said you had n't a place to lay your head but what somebody could walk in an' rout you out like a dog."

"Yes, I have, dear, yes, I have!" said Zilpha excitedly, in a rush of ardent thought. "I got a spare chamber. Annie, you wait a minute. You stan' right there, an' don't you stir."

She brushed past the girl and ran with eager footsteps to the barn. In a moment she was back, staggering breathless under a short ladder.

"You help me a mite," she whispered. "There. We'll set it here, so-fashion. Never mind the vine. There's enough on't, if we do break it. Now you go up. Step right into the winder. I'll be up there in a minute."

Annie was used to acting under orders. She climbed deftly, and when Zilpha fol-

lowed her, a little later, with bedclothes and a candle, the girl was standing in the middle of the room, in lax and patient wonderment. She looked about her when Zilpha had lighted the candle and its gleam brought straggling shadows into life.

"Why, Zilpha," she said. "I did n't know you had this room."

"Nobody knew it," said Zilpha hilariously, intoxicated by the drama. "I did n't hardly know it myself. I dunno's 't was here till t'other day. I guess 't was kinder created an' give to me. But it's my spare room. Now you go round on t'other side there, an' we'll put on some sheets."

When Annie was in bed, quieted and almost content, Zilpha straightened the coverlet, in a cozy way she had, and turned to go. But Annie caught her skirt with a detaining hand.

"O Zilpha," she said, "you're real good! I only come to leave word how 't was, so you could tell Dan'el; an' I had n't a spot to call my own, an' now here I am."

"You're goin' to stay," whispered Zilpha, in a tone of ardent confidence. "I've piled the stairs up so's Aunt Joyce won't think o' mountin' 'em; but I can move some o' the sticks an' kinder pick my way. I'll bring ye your breakfast all complete, an' don't you show your head to the winder."

"O Zilpha," breathed the girl again, "you're dretful good."

That night Zilpha could hardly sleep for the excitement of the time, and at six o'clock she was at the shed chamber door with Annie's breakfast, hot corncake, coffee, and an egg. The girl was sitting up in bed, eager as a child and as innocently fair. Her curling locks were all about her, and she was rubbing her eyes awake. She laughed, and the dimples sprang about her mouth.

"You pretty creatur'!" cried Zilpha, in the delight she always had in a beauty never hers, and so as mysterious to her as the dawn. "I never knew you was so

well-favored, seein' ye round the kitchen in that old choc'late print."

"I can't have you waitin' on me, Zilpha. I truly can't."

"We'll see. You keep still a day or two, till Dan'el gits home. You can come down into the shed, an' mebbe you could slip into the kitchen when Aunt Joyce ain't round. Tell ye what I'll do. When the coast is clear, I'll sing,

'Come, my Beloved.'

I'll sing it real loud."

So for three days the idyl went on, and on the morning of the fourth Zilpha, holding a bowl of beaten egg, was standing at the foot of the shed chamber stairs, singing

'Come, my Beloved,'

and beating as she sang. She was making custard, and she wanted to ask Annie whether to put nutmeg on the top. She heard a sound above and Annie's foot, she knew, was on the sill, and then, like a ghost in carpet slippers, Aunt Joyce appeared, standing in the kitchen door. Zilpha screamed, and the hinges overhead creaked in shutting.

"What under the sun 's the matter?" demanded Aunt Joyce, testily. "You 're as nervous as a witch."

"I guess anybody'd be nervous to see you pokin' over them old things in the corner there," said Zilpha, with a new asperity, summoned to hide her nest. "For mercy sake, Aunt Joyce, you let me burn up that old truck"—

Something clattered in the room above. Aunt Joyce cocked her head.

"What's that?" she demanded. "Did n't you hear suthin' overhead?"

"As for them old boots, they'd ought to gone into the fire long ago."

Still Aunt Joyce was listenin', and Zilpha, in a wild defense, caught up the boots.

"I'll burn 'em up this minute," she avowed.

"Zilpha," cried Aunt Joyce, "don't you do no such a thing. Them were Uncle Samwel's boots. He died in 'em. You leave them boots to me."

She laid a hand upon one, and Zilpha, with a nervous passion that seemed to her like madness, tossed the other out of the shed door. Something within detached itself, and fell with it. Then Aunt Joyce began screaming in a hoarse volume of sound, uncouth and dreadful, and the door above creaked open.

"Zilpha Blake, I've got my deed! I've got my deed!" She plunged out through the doorway, and opened the paper with a quivering hand. "My deed! my deed!" she cried, in the same ungoverned voice, and Zilpha sat down on the step of the shed door and laughed and sobbed. When she came to a sense of the outer world, Aunt Joyce, on one side, was shaking her and calling, "Zilpha Blake, you git up here, an' help me pack my things. I've got my deed, an' I'm goin' to Illinois this arternoon;" and Dan'el had a hand upon her other shoulder. He was saying heavily, at intervals, like a machine made to work that way, —

"Aunt Zilpha, where 's Annie? Aunt Zilpha, where 's Annie?" Then, as Zilpha turned a mirthful face from one to the other, he took his hand from her shoulder and laid it on Aunt Joyce's wrist.

"If you're goin' to Illinois," said Dan'el plainly, "you march in an' pack up your things, an' I'll take ye to the Junction."

He turned her about, and Aunt Joyce, her face streaked with the wonder of the event, went in to pack her trunk.

"Aunt Zilpha," said Dan'el gently, "where 's Annie?"

Zilpha rose to her feet. Until this moment, one thought had moved her: Aunt Joyce was going away. Now she laid hold of Dan'el's coat, and gripped it with both trembling hands. She was quite aware that a woman stood behind him like a fate, his mother, hot-blooded, warm-hearted, jealous, and above all, obstinate, and bearing in her seamed face and piercing eyes traces of emotions that had fought in her for seventy years. That morning she had told him Annie was gone, and

met his anger with hot words. Yet she had followed him, afraid that he, too, might disappear or rashly do himself some harm. All this Zilpha, seeing her, seemed to know by old experience; but she could not stop to weigh the outcome of it. One thought possessed her, and she was holding Dan'el's coat that she might tell him.

"Dan'el, Dan'el," she urged brokenly, "don't you see how it's come out? Aunt Joyce's goin' to Illinois. Her chamber'll be empty, an' you an' Annie can get married an' come right here. You can carry on your farm work jest the same. Annie 'n' I can get along complete. You come, Dan'el, you come."

"Zilpha Blake," said Dan'el's mother, in the voice of one who, from an untouched height, is dealing out calm justice to the world, "I should be obliged to you if you would keep your hands off'n Dan'el long enough for me to have a few words with him. He's be'n off some days, an' when I do git a chance to speak, I should like to say Annie's be'n called away, but she'll be home all right. If she ain't, we shall look her up, Dan'el an' me. I'll tell you, Zilpha, though I ain't spoke of it to anybody else, Dan'el's thinkin' of gettin' married in a few weeks, an' he'll move into t'other part o' the house."

"Aunt Zilpha," said Dan'el, giving her shoulder a little shake, "where's Annie?"

"O Dan'el, here I am," came a voice

from the window above. There was the young face, framed in quivering vine leaves.

Zilpha felt something mounting in her throat, and Dan'el involuntarily held out both hands. His mother spoke, and her voice shook a little.

"You be home to dinner, both on ye. There's tongues an' sounds. Annie, you be sure to come."

"O mother!" said Dan'el, in quick compunction, starting after her.

"You come home, Dan'el," she counseled him, in a persuasive voice. "You take half the house, Dan'el, you take half the house. 'T ain't fittin' for young folks to live with old folks, anyways. But don't you go to snappin' up offers from folks that don't concern ye. Don't ye do it. You come home, an' bring Annie."

Zilpha was not listening. She had heard Aunt Joyce above, dragging about a trunk, and sped to help her. Annie, radiant in her youth and the bloom of joy, was coming out of the shed chamber, and Zilpha, seeing how these days of rest and calm had changed her, reflected that no one had ever seen her as she was to be, shielded and secure.

"You shet the door, Annie," she called happily, waving a hand to her. "You go with Dan'el. Leave the room as 't is, an' this artemnoon I'll slip up an' put it all to rights."

THE BREAKING IN OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

WE know every boat in our harbor, and we knew that the smart yawl must be cruising. We had left the Tar Baby at her mooring, and we rowed closer to the new boat. She was the Mary Ellen, about thirty-five feet over all, and beautifully appointed in every particular.

An awning was spread over the Mary Ellen's cockpit, and under it sat a plump, gray-haired old lady, placidly darning a sock. From time to time she looked up to enjoy the lovely evening. From every direction we could see little sails making for the harbor like a flock of homing pigeons.

A gray-haired man came out of the cabin, and began to potter around the boat. He had a chamois in his hand, and he polished the brass fittings which prettily adorned his yacht. He was working, it was plain, because he enjoyed fussing over his boat, not because the brass needed polishing. Now and then he would stoop to coil a rope still more symmetrically, and as we passed them, somehow or other he dropped his chamois overboard, and we picked it up for him. So we pulled up alongside and chatted a moment, and the old lady got up and joined her husband, her half-darned sock in her hand. They asked us if we had been sailing, and we pointed out the Tar Baby, and asked them if they had ever seen an uglier boat. We were rather proud of the Tar Baby's appearance, which was unique. She was a boat ugly beyond compare, unless, indeed, you except the Stingy. The Galloping Soup Tureen, a fresh water boat, is said to run the Tar Baby a near second. But our old couple were not to be outdone by the incomparable ugliness of our boat, for the old lady hastened

to say, "When we were first married we owned an old tub that would make that little black boat of yours look like a prize beauty. She was as high-sided as the thing Columbus came over in that they exhibited at the World's Fair!"

"And about as quick in stays as a hen-coop," added the old gentleman.

"Her name was the Mary Ellen," said the old lady. "Many a fine sail we had with her in spite of all. When I was young yachting was n't heard of much; we just went sailing."

"This is the first boat I ever had built just to suit myself, and we named it after the old Mary Ellen," interrupted the old gentleman, who was fairly bursting with pride over his lovely boat.

"And we're taking our first cruise in her. We started at Staten Island, and we're going round by New London to Peconic Bay."

"Yes," said the old gentleman. "My wife insisted on being towed through Hell Gate! Is n't that just like a woman?"

"Yes, indeed I did," said the old lady with spirit, "I just have my heart set on this cruise!" And as we pulled away we could hear the old gentleman declare, "Why, I could take the Massachusetts through Hell Gate!"

I hope that when I am old I may sit in the cockpit of my own boat, and darn my husband's socks while he potters round and polishes already spotless brass, and that I shall see the sun set over Long Island Sound, and with my old eyes watch the little yachts come home, as I have so often watched them when I was young. I would sit there while the little riding lights came out like erratic stars, and see other cabins light up with a golden glow as ours would presently do, and

as we ate our supper, I, too, would like to squabble with my husband as to whether he could take the boat through Hell Gate or not. And I wondered if when that plump old lady first sailed on the old Mary Ellen she made as many mistakes as I did the first summer I was married and went sailing; for the breaking in of a yachtsman's wife is no easy thing, and in my case it needed an enthusiast like Stanford.

II

Although I did not realize it, my breaking in began when we were engaged. Indeed, had I but known how to read the signs aright, I could have foretold much of my future life from an episode which occurred when Stanford and I were visiting friends near Boston.

Together, we made a pious pilgrimage to the last boat he had owned. Stanford had sold her to a friend who had married, and the poor old Israfil was rotting and drying herself out, hauled up at Nantasket.

Except in spring, when the boats are being put in the water, a boatyard is a sad place to me. In winter, the boats, clumsy and uncomfortable as all water fowl ashore, wait patiently for summer under their canvas coverings, their naked masts pointing at the cold sky, and huddle together like a flock of forlorn storm-bound birds, hibernating in an alien country. But in midsummer a boatyard is even more desolate. Then it is depopulated, and there is left only a sad collection of undesirables: the boats which won't sell; the boats whose owners have deserted them; boats of antiquated models, clumsy and appealing; smart boats built for speed that have somehow or other failed, and are good neither for cruising nor racing. Here and there among the general dinginess is a yacht that has been given a fresh coat of paint in the hope of bringing some buyer, and this smartness is more pathetic than the shabby gentleness of the other boats.

The ample space of the shaving-lit-

tered yard shows cruelly every fault of line and build. There is no hiding in a crowd now, as there was in winter. There they sit, poor things, and watch the endless procession of the boats on the ways, which come up one after another for a new coat of paint and presently sail away again. I should not like to be a boat that had to spend a summer in a shipyard. I should have to watch my companions of the winter overhauled one by one and see them, finally clothed in their white sails, go gladly away, while my spars remained bare. All summer long I should have to watch the boats at anchor and see them bend to the wind, while the sun was shrinking my timbers. And the boats which came back to be smartened up would say to me, —

"What? Have n't they put you in the water yet?"

This first time that I visited a shipyard the forlornness struck me with double force; all the boats looked equally depressed and neglected to my inexperienced eye. So that when Stanford exclaimed, —

"Look at that peach!" or, "Is n't she a dream?" I was unresponsive.

Here and there men were at work, and Stanford stopped to chat with them. Of course I was n't interested, and, being only engaged, I looked it.

Stanford turned to me reproachfully: "Of course you don't understand, you *can't* understand, how much it all means to me," he said.

I did n't deny it.

Suddenly he stopped! "There she is," he exclaimed, with the light in his eyes of one who sees a dear old friend. "There's the Israfil!"

There squatted a fat old tub. She was nearly as broad as she was long, a patch had been let into her side, her mast was gray, and her dirty paint was scaling off in leprous patches. She did not even present an appearance of decorous old age; dirty and frowzy as she was, she had a jovial air, as if she had enjoyed life and did n't give a hang in how disreputable a

garb she passed her declining years. An air of austere decay lingered around some of the other boats, which even in their forlornness showed noble lines or signs of past grandeur. Not so the *Israfil*. Had she been a woman, she would have been round as a ball, worn no corsets, had a stubby red nose, and perhaps even smoked a pipe.

We managed to scramble aboard the disreputable old craft. I had ceased to exist as an individual in Stanford's eyes; I was merely a pair of ears to be talked into. Any one would have done as well. I realized this, and I resented it, for I was in that egotistical state of mind when I wished Stanford to think only of me.

"Darned old craft!" he said affectionately. "She always leaked, we never could make her tight;" and he looked over to me for approval of this amiable trait of the *Israfil*.

We stumbled into the little cabin, which smelled damp and tarry.

"Bully old place!" said Stanford, with enthusiasm. "George! look at that, Margie, there's the water bottle — the same old water bottle!"

He talked as if he had discovered diamonds; all I could see was a tiresome old demijohn.

"Here's the nail where I hung the clock. Look at those lockers; they'd never shut, and when they did, it took a chisel and hammer to open 'em. I kept the marlin there."

He thrust his hand in and brought out a smelly black ball of string. He gazed at the disgusting lump in ecstatic silence. I thought he was going to shed tears.

"Have you ever noticed how a familiar perfume will bring back things to you?" he said dreamily. "How I love the tarry smell of marlin. Smell!" and he thrust the nasty bunch toward me.

"Did I ever tell you about the time we were nearly wrecked off Marblehead, and all the other fellows were seasick, and I had to hold the tiller all night in a driving rain? Wet? Well I guess! Those were happy times!"

I sniffed.

"Oh, you can't understand. Girls don't know," he said, half sadly, half contemptuously. I might have been his sister instead of his fiancée.

"*You* don't care for things, not really," he repeated.

But I went on deck, leaving him in the snuffy, smelly cabin, looking at the old marlin, and musing over the happy days when he had been nearly drowned.

III

This was my first glimpse of my husband as Orlando Furioso.

Ordinarily he was a man full of common sense, unconventional to a fault, broad-minded, and indeed, if he had an intolerance, it was for the prejudices of others. He had the faults of his virtues; for instance, he was disorderly in a large and open-handed way, and made fun of me for my old-fashioned ideas about good housekeeping. Oh, he sent my little old maidish ways flying like leaves before the wind, with his chaff. He was aided in this by our friend Phil Temple, who was constantly at the house.

And a different point of view came to me in the company of these two genial people, both unconventional, each full of tolerance for the other's opinions, and each able to take a joke at his own expense.

I found myself in a new world, and most of the things that I had been taught to think mattered immensely really did not seem to matter at all. "The needless conventionalities of women" was one of the things they talked most prettily about.

A woman requires much recuperative force and much adaptability, for at best her world is an unstable one, and mine, my new one, — and I was secretly proud of having adapted myself to Stan's mode of thought so quickly, — was knocked to pieces in a boatyard in City Island, knocked to pieces by a sloop called *Marianna*, a Burgess model, twenty-eight feet over all, a twenty-foot water line.

and drawing six feet eight inches of water.

In her my Orlando recognized his Angelica, and went mad about her at once.

"Look at that dream," he exclaimed. "Lord, how I'd like that boat!"

"Oh, come, Stan," said Phil. "You don't mean you'd buy that brick church. Look at the house on her, man, it's like an observatory!"

"I suppose what you like is a flush deck," sneered my husband.

"Well, I should rather think I did," said Phil with warmth. "I like a yacht that looks like a yacht, and not like a three-story office building. Hully Gee! look at that house!" The house was mahogany, very much in need of a scraping, but I saw nothing very queer about it.

"What's the matter with it, Phil?" I asked, as much to keep Stanford from replying as anything else.

"Gee! is n't that like a girl?" said Phil with disgust. Stanford looked disgusted, too; they might disagree about the boat, but they were of one contemptuous mind about me.

"That's just like one of your dry land yachtsmen," Stan continued, taking up the thread of the argument. "Everything for looks! You don't know what a decent boat is. You have n't grasped the fact that on the Sound a yacht is intended to sail in and out as a parlor ornament, or part of a landscape garden effect. George! the boats I see around here make me sick. This boat's got head room. That's what one wants for a cruise — head room!"

"Head room be buttered!" replied Phil. "Buy a boat with a house like a grain elevator for all I care, but don't expect me to sail with you."

I looked on with amazement. "Take things lightly," was one of my husband's favorite maxims, and he laughed contemptuously over women's "strained and earnest ways" in discussing things.

I did some quick thinking, and the sum of my thinking was that this was a good time for me to keep quiet.

My breaking in had begun.

IV

In the eyes of the world I was still a bride, but I realized, as I had realized that day in the Israfil's cabin, that to Stanford I was merely some one to talk to about the beauties of his other love — and some one who was bound to be sympathetic or he would know the reason why.

For, of course, we had bought the Marianna. We could not afford her, it was folly, it was madness to buy her, and we committed the folly gloriously, without remorse, in spite of Phil, who prophesied gloomily that it would take "two, perhaps three hundred dollars to make that last year's bird's nest look like a boat," and asked Stan scornfully why he did n't go into the antiquity business. To my surprise Phil had moved out into the country soon after we did, in order to be able to fight more at his ease with Stanford, and they fought hotly almost every night, their fists pounding the table. The fetish of freedom from prejudice was left as definitely behind in the city as the dining-room furniture.

"Phil knows as much about boats as a purple ass," Stanford informed me.

While Phil confided to me: "Queer, while Stan's such a clever chap, he can't tell a canal-boat from a cup defender."

I have noticed that all ordinary good yachtsmen hold the same opinion of one another's knowledge of boats.

Between Stanford and myself also there was a great dispute.

As I look back on it, it seems fantastic and shadowy enough. It was a dispute possible only to the very young and ardent. But to-day I smile rather tenderly over the absurdities of Stanford and Margery with their silly quarrel.

For the hot enthusiasms of youth sometimes bear most enduring fruit, and but for this I might have been deprived all my life of the pleasure of pottering around my own boat.

Our dispute lasted all summer, and was in two parts. The first part as set forth by Stanford was: —

"You don't really care for boats. You don't really care for the Marianna."

It was a grotesque position for me, — for I was expected not only to approve that my husband loved another, but I was even expected to love my rival as he did, which I set myself to do with might and main. In my exasperation I told Phil one day, —

"Women in a harem have a hard time of it."

"I suppose they do," said Phil uncomprehendingly.

But a light gleamed in the eye of young Morris, who boarded in our impossible boarding place in New Rochelle, and I saw I was understood, which is a comfort when one is in the midst of such a strange rivalry as I was.

Morris was one of those God's fools who go through life hampered by too much insight and too little sincerity, and whom other men call Ass or Wit according to their own intelligence.

To prove how dearly I loved her I begged to be allowed to help get the Marianna in the water, and I went with the men to City Island, and was allowed first the privilege of sand-papering, next the joy of scraping varnish, and lastly the ecstasy of painting. Stan acted as if he were doing me a great favor to let me work on the boat at all, and I realize now that he was. Most men would have left their wives at home. At the time I did n't appreciate my blessings. I worked on grimly, with blistered hands and aching back, and I looked with a certain sour cynicism that only youth knows upon Stan's evident joy in the growing of his Marianna.

I had not yet obtained my reward.

The next day I went out alone to City Island to work on the boat. I was going to show Stan whether I cared or not!

It was the rush season, and the owner of the shipyard could put none of his own men to work, and we had with difficulty secured a ship's carpenter. He was a long, lean, and gentle one.

"I dunno as I ever seen a girl work on

a boat before," he volunteered. Then after a moment, "I dunno as there's any good reason why they should n't," he decided, with that tolerance which makes all things possible in America.

The shipyard was full of all sorts of cheerful noises: planes hummed — hammers clanged. There was the hiss of the burning off of paint, and the cheerful slap, slap of the fat paint brushes on the sides of boats. While above it all rose the shrill whine of sharpening files and the loud cry of scrapers against hard varnish. The air was full of pleasant smells, of new wood, of paint and varnish.

I do not know how it was, but a spirit of the place took hold of me and there fell from me the dogged feeling of "do or die." And it was with enthusiasm that I followed Jameson's instructions. I began to scrape the bottom of the Marianna.

He was a nice fellow to work with, silent, for the most part, as a tree, and when he spoke no words of David Harum wisdom fell from his honest lips. Rather, harmless pieces of gossip like: —

"My folks just getting over the measles. M' sister May she's had 'em three times."

We lunched together in the shadow of a boat.

Groups of other people sat around eating their lunches, and the men of the yard passed by to say, "Gettin' to be quite a ship's carpenter, ain't ye?"

I felt as if I had come home. There was nothing whatever remarkable about any of it. But the charm of the whole thing was upon me. I loved the big masts spiring above me, and the multitude of boats sitting there so patiently during their overhauling, — when if they had any spirit at all they must have longed to be gone on the gay Sound water; and it flattered me to feel that I was a part of this world of people who made boats — though all I was doing was sand-papering.

So Jameson and I worked side by side. I must have been far more of a hindrance than a help, though he, kind man, never showed it, and he prepared me for what was to be my final initiation. He painted

a water line, and handed me the pot of red copper paint.

"Now swat it on good and thick, and see that you get it in all the nail holes," he advised, and then it was I was won over once and for all. And to this day there is nothing I like so well as to stand in the shady side of a boat, and to hear the peaceful slap, slap of my big paint brush. I might get tired of it if I did it every day, and the boats I painted were not my own boats. But when I hear people talk of the joy of gardening I smile to myself because I know that those are feeble pleasures compared with that of seeing one's boat grow bright under one's hands.

No one who has not worked on his own boat will understand this; but there is a certain happiness of working with your own hands over things you love that is deeper than other joys. Women know it oftener than men, — I speak now of the men and women we call educated, — for women work with loving care over their houses and their flowers and their children. Artists know it, of course, but they call it by different and high-sounding names, though I don't believe they always did. But whether it is housework well done, or cooking, or making a statue, or slapping paint on a boat, it is all fundamentally the same, though I would rather work on a boat.

So my first lesson was of silence, and my next the joy of work.

But Stanford was not satisfied with my enthusiasm.

"You're doing this because you're fond of *me*, not of the Marianna," was the name of the second part of the quarrel.

v

So my breaking in was begun in a curiously roundabout way. I knew the deep joy of covering spaces with bright fresh paint; I had learned the charm of a shipyard, before I knew anything about boats. I was "fond of sailing," of course, but there is an abysmal gap between that

and Stanford's all-consuming passion for boats. I was to hear more of this, and that hearing began on our first sail on the Marianna.

We were scarcely under way when Stan, having handed the tiller to Phil, — who had condescended to come with us on the "brick church," — went below to get the official broom, and swept the deck.

"This boat is a sty — a regular sty," he said.

I have said before that he was disorderly in a genial way, forever guying me for my New England conscientiousness in keeping my house clean, and here he was sweeping off a deck which was speckless.

He sat down at last in the cockpit and looked around anxiously; from time to time he got up and pounced on a bit of shaving, a string, a mote of dust; these he cast wrathfully overboard. He made me think of a New England housekeeper waiting for the Sewing Society. The day was warm, but Stanford kept bustling around the boat, and at last he disappeared into the cabin.

"I've got to get something like order into this place," he announced, "I can't stand a cabin like this:" and we heard him fussing with dishes, rattling around pans — in a word, working hard. Presently he reëmerged, red in the face and lugging the cushions with him.

"I told that son of a lobster-pot to beat these cushions thoroughly," he said. "I don't think he touched them. I'll hustle his lazy carcass when I catch him! See here!" and he smote the cushion with his fist. A light cloud of dust arose. He took his knife and gravely cut the handle from the broom, and on the Sunday afternoon air was heard the steady thump, thump, thump of a stick on a mattress. Then he tried to brush the dust off the cushions, but the mutilated broom was too large and unwieldy.

After this he rested awhile with some serenity, but his face clouded. "I can't stand it," he exclaimed. "I thought I

should be able to, but I can't. Look at those fittings! Meg, you're a shark about brass, could n't you get it cleaned somehow — you've got lots of time." Mind you, this was the man who could n't bear to see his wife wash a teacup.

He took out his pen and a card and wrote eagerly, then he handed the card to me, "There's nothing in this boat to work with," he said. "Meg, don't forget, will you, to put this card in your clothes and get these few little things to-morrow. Oh!" he went on, in despair, "there's no use sweeping, the Marianna's filthier than an oyster boat. I've got to swab the deck off."

Thereupon he dipped a bucket of water and got busy with the sawed-off broom. I looked over the list he had put in my hand; it read:—

1 broom.

1 whisk broom.

3 cakes salt water soap.

1 papier maché bucket.

1 scrubbing brush.

2 dust rags or whatever you call 'em.

2 floor rags for swabbing, like Anne uses on the floors.

1 large chamois bigger than the dinky one we have for silver.

1 jar or box or what you can get of best brass polish.

Cotton waste is good for rubbing.

Cloths and brushes for brass.

1 wicker thing like the one Anne whacks the rugs with.

1 gallon spar varnish (best quality).

3 sheets coarse sand-paper.

3 sheets fine sand-paper.

1 large scraper.

1 3-cornered scraper.

1 flat scraper.

1 first-class file.

1 ball marlin.

"I've got to have one or two of the things we need," explained Stan.

I read the list and made up my mind that there was a summer's work before me, compared with which house cleaning would be a rest-cure. I was not far wrong.

For a while all was peaceful. We all

know the happiness that we can have only on a little boat close down to the bosom of the waters, a little boat that one is sailing oneself, that belongs to oneself alone. I understood once and for all why Stanford would have nothing of a rented boat. Phil and Stan no longer bickered. Phil lazily held the tiller. Stan was curled up somewhere before the mast, and I, after the manner of girls, dabbled my hand in the water on the leeward side. (I have since learned not to do this. It is a thing that irritates one's men immensely, I don't know why.)

Other boats passed us, — yawls, sloops, cat-boats, vulgar, puffing launches with a lot of brawling, yelling fishermen on board, and little launches shining and trim, with the burgee of some smart yacht club fluttering at their masts, and occasionally we rocked in the wake of some great steam yacht where people sat under awnings. I for one did n't envy them: they were not sailing, they knew none of the intimate joys of scraping and painting their own boats, and if they had committed extravagances as we had, it was not because of a great and dignified passion, but for some unworthy motive like the desire to shine. So I philosophized to myself, when suddenly the peace was broken by a cry, the cry of the man badly hurt. I sprang to my feet, Phil gripped the tiller.

"The jib sheet's adrift," Stan exclaimed. The jib sheet, which had been neatly coiled, had, after the unprincipled manner of ropes, become uncoiled, and sure enough was adrift. Any yachtsman of my husband's kind will understand his horror, but I barely knew a sheet from a halyard, and all my eyes saw was three or four feet of rope trailing rather untidily behind us. The sheet was fast to the cleats, and it seemed no great catastrophe to me. But Phil threw the tiller into my hand and hastily hauled the offending sheet inboard, while Stanford, the unconventional, the man who did n't care a hoot for his neighbors' opinions, lamented:

"God knows how long that thing has been going on! The whole Sound may

have seen us! We'll be the laughing-stock of every little fresh water yacht club if we keep on this way! Great heavens, with two of you back there, I should think you could keep all the rigging from going adrift!"

"I was sailing the boat," replied Phil shortly. One could see that he felt ashamed, and also that he felt that the bulk of the responsibility rested on me. (I have since found that most things that happened aboard were my fault.)

So that very first afternoon it dawned on me that the world of yachtsmen is a little world which has its own conventions, its own etiquette. Conventions, too, which are rigid, and which may not be broken.

Take the matter of making a mooring, for instance. In the world I found myself in, to miss a mooring was little short of a disgrace. And Stan, who would have smiled cheerfully if a whole dinner party had gone wrong, would have wept tears of rage, I believe, if he had missed his mooring. And that afternoon, too, I realized, what I had only vaguely suspected before, that to all intents and purposes I might as well have had two husbands to adapt my disposition to. How far his nature was changed once he got aboard a boat I can explain best by this little anecdote.

We came in one night after dark and picked our way daintily among the great company of boats moored in the New Rochelle harbor. I stood forward almost on the bowsprit and happily located the two harbor buoys. Now any one who knows this populous harbor knows that it takes nice sailing to come in against the wind on a black night, especially at low tide. We slipped close under the stern of one of the cup defenders anchored far out, past big sea-going schooner yachts, racing sloops, and yawls, moved in and out among all the small fry, the many cat boats, and sneak-boxes, and made our mooring with great neatness. Then every one hurried to put up the sails. Stan was forward lying flat on his tummy on the bowsprit putting up the jib, and sang out

to me for more stops. So I stepped on what I thought was the bowsprit shrouds to hand him one. I had stepped off into nothingness, walked the plank neatly into the Sound, and as the water closed over my head I heard Stanford say, —

"HELL!"

I was aboard in a moment, and as Stanford put out a hand to help me he said to Phil, "Is n't that like a girl?" and Phil replied gloomily: "It's lucky it's night;" while little Morris threw their point of view into relief, with his "Oh, I hope you're not hurt, Mrs. Dayton."

VI

I have talked as if I were a young woman possessed of a great deal of tact, and who learned her various lessons with exemplary swiftness. But this is not true, I made plenty of mistakes, argued unnecessarily, asked foolish questions, and from first to last I have been quite as unable to share Stanford's sensitiveness about what people could say. I know how he feels, and I respect his prejudices — sometimes. But they seem as quaint to me as my housewifely anxieties seem to him.

For instance, that first year I did things he has never ceased to shudder over. The Marianna was a wet boat, and if there was any wind at all it was better to sail in one's bathing-suit. Now, I was never quite so happy as when I got into a certain disreputable and faded bathing-suit of mine, and every yachtsman who likes to see his boat and his women folk look smart will understand how poor Stanford must have suffered when I tell you that I used to insist on sitting down *in the bowsprit shrouds with the waves breaking over me.*

Nothing could keep me from the shrouds, neither command, nor sadness, nor anger. It was the height of happiness to me, and what unsettled Stan was that Phil used to come too. So did young Morris, who always sailed with us, and whose high spirits altogether demoral-

ized me, taking my mind off the serious work of being a yachtsman's helpmeet.

"You can't race this old steamer chair, anyhow, Stan," Phil would argue. "So what do you care?" when poor Stanford would complain that we made her down at the head, and that everything on the Sound was passing us.

Then Stanford would plead with me. "It is n't done, you know," he would argue. "Do you ever see the wives of other men sitting in the bowsprit shrouds? You know you don't. In all my experience I have never seen any woman sitting where you are now!"

"Try and get rid of unnecessary conventionalities. You don't know how life will broaden out when you do," I quoted flippantly, for I was sore at being guyed so much about having walked into the water that night; for when Phil and Stanford got over being shocked at me, they made one of those stupid family jokes out of it, and trotted it out before every one whom we took sailing.

On the other hand, I did work over the Marianna with a devotion that was pathetic. Oh, the long, hot days I spent on my hands and knees on her deck, with the hot sun beating down on me, and how jealously I watched the honest Swede whose duty it was to dry the Marianna's sails and to swab the vile harbor mud off the Marianna's lovely white sides! and so I hope that for this devotion the recording angel will wipe from his book the record of my rebellious legs dangling overboard, Stimson's yawl or no, and that before my life is over I shall have expiated the sins of a girl in a faded and disreputable bathing-suit, who sat brazenly in the bowsprit shrouds in the face of all the yachts on Long Island Sound.

I was very stupid about learning to sail. I learned to know the ropes quickly enough, and to execute any given order with commendable swiftness, but I am afraid that first summer I did not understand very much what it was all about.

It was all I could do to adapt myself to this new Stanford who ordered me about

so peremptorily, and was filled with such contempt for one's colossal ignorance, that it made it difficult to ask him questions; and I must confess that my heart beat hard with apprehension every time I was given an order, for fear I should not do it right, and that, rebellious as I was about my own amusement, I feared Stanford on the boat as much as any little cabin boy feared "The Old Man." I snatched a fearful joy in executing orders quickly, and for the rest I shared the pleasure that only those who love sailing in small boats can ever know.

VII

Stanford took his sailing rather hard. He continued to bustle and fuss and tinker, and on calm days, when we would all be lying in the shadow of the big sail, he would always want to hoist the top-sail, a cranky cross-grained sail as ever was, whose halyards never worked; and he would have to shin up the mast before it would set properly.

I had a personal enmity for that top-sail, and a well-founded one, for it had a cussedness I have never seen equalled in a human being.

Meantime no extravagant wife ever made more demands on her husband's pockets than did the Marianna. Now she called for a compass and again for smarter riding lights. Not content with having her decks scraped, she was always having herself hauled up and painted, complaining about that harbor mud. But she overreached herself, as so many young women of her kind have done before her, did the beautiful Marianna, for by the end of the season our purse was empty, and with bleeding hearts we realized that we would have to sell her. We have learned since that she was always an unprincipled boat, bleeding her owners. Her first owner stole her plans, and money to have her built, and afterwards she was owned successively by two young men who borrowed to pay for her. She lay up for two years in City Island, when she seduced my hus-

band, and bled us to the last penny, and even then ungratefully made us realize that we had not given her all the luxuries to which she was accustomed.

We sold her at a loss to some fresh water yachtsmen who took her to a lake. I hope in her old age she may have found an owner well to do, who, if he does not love her madly as she was loved in her youth, will keep her decently, keep her spars and deck bright, give her new suits of sails when she needs them, and do over her cabin, which we never could afford to touch.

So the mighty were fallen, and we went sorrowfully into the country next summer without a boat.

In front of our house were a number of little boats, and among them one we learned was for sale. I had gotten over all surprise so far as Stan and boats were concerned. So I was not astonished when I heard him say to the owner, a stolid Swede,—

"She's a centre-board boat, of course. A keel boat in these waters is no good."

"Sure she's centre-board. A fine boat, I sell her to you for seventy-five dollars," the owner said, and lumbered heavily away.

The fine boat was a little jib and mainsail boat. Open, broad, and squat. She curtsied perpetually up and down on the water like a polite little old lady, and she was of the vintage of about 1830.

But she was a boat, and homely and slow as she was, Stan ardently desired her. It was most unfaithful of him, for she was the exact opposite of the Marianna. After he had been two weeks by the water his desire for smart boats vanished. What he wanted was a boat to sail in, any kind of a scow, he did n't care what, he asserted, so long as it had a tiller and a sail.

After two weeks the Swede loomed up in the dust.

"I sell her to you for fifty," he said sullenly.

I had seen him walking with a masterful looking woman, while he pushed a baby carriage. Now being a yachtsman's

wife does more than make a woman silent and industrious, it makes her crafty and suspicious and keen at a bargain.

"Does n't your wife like sailing?" I asked innocently.

"No, what for I stay behind mit der baby," she say? So she kicks, I sell der boat."

I went to see Mrs. Larsen next day.

"How much you afford to give for dat boat?" she asked.

"Thirty-five dollars," I told her.

"Larsen he comes for der money to-night," she said, and shut her mouth like a trap.

And Larsen came sullenly and pocketed his thirty-five dollars. Poor man, I felt like a thief. He had spent all his Sundays and his spare time painting and caulking the old lady and making her neat and tight. But Mrs. Larsen was not of the stuff of which yachtsmen's wives are made.

That summer I learned a good deal about sailing. I went out every day with a boy who found himself near, and then for the first time I began to have the madness for boats on my own account, for though I had been proud of the Marianna, I never loved her, and secretly I was jealous.

We painted the old boat black, and named her the Tar Baby, which must have shocked her no end, for I'm sure her first name way back years ago must have been Belinda or Seraphina.

We sailed in her for years and at last gave her away, still staunch, and only a trifle leaky, to an ungrateful friend who renamed her the White Elephant. I learn that late in life she developed the bad habit of dragging her anchor, and is spending her declining years under the name of Anxiety.

VIII

One of my most frequent duties was the getting ready for company. The looking after the details of lunch, ice, and the like, is for a yachtsman's wife what the

cares of her house are for the wife of an ordinary husband who has no fads.

It makes very little difference to a yachtsman whether his wife ever learns to sail a boat well or not. What matters to him more than he knows is his wife's ability to deal with guests. If it had not been for guests, indeed, my duties would have been simple enough. I would only have had to learn to obey quickly and to keep from talking too much. But the people who go out sailing with one complicate matters enormously.

Most people naturally hate small boat sailing, while they imagine that they love it dearly.

And if one owns a boat there is nothing more inevitable than that one will ask one's friends out over Sunday for a sail.

I do not think that it has even yet occurred to Stanford's innocent mind that he is not doing the greatest favor in the world to his unfortunate friends when he asks them out.

There are a few people who really "like sailing," and who yet have no desire to own a boat, and no talent for learning to sail a boat themselves. Young Morris was one of these. He sailed with us for years as regularly as Phil Temple, and was never anything but unfaillingly lubberly.

On the other hand, he was a perfect guest on a boat. He had a lofty disregard of the weather. He could sit in the shadow of the sail for hours, and analyze his soul. He did not care how long he was becalmed, for he had his soul always with him, and he could always speculate about Phil's or Stan's or mine if his own bored him.

Of course Phil and Stan thought he was an ass, although they were fond of him, but he was an immense comfort to me. I thought it showed, too, an immense amount of individuality, that he could "go sailing" so much and not know one rope from another. He never even learned to tell which way the wind was coming from, and you can imagine what contempt that exposed him to in the eyes of my two friends. Stan worked over him for months

trying to explain the theory of sailing. He would draw little diagrams, which Morris would look at soulfully with his beautiful brown eyes. Afterwards he would tell me quite shamelessly that he had not understood a word of what Stan was saying, but that he liked to hear him talk.

Morris had quite a little to do with my breaking in, in a negative way. He kept me from being too humble-minded the first years, while I was getting, so to speak, bridle-wise. Later he was a great help with refractory guests.

The reason so many people are anxious to go out in little boats is the false idea literature gives of the pleasures of sailing. I often read luscious descriptions of bounding through the water, with delightful scenery all about, that would mislead anybody.

You imagine yourself sitting at ease, a delicious little breeze wafting you along, a lovely day, neither too hot, nor too cold, and the wind with you both ways.

Now my experience is that when sailing in a little boat like the *Tar Baby* there is always too much something for somebody. It is very apt to fall a flat calm in the Sound warm Sunday afternoons. It is also apt to breeze up fresh, and over goes your little boat on her ear, and the whole company has to sit up to windward, shifting themselves like a lot of ballast when one comes about. One is apt also to get wet on days like this, and what with dodging the boom, and getting soaked, and sitting in unwonted and uncomfortable positions, or else broiling for long hours under a pitiless sun miles away from home and supper, I am sure I don't see the pleasure there can be for people in a casual sail.

There is no such thing as liking just a part of sailing; one must like it all, take it as it comes, and above all have a great amount of patience, and no love of getting back to meals on time.

The people who like to sail only under happy circumstances would do well to stay at home. Days of perfection are so

few. Yet it is just such people who usually come out of town expecting to have a good time. I have witnessed trying and pathetic sights among our poor guests. I have seen girls, yes, and men too, grip the seat with tight, nervous fingers as puff after puff knocked us down. It has come to the point when we have had to put them ashore, though this has happened only once or twice.

I have seen one poor man turn a lovely green, while Stan was proving to Phil that the Tar Baby was quick in stays, by running up as close as possible to those treacherous green rocks off Portchester shore, and then coming about. They kept up this childish proceeding half the afternoon, while young Morris watched the nervous gentleman with brown, speculative eyes, saying, —

"Sooner or later, you know, they'll fetch a rock. You can't swim, can you, Jones? well, we'll have time to get you out an oar to hang on to."

Or, "Did you feel her scrape that time? she's a rather old boat, and may come to pieces any minute."

Such days it was my duty to divert the sufferer as best I could, for even Morris went back on me. There were other times when girls got very scared, and were ashamed to own up, when I had to make myself unpopular with the men by insisting on going home. I learned to recognize seasickness in its earliest moments, and made some excuse for a landing.

The hardest thing of all is to keep up the courage and spirits of a party in the face of a flat calm. The sun beats down on you pitilessly. The skin of the girls' noses slowly burns to a crisp and at last peels off. A painful magenta streak divides the neck just above the collar. There is nothing on earth to do but sit still, and after a while you get so talked out that you feel that never so long as you live will you have anything to say to one another again. You get sung out, too. And after that there remains hopeless boredom, deadly patience. That is what happens when you are becalmed, if the

hostess has not her wits about her. There are some people, do what one likes, who simply cannot live through a calm without agony.

A calm is so antagonistic, anyway, to the American temperament that it is very little short of madness to ask untried people on the water when a calm may be awaiting them.

Bored, seasick, frightened, nervous, uncomfortable, when one asks people sailing one runs the risk of making them any of these things.

I am the one who has suffered vicariously through the suffering of our victims, and the older I grow, the more I desire to pass my days happily on the water without the anguish of others to trouble me. I would like to have my chosen friends about me. But by preference I would hear Stan and Phil Temple wrangle, while young Morris loafs in the shadow of the sail and digs deep into the depths of his soul.

We have owned several boats since the day of the fat Tar Baby, which I loved better than any other boat, for women are pathetically constant. I have sailed boats in many different harbors. We have never yet bought a boat that Stanford was uncertain we would make money on. We have never had a boat that we have not lost hopelessly with. There are men who make money from both boats and horses. I think they must be too clever to be very happy. I am sure they cannot be as nice as the idealist, who is let in for it every time, and who never learns the art of letting other people in.

My chief care has been in keeping Stanford from buying any kind of a boat that presented itself in moments when life seemed to him to stop unless he could own something with sails, and that at once. I have seen him, on the verge of bankruptcy, negotiating for a venerable thirty-foot cat down on Peconic Bay, a notorious boat which all the harbor knew carried a lee helm.

I have sat on the shores of the Mediterranean holding my breath while Stan-

ford bargained for a boat built on a model fashionable 20 B. C., a boat with a lateen sail hooked casually to the mast; a boat without keel or centre-board, which refused utterly to come about inside of fifteen minutes, and whose owner rowed around when tacking. I have shut my eyes, while the angel of the Lord passed along and spared me and Stanford. I do not talk at these times. I only keep quiet and trust that some luck will hold back Stanford's hand.

These are the things I fear, and for every year that passes that sees Stan clear from buying Noah's Ark, I give thanks. He is sure to pass through a crisis at least once in two years.

I have talked a good deal with the wives of other yachtsmen, and each has his own private mania. Now it is racing, again it is the mania for specklessness which makes the master of the boat follow his guests around and insultingly rub off any bit of brass or woodwork they have touched. This is a form of madness especially hard to bear. There are others who carry to an extreme the yachtsman's etiquette I have spoken of before. While the young yachtsmen do crazy, foolhardy things in keeping on all the canvas during a storm, and in other ways trying to get themselves drowned.

I have had a comparatively easy time of it, since I was well broken in, for Stanford's sudden and violent passion for some derelict does not come often. On the other hand, my life is made pleasant by my own little fad, which is the love of fussing around my boat. This is a very ordinary form of the yachtsman's madness.

ness, and you have only to go to any harbor or boatyard to see a number of harmless and gentle creatures busy with paint pot and scraper.

As I look over the various summers of my married life, I see myself constantly at work upon some boat. Sometimes I see myself under a boat painting away, a pot of copper paint beside me. I smell again the smell of spar varnish as I put the finishing touches on a dinghy. I see pictures of a certain sail maker's attic full of mounds of billowy white sails, among which there are always a lot of kittens playing. I used to go there for new sails and to urge that they should be made promptly.

But oftenest I see myself in a dinghy rowing out of the interminable Sound harbors, to hoist sails after the rain, and then making another long trip to take them down again.

I have loved it all, — I have even snatched a fearful joy from the moments when Stan has threatened to buy some impossible boat. I hope that time which lops off one of our pleasures after another will leave me my pleasure in my boats, so that a shipyard will seem to me always as pleasant a place as it does to-day. And that I shall love to sail in whatever weather, and have always a tranquil patience in a calm.

I like to think that I shall be like the old lady on the *Mary Ellen*, — and that I shall sit placid in the cockpit of my boat, while the sun sets over Long Island Sound, while Phil and Stan quarrel as to which could best take the Massachusetts through Hell Gate.

THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THE old-time exhorters who made uncomfortable the youth of our fathers had as a special object of their efforts the awakening of the "conviction of sin." To them man was, in his natural and unconverted state, a vile thing, and the hope for his future lay in his recognizing his villainess, his spiritual unworthiness. The last stage of the old-time conversion was reached when a previously comfortable and contented soul felt itself, under the new process of regeneration, tortured and lost in a morass of personal obliquity, when all past shortcomings and sins of omission and commission loomed big and black before it; when it shivered with the thought of the frightful future which must be the inevitable punishment for an evil past.

In the course of time theology learned that the methods and theories of the old religious exhorters were not only weak, but fundamentally wrong. It learned that the true way of making men better was not by telling them that they were only worms in the eyes of the Almighty, but by teaching them that they were made in his image; that there was a nobility in life itself, and that in the roughest and lowliest of human creatures there was a touch of the Divine, the seed at least of immortal worthiness. The hard, unlovely and unloving spiritual leaders of our fathers' and grandfathers' time told men of their sins and iniquities, made them conscious of their spiritual sores and ulcers, the rags in their raiment, humbled and depressed them. They were destructive critics of life. To-day the spiritual teachers who are doing most for the moral health of the world are still critics, but constructive rather than destructive in their attitude toward life. They are teachers who believe that man attains his spir-

itual stature most readily by being spoken to less of what he is not and more of what he is, and that the greatest amount of spiritual strength can be developed by interesting man in the things the doing of which makes life worth living. These teachers find that the simplest and best way to help men to escape evil ways is not by eternal threats and warnings but by getting them to concentrate the greatest possible amount of moral energy on doing something positive and worth while. Hell has dropped out of our modern theology, not so much because we have ceased to believe in it, as because its insufficiency as an instrument for permanent moral regeneration has with the passage of time become more and more apparent; for, while we are sometimes strongly moved by what we hate and fear, we are perpetually influenced by what we love.

In the past decade there has grown up in this country a school of incomplete idealists, social reformers, who, in their methods and theories, seem to have gone back to the old-time theology. They seek to apply to society as a whole the methods which failed with the individual. From one branch of this cult has come the modern literature of "exposure." They show us our social sore spots, like the three cheerful friends of Job. They expose in countless pages of magazines and newspapers the sordid and depressing rottenness of our politics; the hopeless apathy of our good citizens; the remorseless corruption of our great financiers and business men, who are bribing our legislatures, swindling the public with fraudulent stock schemes, adulterating our food, speculating with trust funds, combining in great monopolies to oppress and destroy small competitors and raise prices, who are breaking laws and buying judges

and juries. They show us the growth of business "graft," the gangrene of personal dishonesty among an honorable people, the depressing increase in the number of bribe-takers and bribe-givers. They tell us of the riotous extravagance of the rich, and the growth of poverty. These exposures form the typical current literature of our daily life. As our appetite grows jaded and surfeited, the stories become more sensational so as to retain our attention. Titus Oates and his plot live again in the amazing historian of modern finance. The achievement of the constructive elements of society has been neglected to give space to these spicy stories of graft and greed.

There are two points in the literature of exposure worthy of note. The first is its extraordinary copiousness, and the second is that so few of the writers who so cleverly point out to us our social sores seem to have any kind of salve in their hands. "Exposure" has become a peculiar art, which, like some other arts, seems to exist for its own sake.

The editorials and articles which make up the literature of exposure rarely include, and then in a very small measure, any useful or careful analysis of bad social conditions or of those defects in law and its administration through which opportunities for unjust enrichment are afforded to the keen, the unscrupulous, and the overtempted. These writers do not belong to that class of social critics whose purposeful and devoted studies of economic conditions, of the history of business systems, have given us so many suggestions of ways and means for progress. The literature of exposure is not criticism in any such sense, and in comparison is simple indeed. For it exposes, not the opportunities which create temptations, but the individuals who succumb. It seems to arraign, not the defects in the social system, but humanity itself, by the denunciation of a countless number of individuals who do real or fancied wrongs. It takes the whole burden of moral responsibility from the shoulders of society,

and throws it all on the individual, instead of making a just apportionment of the load.

There is comparatively little which is constructive about this kind of work, and it is for the most part merely disheartening. Its copiousness and its frequent exaggeration have a strong tendency to make sober and sane citizens believe that our political and business evils cannot be grappled with successfully, not because they are in themselves too great, but because the moral fibre of the people has deteriorated,—a heresy more dangerous, if adopted, than all the national perils which confront us to-day, combined.

In the writer's birthplace, the local undertaker was considered one of the worst men in town. He suffered from having become incompletely converted. The work of grace with him had gone far enough to convince him that he was an utter wretch and sinner and so absolutely unregenerate that there was nothing which could be done about it. His awakened sense of sin kept him a sinner. The literary exhorter whose sole argument is human wickedness and depravity is far too likely to produce the same kind of convert.

As every teamster knows, there is a limit to the amount of extra effort which can be got out of a horse with a whip. In the same way with the community, the sense of its own shortcomings fails as a permanent incentive to improvement. It is as important to the community as it is to the individual that its capacity for being shocked with itself should remain unimpaired. Nothing worse can happen to it than to have its moral cuticle hardened by much drubbing, and made insensitive to criticism. The inherent defect with much of the literature of exposure is that it exists merely for the shock it gives, and is of no further profit to the community.

We have in this country an almost superstitious reverence for publicity, as though it were a panacea for political and social evils. Give the people the facts,

is our comfortable doctrine, and conditions will remedy themselves. But there is as much difference between diagnosis and cure as applied to printers' ink as to medicine, and the time will come, even if the writer be wrong in thinking it is now with us, when the feeblest of tonics will do us more good than the most drastic of these modern literary emetics.

It is a curious fact that, when we speak of publicity and its value, we have in mind publicity in its narrow and restricted sense, as the searchlight of public knowledge thrown upon something which is wrong. We make it serve as a sort of social scavenger, as though that were its great function instead of its very least. As though that great instrument of civilization was being employed at its best task when engaged in probing, with a prying-hook, our social garbage barrels.

The lives and doings of bad men are too much with us for our own good. Somehow we have conceived the notion that it is more important for us to have copious information about the grafter and the frenzied financier, than about the men who, while doing equally, if not more, important things, are violating no statute or moral law. We need an enlarged conception of the higher possibilities of publicity as an aid and encouragement for right living. We need a change by which the honest merchant, banker, or professional man will feel himself less helplessly isolated through his honesty than he might reasonably conceive himself to be from what he gets to read at the news stands. What the Bible says about the inadvisability of man being alone has special application to the honest man. It is not well for him to be alone, and the kind of publicity which makes him feel lonesome in his honesty is not likely to have a very bracing effect on the honesty itself.

It has got so with us that, in affairs of state, the surest way to public notice open to an ambitious politician is to be either a corruptionist or a blunderer. For, through these exaggerations of the im-

portance of publicity about the apparently destructive elements in social or political life, we have come to a point where they are the ones most exploited. This attitude is hostile to progress, because mere opposition is never progress. It is as true in the world of affairs as in that of sport that a community whose energies are devoted to playing a merely defensive game seldom wins any substantial victory. This is the main lesson to be drawn from the general history of reform movements in American municipalities. These movements have, until very recent years, originated almost uniformly in the moral delinquencies of the political organization entrenched in office, which have aroused the conscience of the best citizens to revolt. It has been mere revolt. The results of these movements have rarely been permanent, because their progress usually seems to stop after putting the rascals out. The ranks of reform are filled with strenuous house-wreckers, but they contain few builders. The builders are not there, very largely because the community itself seems to offer less encouragement than it should to those who work for it. We have become so accustomed to criticising or denouncing our public men, and to devoting so much of our public print to their mistakes or misdeeds, that silence seems to our exhausted energies a sufficient tribute to the faithful public servant. A friend of the writer's unconsciously expressed this spirit in speaking of a young lawyer who was running for his second term in the State Assembly. "—— made a good record there last term. He did not get a single newspaper roast through the entire session." A success which has to be measured by abuse which has been escaped rather than by recognition gained is a doubtful prize. Until the time comes when the useful work of constructive statesmanship will entitle a public servant to the same amount of public attention as is to be received by engineering a railroad or gas grab, the quality of our statesmanship will remain low.

It is accepted as a truism among educators that no child can be made permanently good simply by scolding. The overscolded child is made worse by the process, and the overscolded politician is equally likely to deteriorate, and for the same reason. Even a good dog will try to earn a bad name, if he has it thrust too often upon him. Probably it would be an exaggerated statement to say that the essential spirit of reform in this country is the spirit of the scolding parent, but it resembles it too often.

In New York, for example, many of the most active of the reform organizations of the city have committees which are empowered on their own responsibility and without affirmative action from the general body of their associates to oppose with strong language and peppery protest legislation which they deem it proper to oppose in the name of their respective organizations. They have, however, no power whatever to endorse or support anything without some express permission from the bodies by which they are created, a permission to be obtained, if at all, only after considerable delay and much debating.

The ability to point out with disagreeable clearness social evils and public perils is not alone enough justly to entitle a man to any great amount of public esteem. Cassandra in breeches or petticoats are of no more real service to-day than in the heroic age; and the miracle about the lady herself was not so much that the Greeks paid no attention to her forebodings and warnings, but that some impatient hero who had work to do did not wring her dismal neck.

There has never been a time when our country has needed to have ideals of service made more fresh and attractive, or when the real work of the world, done by its sane, healthy, and kind-hearted workers, needed greater recognition. It is the good rather than the bad in us which needs encouragement and exposure, and if it once finds work to do, the bad in us will be far less noticeable or troublesome.

It is a poor gardener who devotes too much time to the weeds at the expense of the vegetables and flowers.

A story which the present writer heard some years ago, and which has an obvious point in connection with what he is trying to say here, was told by one of the lobbyists who had been engaged in pushing a "grab" bill through the New York Legislature. The bill failed to pass, and the reform organizations and newspapers of New York city, which had denounced it and its sponsors in unmeasured terms, regarded its failure as one of those rare triumphs of aroused public sentiment to which the corrupt legislators had bent and bowed. The lobbyist had a curiously different version of the matter. He said the bill was killed by a little parish priest in one of the slum districts of New York, who somehow had got interested in the measure, and had come up to Albany, and apparently with amazing innocence had asked the ringleader of strike legislation, who was one of the active promoters of this particular bill, to use his influence against it. The little priest knew nothing about politics, and read the papers but little; but he had known for a lifetime this particular politician, and knew intimately a side of him not familiar to newspaper readers. He believed in him implicitly, and in absolutely good faith asked him to use his influence against the bill, and succeeded. According to the lobbyist, who presumably knew what he was talking about, the little priest had been more powerful in his influence against the legislation which he opposed than all the newspapers and reform bodies in New York together. He was more powerful, because he was better armed. He knew the good side of a bad man, and how to appeal to it. For it is as true of any of the rest of us as it was of the spoilsman, that we are willing to do more to justify and keep the good opinion of our friends who are wrong, than to avoid the detraction of our enemies whom we know in our hearts to be right.

UN CONGE SANS CLOCHE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WE had only two or three of them in the year, and their slow approach stirred us to frenzy. In the dark ages, when I went to school, no one had yet discovered that play is more instructive than work, no one was piling up statistics to prove the educational value of idleness. In the absence of nature studies and athletics, we were not encouraged to spend our lives out of doors. In the absence of nerve specialists, we were not tenderly restrained from studying our lessons too hard. It is wonderful how little apprehension on this score was felt by either mothers or teachers. We had two months' summer holiday, — July and August, — and a week at Christmas time. The rest of the year we spent at school. I have known parents so inhuman as to regret those unenlightened days.

But can the glorified little children whose lives seem now to be one vast and happy playtime, can the privileged schoolgirls who are permitted to come to town for a *matinée*, — which sounds to me as fairy-like as Cinderella's ball, — ever know the real value of a holiday! As well expect an infant millionaire to know the real value of a quarter. We to whom the routine of life was as inevitable as the progress of the seasons, we to whom Saturdays were as Mondays, and who grappled with Church history and Christian doctrine on pleasant Sunday mornings, *we* knew the mad tumultuous joy that thrilled through hours of freedom. The very name which from time immemorial had been given to our Convent holidays illustrated the fullness of their beatitude. When one lives under the dominion of bells, every hour rung in and out with relentless precision, *sans cloche* means glorious saturnalia. Once a nervous young nun, anxious at the

wild scattering of her flock, ventured, on a *congé*, to ring them back to bounds; whereupon her bell was promptly, though not unkindly, taken away from her by two of the older girls. And when the case was brought to court, the Mistress General upheld their action. A law was a law, as binding upon its officers as upon the smallest subject in the realm.

The occasions for a *congé sans cloche* were as august as they were rare. "Mother's Feast," by which we meant the saint's day of the Superioress, could always be reckoned upon. The feast of St. Joseph was generally kept in this auspicious fashion, — which gave us a great "devotion" to so kind a mediator. Once or twice in the year the Archbishop came to the Convent, and in return for our addresses, our curtsies, our baskets of flowers, and songs of welcome, always bravely insisted that we should have a holiday. "Be sure and tell me, if you don't get it," he used to say, which sounded charmingly confidential, though we well knew that we should never have an opportunity to tell him anything of the kind, and that we should never dare to do it, if we had.

In the year of grace which I now chronicle, the Archbishop was going to Rome, and had promised to say good-by to us before he sailed. Those were troubled times for Rome. Even we knew that something was wrong, though our information did not go much beyond this point. Like the little girl who could n't tell where Glasgow was, because she had not finished studying Asia Minor, we were still wandering belated in the third Crusade, — a far cry from united Italy. When Elizabeth, who had read the address, said she wondered why the Pope was called "God's great martyr saint," we

could offer her very little enlightenment. I understand that children now interest themselves in current events, and ask intelligent questions about things they read in the newspapers. For us, the Wars of the Roses were as yesterday, and the Crusades were still matters for deep concern. Berengaria of Navarre had been the "leading lady" of our day's lesson, and I had written in my "Compendium of History" — majestic phrase — this interesting and comprehensive statement: "Berengaria led a blameless life, and, after her husband's death, retired to a monastery, where she passed the remainder of her days."

It was the middle of May when the Archbishop came, and, as the weather was warm, we wore our white frocks for the occasion. Very immaculate we looked, ranged in a deep, shining semicircle, a blue ribbon around every neck, and gloves on every folded hand. It would have been considered the height of impropriety to receive, ungloved, a distinguished visitor. As the prelate entered, accompanied by the Superioress and the Mistress General, we swept him a deep curtsy, — oh, the hours of bitter practice it took to limber my stiff little knees for those curtsies! — and then broke at once into our chorus of welcome: —

"With happy hearts we now repair
All in this joyous scene to share."

There were five verses. When we had finished, we curtsied again and sat down, while Mary Rawdon and Eleanor Hale played a nervous duet upon the piano.

The Archbishop looked at us benignantly. It was said of him that he dearly loved children, but that he was apt to be bored by adults. He had not what are called "social gifts," and seldom went beyond the common civilities of intercourse. But he would play jackstraws all evening with half a dozen children, and apparently find himself much refreshed by the entertainment. His eyes wandered during the duet to the ends of the semicircle, where sat the very little girls, as rigidly still as cataleptics. Wrig-

gling was not then deemed the prescriptive right of childhood. An acute observer might perhaps have thought that the Archbishop, seated majestically on his dais, and flanked by Reverend Mother and Madame Bouron, glanced wistfully at these motionless little figures. We were, in truth, as remote from him as if we had been on another continent. Easy familiarity with our superiors was a thing undreamed of in our philosophy. The standards of good behavior raised an impassable barrier between us.

Frances Fenton made the address. It was an honor once accorded to Elizabeth, but usually reserved as a reward for superhuman virtue. Not on *that* score had Elizabeth ever enjoyed it. Frances was first blue ribbon, first medallion, and head of the Children of Mary. There was nothing left for her but beatification. She stepped slowly, and with what was called a "modest grace," into the middle of the room, curtsied, and began: —

"Your children's simple hearts would speak,
But cannot find the words they seek.
These tones no music's spell can lend;
And eloquence would vainly come
To greet our Father, Guide, and Friend.
Let hearts now speak, and lips be dumb!"

"Then why is n't she dumb?" whispered Tony aggressively, but without changing a muscle of her attentive face.

I pretended not to hear her. I had little enough discretion, Heaven knows, but even I felt the unwisdom of whispering at such a time. It was Mary Rawdon's absence at the piano, I may observe, that placed me in this perilous proximity.

"Our reverence fond and hopeful prayer
Will deck with light one empty place,
And fill with love one vacant chair."

"What chair?" asked Tony, and again I pretended not to hear.

"For e'en regret can wear a softened grace,
And smiling hope in whispers low
Will oft this cherished thought bestow:
Within the Eternal City's sacred wall,
He who has blest us in our Convent hall
Can now to us earth's holiest blessing bring
From God's great martyr saint, Rome's pontiff king."

At this point, Tony, maddened by my unresponsiveness, shot out a dexterous little leg (I don't see how she dared to do it, when our skirts were so short), and, with lightning speed, kicked me viciously on the shins. The anguish was acute, but my sense of self-preservation saved me from so much as a grimace. Madame Bouron's lynx-like gaze was traveling down our ranks, and, as it rested on me for an instant, I felt that she must see the smart. Tony's expression was one of rapt and reverent interest. By the time I had mastered my emotions, and collected my thoughts, the address was over, and the Archbishop was saying a few words about his coming voyage, and about the Holy Father, for whom he bade us pray. Then, with commendable promptness, he broached the important subject of the *congé*. There was the usual smiling demur on Reverend Mother's part. The children had so many holidays ("I like that!" snorted Tony), so many interruptions to their work. It was so hard to bring them back again to quiet and orderly ways. If she granted this indulgence, we must promise to study with double diligence for the approaching examinations. Finally she yielded, as became a dutiful daughter of the Church; the first of June, ten days off, was fixed as the date; and we gave a hearty round of applause, in token of our gratitude and relief. After this, we rather expected our august visitor to go away; but his eyes had strayed again to the motionless little girls at the horns of the semicircle; and, as if they afforded him an inspiration, he said something in low, rather urgent tones to Reverend Mother, — something to which she listened graciously.

"They will be only too proud and happy," we heard her murmur; and then she raised her voice.

"Children," she said impressively, "his Grace is good enough to ask that you should escort him to the woods this afternoon. Put on your hats and go."

This *was* an innovation! Put on our hats at four o'clock — the hour for French

class — and walk to the woods with the Archbishop. It was delightful, of course, but a trifle awesome. If, in his ignorance, he fancied we should gambol around him like silly lambs, he was soon to discover his mistake. Our line of march more closely resembled that of a well-drilled army. Madame Bouron walked on his right hand, and Madame Duncan on his left. The ribbons, the graduates, and a few sedate girls from the first class closed into a decorous group, half of them walking backwards, — a convent custom in which we were wonderfully expert. The flanks of the army were composed of younger and less distinguished girls, while the small fry hovered on its borders, out of sight and hearing. We moved slowly, without scattering, and without obvious exhilaration. I was occupied in freeing my mind in many bitter words to Tony, who defended her conduct on the score of my "setting up for sainthood," — an accusation, the novelty of which ought to have made it agreeable. When we reached the lake, a tiny sheet of water with a Lilliputian island, we came to a halt. The Archbishop had evidently expressed a desire, or at least some readiness, to trust himself upon the waves. The boat was unmoored, and Frances Fenton and Ella Holbrook rowed him carefully around the island, while the rest of us were drawn up on shore to witness the performance. We probably made a very nice picture in our white frocks and blue neck ribbons; but we were spectators merely, still far remote from any sense of companionship. When the boat was close to shore, the Archbishop refused to land. He sat in the stern, looking at us with a curious smile. He was strikingly handsome, — a long, lean, noble-looking old man, — and he had a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. It was said that, even at sixty-five, he sang the Mass more beautifully than any priest in his diocese. Therefore it was a little alarming when he suddenly asked: —

"My children, do you know any pretty songs?"

"Oh, yes, your Grace," answered Madame Bouron.

"Then sing me something now," said the Archbishop, still with that inscrutable smile.

There was a moment's hesitation, a moment's embarrassment, and then, acting under instruction, we sang (or, at least, some of us did; there was no music in my soul) the *Canadian Boat-Song*, and *Star of the Sea*, — appropriate, both of them, to the watery expanse before us.

"Dark night has come down on us, Mother,
and we
Look out for thy radiance, sweet Star of the
sea."

The Archbishop listened attentively, and with an evident pleasure that must have been wholly disassociated from any musical sense. Then his smile deepened. "Would you like me to sing for you?" he said.

"Oh, yes, if you please," we shrilled; and Madame Bouron gave us a warning glance. "Be very still, children," she admonished. "His Grace is going to sing."

His Grace settled himself comfortably in the boat. His amused glance traveled over our expectant faces, and sought as usual the little girls, now close to the water's edge. Then he cleared his throat, and, as I am a Christian gentlewoman, and a veracious chronicler, *this* is the song he sang:—

"In King Arthur's reign, a merry reign,
Three children were sent from their homes,
Were sent from their homes, were sent from
their homes,
And they never went back again.

"The first, he was a miller,
The second, he was a weaver,
The third, he was a little tailor boy,
Three big rogues together."

"Can't you join in the chorus, children?" interrupted the Archbishop. "Come! the last two lines of every verse."

"The third, he was a little tailor boy,
Three big rogues together."

Our voices rose in a quavering accompaniment to his mellifluous notes. We

were petrified; but, even in a state of petrification, we did as we were bidden.

"The miller, he stole corn,
The weaver, he stole yarn,
And the little tailor boy, he stole broadcloth,
To keep these three rogues warm."

"Chorus!" commanded the Archbishop; and this time our voices were louder and more assured.

"And the little tailor boy, he stole broadcloth,
To keep these three rogues warm."

"The miller was drowned in his dam,
The weaver was hung by his yarn,
But the Devil ran away with the little tailor
boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm."

There was a joyous shout from our ranks. We understood it all now. The Archbishop was misbehaving himself, was flaunting his misbehavior in Madame Bouron's face. We knew very well what would be said to *us*, if we sang a song like that, without the Archiepiscopal sanction, and there was a delicious sense of impunity in our hearts, as we vociferated the unhallowed lines:—

"But the Devil ran away with the little tailor
boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm."

Then the Archbishop stepped out of the boat, and there was a timid scramble to his side. The barriers were down. He had knocked at our hearts in the Devil's name, and we had flung them wide. The return to the Convent was like a rout; — little girls wedging their way in among big girls, the Second Cours contesting every step of the path with the First Cours, the most insignificant children lifted suddenly to prominence and distinction. I was too shy to do more than move restlessly on the outskirts of the crowd; but I saw Tony conversing affably with the Archbishop (and looking as gentle as she was intelligent), and Viola Milton kissing his ring with the assurance of an infant Aloysius. When he bade us good-by, we shouted and waved our handkerchiefs until he was out of sight. He turned at the end of the Avenue.

and waved his in a last friendly salutation. That was very long ago. I trust that in Paradise the Holy Innocents are now bearing him company, for I truly believe his soul would weary of the society of grown-up saints.

And our *congé* was only ten days off. This thought was left to gild our waking hours. We — Elizabeth, Marie, Tony, Lilly, Emily, and I — resolved ourselves immediately into a committee of ways and means, and voted all the money in the treasury for supplies. It was not much, but, if well laid out, it would purchase sweets enough to insure a midnight pang. The privilege of buying so much as a stick of candy was one rigidly reserved for holidays. "Mary" did our shopping for us. Mary was a hybrid, a sort of un-cloistered nun. Her out-of-date bonnet, worn instead of a lay sister's close white cap, proclaimed her as one free to come and go; and her mission in life was to transact outside business, to buy whatever was necessary or permitted. The lay sisters did the work of the convent; Mary ministered to its needs. We wrote down for her a list of delicacies.

One dozen oranges.

One box of figs.

One pound of caramels, — which were dear.

Two pounds of walnut taffy.

Three pounds of cinnamon bun.

A fair allowance, I surmise, for six well-fed little girls.

"I tell you what I'll do," said Marie, in an excess of generosity. "I'll save up my wine, if you'll lend me bottles to put it in."

We felt this to be noble. For some mysterious reason (she was never known to be ill), Marie was sent every morning at eleven o'clock to the infirmary; and at that unconvivial hour drank a solitary glass of wine. It was port, I believe, or Burgundy, — I am not sure which, and I pray Heaven I may never taste its like again. Now, provided with half a dozen empty bottles, which had erstwhile held tooth-wash and cologne, she undertook to elude the infirmarian's eye, and to decant

her wine into these receptacles, instead of putting it where it was due. How she managed this we never knew (it would have seemed difficult to a prestidigitator), but Marie was a child of resources, second only to Tony in every baleful art.

Clever though we deemed her, however, clever though we sometimes deemed ourselves, there was one in the school, younger, yet far more acute than any of us. Thursday was visitors' day, and Lilly's brother came to see her. After he had gone, Lilly joined us in the avenue, looking perturbed and mysterious.

"I want to tell you something," she said lamely. "Viola has got some cigarettes. Jack gave them to her."

Cigarettes! Dynamite could not have sounded more overwhelming. Cigarettes, and in Viola Milton's keeping! Never had a whiff of tobacco defiled the Convent air. Never had the thought of such unbridled license entered into any heart. And Viola was ten years old.

"I know what that means," said Tony sharply. "She wants to come with us on the *congé*."

Lilly nodded. It was plain that Viola, having possessed herself of a heavy bribe, had persuaded her older sister to open negotiations.

"Well, we won't have her," cried Tony vehemently. "Not if she has all the cigarettes in Christendom. Why on earth, Lilly, did n't you ask your brother for them yourself?"

"I never thought of such a thing," pleaded Lilly. "I never even heard her do it."

"Well, we won't have Viola, and you may go and tell her so," repeated Tony, with mounting wrath. "Go and tell her so right off. We won't have a child of ten tagging round with us all day."

"Agnes is only eleven," said Lilly.

"How many cigarettes has she got?" It was Elizabeth who asked this pertinent question.

"I don't know. Jack gave her all he had."

"It does n't make any difference how

many she has. I won't have her," flamed Tony.

At this assertive "I," Elizabeth lifted her head. Her light blue eyes met Tony's sparkling brown ones. It was not the first time the two children had measured their forces. "We'll see, anyhow, what Viola's got," said Elizabeth calmly.

Lilly, being despatched to make inquiries, returned in two minutes with her little sister by her side. Viola was a bony child, all eyes and teeth, as ugly as Lilly was beautiful. Her sombre glance was riveted wistfully upon Elizabeth's face. She was too wise to weaken her cause with words, but held out eleven little white objects, at which we looked enviously.

"Seven from eleven leaves four," murmured Emily.

"I don't want any," said Viola, who was bidding high. She would have bartered her immortal soul to gain her point.

"And I don't want more than one," said Lilly. "That will leave two apiece for the rest of you."

"Well?" asked Elizabeth, looking

cache with us?" asked Marie somewhat ruefully, and well aware of what we should lose if she did not.

"Of course she will," said Elizabeth, "because she can't play without us."

And Elizabeth was right. Before the first of June, Tony had "come round;" being persuaded to this condescension by Lilly the peacemaker. Every cluster of friends should look to it that there is one absolutely sweet-tempered person in the group. But one is enough.

The first glorious thing about a *congé* was that we got up at seven instead of at quarter-past six, and the next was that we began to talk before we were out of our beds. Breakfast was so hilarious that only the fear of wasting our precious hours ever dragged us from the refectory, and up into the schoolroom, to prepare for the special feature of the day, *cache cache*. We never played *cache cache* except upon a holiday, which was why it seemed such a thrilling and wonderful game. No indulgence was likely to lose its value for us through unwarranted repetition. Two captains were chosen by

"Oh, she let's have them!" I argued, startled by a sudden vision of selfishness. "They'll be just the thing to go with the wine."

"They were just the thing. We found that out later on."

"Oh, yes, let's have them," said Marie, who had the responsibility of a hostess.

"Let's!" said Emily, our eldest member.

"I won't!" asserted Tony, battling heroically for a lost cause. "I won't have anything to do with this treat, if you let Viola in."

"Then don't!" returned Elizabeth, now sure of victory and wonderful of her own dignity.

Tony turned her back upon her would-be friends and marched off to another group of girls. There was no great novelty about this proceeding, but the immobility of the *congé* left it an unwelcome serenade.

"Don't you suppose she'll play inside

the girls, picking them out by one, until she wins what she wants? She hasn't in a school room (which is all true), while the other the most careful and most could be thought of at. The captain urged Tony and I to sit down, as if they were separately; but no captain was permitted to speak for purposes of re-arranging the girls' seats. The captain then went. The rest were obliged to stay. The captain of this round as half the turn of the hidden hand reach its goal, counted a of the game. Thus the author to dispense with services of their leader, o

of the whole game if she were surprised in their company. So much, indeed, depended upon the leader's tactics, and so keen was our thirst for victory, that the girl who saved the day for herself and for her comrades was held in higher esteem than the girl who came out ahead in the periodical blistering of examinations. College valuations are, perhaps, not so absolutely modern as they seem.

Given an area of over a hundred acres with woods and orchards, with a deep ravine choked with tangled underbrush for concealment, and with wide lawns for an open run, — and *cache cache* becomes, or at least it became for us, a glorious and satisfying sport. To crouch breathless in the "poisonous valley" (there was a touch of poetry in all our nomenclature), to skirt cautiously the marshy ground of La Salette (named after the miraculous spring of Dauphiné), to crawl on one's stomach behind half a mile of inadequate hedge, to make a wild dash for goal within full view of the pursuing party, — these things supplied all the trepidation and fatigue, all the opportunities for generalship, and all the openings for dispute, that reasonable children could demand. We hardly needed the additional excitement provided by Eloise Didier's slipping into the marsh, and being fished out, a compact cake of mud; or by Tony's impiously hiding in the organ loft of the chapel, and being caught red-handed by Madame Duncan, — a nun whom, thank Heaven! it was possible, though difficult, to cajole.

We played all morning and all afternoon, played until our strength and our spirits were alike exhausted; and then, when the shadows began to lengthen, and our vivacity to wane, we made ready for the mad carousal which was to close our day. A basement music room, as remote as possible from any chance of inspection, was chosen as the scene of revelry. It was not a cheerful spot; but it appeared reasonably safe. Hither we transported our feast, which, spread out upon a piano, presented a formidable appearance, and

restored us to gayety and good-humor. The advantage of childhood over riper years is its blessed slowness to recognize a failure. If a thing starts out to be a treat, why, it *is* a treat, and that's the end of it. The cinnamon bun was certainly stale (Mary had, it was plain, consulted her own convenience as to the day of its purchase), but Heaven forbid that we should balk at staleness. Oranges and caramels, figs and walnut taffy present, to the thinking mind, an inharmonious combination; but that was a point on which we were to be subsequently enlightened. As for Marie's wine, it can be readily imagined what *it* was like, after lying around for a warm June week in imperfectly corked tooth-wash bottles. I can only say that no medicine it had been my lot to taste was ever half so nasty; yet those were days when all drugs were of uncompromising bitterness. An effete civilization had not then devised gelatine capsules to defraud the palate of its pain.

We ate everything, cake, fruit, and candy; we drank the wine (heroic young souls!), and, trembling with excitement, we lit the cigarettes, — a more difficult matter than we had imagined. I had not waited until this point to dree my weird. Excessive fatigue is but an indifferent preparation for unwonted indulgence; and I was a sickly child, to whom only the simplicity and regularity of school life lent a semblance of health. Ominous sensations were warning me of my deadly peril; but I held straight on. Suddenly Marie, who had been smoking with silent fortitude, said sweetly: —

"It's a shame Viola should n't have one of her own cigarettes. I'll give her my second."

"She can have one of mine, too," said Emily.

"Thank you," returned Viola hastily. "I don't want any. I gave them to you."

"Oh, do try one!" urged Marie.

"Yes, do!" said Tony sardonically. "Do try one, Viola. They are anxious enough to get rid of them."

She flung this taunt at the crowd, but

her eye met mine with a challenge I would not evade. "I want my second one," I said.

Valor met valor. "So do I," smiled Tony.

From this point, my recollections are vague. We talked about Madame Davide, and whether she really did not understand English, or only pretended not to, — a point which had never been satisfactorily settled. We talked about Madame Bouron, and her methods (which we held unworthy) of finding out all she knew. I added little to the sprightliness of the conversation, and after a while I slipped away. On the stairs a kindly fate threw me into the arms of Sister O'Neil, who had charge of the vestry, and who was carrying piles of clean linen to the dormitories. She was a friendly soul (nearly all the lay sisters were good to us), and she took possession of me then and there. When I was safe in bed, — collapsed but comforted, — she sprinkled me with holy water, and tucked the light covers carefully around me. "Lie quiet now," she said. "I'll go tell Madame Rayburn where you are, and that there was no time to ask leave of anybody."

I did lie very quiet, and, after a while, fell into a doze, from which the sound of footsteps woke me. Some one was standing at the foot of my bed. It was Tony. She looked a trifle more sallow than usual, but was grinning cheerfully. "I'm better now," she said.

The delicate emphasis on the *now* was like a condensed epic. "So am I," I murmured confidentially.

Tony disappeared, and in a few minutes was back again, comfortably attired in a dressing gown and slippers. She perched herself on the foot of my bed. "Has n't it been a perfect *congé*?" she sighed happily. (Oh, blessed memory of youth!) "If you'd seen Madame Duncan, though, when I came stealing out of the chapel, — without a veil, too. 'What does this mean, Tony?' she said. 'It is n't possible that'" —

There was an abrupt pause. "Well?"

I asked expectantly, though I had heard it all several times already; but Tony's eyes were fixed on the little pile of clean linen lying on my chair.

"Oh! I say," she cried, and there was a joyous ring in her voice. "Here's our chance. Let's change all the girls' washes."

I gazed at her with heartfelt admiration. To have passed recently through so severe a crisis, — a crisis which had reduced me to nothingness; and yet to be able instantly to think of such a charming thing to do. Not for the first time, I felt proud of Tony's friendship. Her resourcefulness compelled my homage. Had we been living in one of Mr. James's novels, I should have called her "great" and "wonderful."

"Get up and help," said Tony.

I stumbled out of bed, and into my slippers. My head felt curiously light when I lifted it from my pillow, and I had to catch hold of my curtain rod for support. The dormitory floor heaved up and down. Tony was already at work, carrying the linen from one side of the room to the other, and I staggered weakly after her. There were thirty beds, so it took us some time to accomplish our mission; but "The labor we delight in physicks pain;" and it was with a happy heart, and a sense of exalted satisfaction, that I saw the last pile safe in the wrong alcove, and crawled back between my sheets. — "Something attempted, something done, to earn a night's repose." Tony sat on my bed, and we talked confidentially until we heard the girls coming upstairs. Then she fled, and I waited developments.

They entered more noisily than was their wont. The law ruled that a *congé* came to an end with night prayers, after which no word might be spoken; but it was hard to control children who had been demoralized by a long day of liberty. Moreover, the Seven Dolours dormitory was ever the most turbulent of the three; its inmates lacking the docility of the very little girls, and the equanimity of the big ones. They were all at what is called the

troublesome age. There was a note of anxiety in Madame Chapelle's voice, as she hushed down some incipient commotion.

"I must have perfect silence in the dormitory," she said. "You have talked all day; now you must go quietly to bed. Do you hear me, children? Silence!"

There was a lull, and then — I knew it must soon come — a voice from the far end of the room. "I have thirty-seven's clothes" (everything was marked with our school numbers), "instead of mine."

"Mary Aylmer, be quiet!" commanded Madame Chapelle.

"But, Madame, I tell you truly, I have thirty-seven's clothes. Who is thirty-seven?"

"I am," cried another voice, — Eloise Didier's. "But I have n't got your clothes, Mary Aylmer. I've got Alice Campbell's. Here, Alice — twenty-two — come take your things."

"Who is thirty-three? Ruffled night-gown with two buttons off. Oh, shame!" sang out Marie jubilantly.

"Children, will you be silent!" said Madame Chapelle, angry and bewildered. "What do you mean by such behavior?"

"Forty-two's stockings want darning," said a reproachful voice. It was very probable, for I was forty-two.

"So do thirty-eight's."

"Adelaide H. McC. Harrison," Elizabeth read slowly, and with painstaking precision. "Have n't you any more initials, Adelaide, you could have put on your underclothes?"

"Look again, Elizabeth. Surely there's a coronet somewhere?" interposed Eloise Didier sardonically. Adelaide was not popular in our community.

"Three coronets, a sceptre, and a globe," said Elizabeth.

"Children," began Madame Chapelle; but her voice was lost in the scurrying of feet, as girl after girl darted across the polished floor to claim her possessions, or to rid herself of some one else's. They were, I well knew, devoutly grateful for this benign confusion, and were making the most of it. Fate did not often throw such chances in their way. For a moment I felt that noble joy which in this world is granted only to successful effort, to the accomplishment of some well-planned, well-executed design. Then silence fell suddenly upon the room, and I knew, though I could not see, that every girl was back in her own alcove.

"May I ask the meaning of this disorder!" said Madame Rayburn coldly.

She was *surveillante*, and was making the round of the dormitories, to see that everything was quiet after the day's excitement. Madame Chapelle began a nervous explanation. There was some mistake about the laundry. None of the children had their own clothes. They were trying — rather noisily, she admitted — to exchange them. Was it possible that Sister O'Neil —

"Sister O'Neil!" interrupted Madame Rayburn impatiently. "Sister O'Neil had nothing to do with it. Answer me quietly, children. Did you all find you had some one else's clothes?"

There was a murmur of assent, — a polite, subdued, apologetic sort of murmur; but, none the less, of universal assent. At that instant I remembered Sister O'Neil's parting words to me, and, with the instinctive impulse of the ostrich, slid deeper in my little bed. A quick step crossed the dormitory. A firm hand drew my curtain. "Agnes!" said Madame Rayburn, in a terrible voice.

Ah, well! Anyway, the *congé* was over.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XX

"One of them," observed Frances Wilmot to the sea, "is like a sudden squall when the water is all furious, and driven this way and that; the other—the other is like your deepest deep, where dim, rich things lie hidden at the heart of the tides. The squall blows over and the water forgets, but the tide must go endlessly on its appointed way."

The sea answered with all its myriad beauty of motion and color and sound. Across the brown rocks, purple-tinted where they gleamed with wet, a great green wave rolled in with exquisite curving, and the girl watched vainly for the moment when the blue of the deep water melted into the green of the wave, and for that when all shifted into pale foam. Leaning back against the rock, her hands clasped behind her head, and the wind from the sea blowing back her hair and her fluttering sleeves, she spoke aloud, exultantly, forgetting her decision of yesterday.

"No one but me knows the treasure hidden at the heart of him, and it is mine, all mine."

Delicate, clear morning rested over the sea, and the rising tide brought Frances Wilmot, to whom the everlasting rhythm had grown to mean always a feeling of gain or of loss, strong sense of incoming life. Pale and far, a fairy dream of blue, the water stretched, with myriad sparkles of light, light, light, breaking the surface a thousand ways, moving hither and yon, and gleaming as if invisible mermaids in countless numbers were waving torches of flame. The freshness of those moments when earth was young was on land and sea, in the early look of blue water and the hints of silver mist not yet cleared

from the face of the deep; and its voice was as the first murmur out of primeval quiet. Far away, dim with distance, two fishing boats were daintily riding the waves. Watching them, the girl leaned forward, and her eyes were wet.

"Tell me if I love him," she begged of her comrade sea.

The great waves answered her in deep murmur on the rocks, and in faintest ripples over pebble and sand.

"I did not want to," she whispered, with the sob of the tide in her voice. "I was content, for I had you and all the other beauty, and my old happiness, and my old pain. It was all good, and I saw my way."

From the heart of the sea to the heart of the woman came a cry, deep calling unto deep.

"I am afraid," she said, brokenly, and the ocean, with moving finger, wrote its infinite meanings on rock and sand.

Frances Wilmot rose and walked along the lonely shore, over pebbly beach and grass-grown headland, and golden butterflies followed as in pursuit. The touch of autumn was over all the land, and the gray cliffs jutting into the water were aster-covered and crowned with yellowing grass. At her feet the tangled blackberry vines were touched with red, and all the hinted purple and crimson and gold seemed to her full of the great encompassing rhythm of things. Wandering the way of the sea, she sang to herself, her song of the fullness of life flowing out in melody that only now and then found words. The lilt of her voice caught the sound of the breaking wave, and its low notes chimed with the withdrawing ripple. Little trills as of human laughter broke and splashed with the foaming spray as the singer went on, voice and feet and

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body keeping the rhythm of the ocean. Tiny sandpipers fluttered away from her in charmed fear, and above, sea gulls listened on outstretched wings. Suddenly, with full melody of sound, her voice echoed a great sense of joy that came to her, smiting like a pang, as soul and sense thrilled with unbearable keenness of sudden life.

"Ah, it hurts!" she said, hiding in her hands, even from the sea, her face which glowed with the flush of love and the fear of love.

She had strolled, with the song on her lips, far out on a rocky headland, when, looking up, she saw, not far away, Alice Bevanne leaning back against a wall of rock, her hands clasped loosely before her. Her clothing of brownish gray was so near in color to that of the rocks that the singer had come very close without observing her, and the song broke off abruptly as the Southern girl stood and watched. Something in the slender strength of the figure with the finely cut face made it seem akin to this delicate shore, where white beach and grass-grown cliff showed singular austerity in their beauty of outline and of coloring. Detached, apart, the girl wore an inscrutable expression, caught from the ancient rocks.

"Why did n't you tell me that you were here?" asked Frances Wilmot reproachfully. "You must have heard long ago the great noise I was making."

Alice Bevanne looked up with her eyes alight as with sudden sunshine on deep sea.

"I was afraid that you would stop," she said simply, "and you did, just before you got to the final note, the note that I wanted to hear."

They talked for a time carelessly on the rocks, in the rich summer sunshine already touched with autumn's gold, trying to weave veils of commonplace before the recesses of their hearts, which the accident of meeting had half revealed.

"It is almost time for me to go away," said the Southern girl, pointing to clus-

tered purple asters that grew over their heads, and to the least golden-rod that grew in a cleft of the rocks at their feet by the sea.

"You will never go away," said Alice Bevanne, with a little husky quiver in her voice. "That which you are and do can never go."

"Is it very lonely here in the winter?" asked Frances.

The girl looked at her as if startled by the thought that any state save loneliness could be possible, and Frances Wilmot, alight with love and fire, with the great joy of the world kindled in pulse and in finger, gazed at her friend with a new sense of her imperishable strength. It seemed as if to her had been granted, in saving grace of sacrifice and of renunciation, a deeper hold on life in letting go than she herself had found in the fulfillment of the heart's desire. Her voice quivered as she laid her hand on Alice Bevanne's, and spoke softly:—

"The note that you were waiting for is too high for me; I think that no one but you could sing it."

XXI

Abel Marvin had been right in his estimate of the probable action of Uncle Peter when entrusted with his own secret: for the first time in its whole existence it was unsafe. The old man confided it first to Frances Wilmot, with a genuine appeal for sympathy, which was swift and real after a startled outbreak of surprise. It was not hard for the girl to divine the depth of his misery, for he looked suddenly old and wilted and gray. His gay pride in the achievements and the shortcomings of his ancestors broken, there was nothing left for his support. Above their china, above their silver, above their mahogany, he had plumed himself upon their sins; stuff of his heart and soul were all their deeds of good and of ill, and the corroding rust of contented repose in ancestral experiences had eaten out all possibilities

of action on his own part. Now all was gone, and for the first time he was alone with his own life, and helpless.

Mrs. Warren was his next confidante; Miss Wilmot was at the house only now and then, and Uncle Peter wanted somebody who knew near him all the time. To the woman who had borne his whims and listened courteously for many years to his endless talking, the shock was great, and the sudden loneliness of the old man tugged at her heartstrings. He had been too long identified with her troubles — the cause of many of them — for her to give him up lightly, and tears shone on her lashes as he told his tale. He found the sympathy of these two women most sweet; after all, there were consoling elements in the situation, romance, and mystery, of which he was the hero. It was part of a strange tale which he could perhaps write out some day.

Toward Paul his action was different. He walked into the library one morning where his nephew was sitting, gnawing the end of a penholder, lost in happy dreams, and told him the whole story, not only of the revelation in regard to his birth, but also of his project for disputing the will. Sitting in John Warren's great leather chair, he spoke with the simple dignity of real shame.

"I could n't go on concealing what I had done, Paul," he said. "Your father would have despised such action, for I never really believed that I was in the right. You, too, would despise it, and you must know."

Paul, astounded, incredulous, and deeply touched, realized that never in his life had he respected the old man so much as he did in this confession, which showed the influence of the Warren habit of suffering remorse disproportionate to misdeed. Then a gleam of amusement shot across the moisture in his eyes as the new Uncle Peter disappeared and the old one came back, whispering, —

"In a way I did not do it, Paul; I only saw it done, and could not stop it. It was as if I were but the instrument of some

all-compelling force. Many would call it an offense; I call it a phenomenon, for you cannot get back of scientific law. It was not I who sinned, it was nature who sinned against me; the great ancestral host moved hand and brain."

Here Uncle Peter's voice broke as he suddenly realized that this great ancestral host was no longer his, and that he could not explain himself ever again in terms of great-great-grandfather Warren. To Paul's kindly suggestion that one line of forbears would perhaps fit as well as another that explanation of one's shortcomings, he responded only with gloomy silence; then, thrown upon himself by virtue of his late misdeed and his confession, he took a new stand of moral firmness.

"I shall go away, Paul, for I have no right here, especially in the light of what I have done."

The young man reached across the table and shook Uncle Peter's dejected hand.

"You will do nothing of the kind with my consent. A man belongs where he has lived his life, and my father would never forgive me if harm came to you."

"But my — my plot," whispered Uncle Peter.

"Nonsense!" said Paul. "It did not amount to anything, and I have always felt, as you have, that the distribution was wrong."

"It was strange, wasn't it?" said the old man appreciatively.

"It was!" Paul assented heartily.

"Young Mr. Bevanne felt it, too," confided Uncle Peter. "His sympathy in all this trial has meant much to me. I wish you knew him better."

Paul growled something under his breath.

"He is extremely sensitive to other people's troubles, and I could hardly have come through this without his delicate understanding and his advice. Oh, he has done nothing reprehensible," for his nephew's eyes suddenly blazed. "He merely thought that there was a wrong

there to right, and has given what help he could."

Paul's mother, meeting him in the hall as he went from the interview with Uncle Peter, wondered at the anger in his face.

"He has told you!" she exclaimed, touching her son's sleeve with gentle fingers. "Don't be hard on him, Paul. Your father always made allowances for Peter, and he has not been deceiving us; he never knew."

"I wonder what kind of a brute you think me, mother!" said Paul, with a sudden smile. "Can't you realize that there are certain things that a son of yours would never even feel tempted to do?"

As the days went on, Paul Warren treated the old man even more kindly than of old; the irony of the situation was punishment enough, he said to himself, and Nemesis had been almost too swift. To his own amusement a feeling of freedom and relief took possession of him, for the dark incubus of his boyhood's days departed, and the host of phantom ancestors conjured up by Uncle Peter fled into gray distance as their leader, with all his theories, stood routed by one simple fact. It was strange, Paul mused, that that which had been so solemn a thing to his earlier years should go with such sense of rippling merriment, but the world seemed all echoing with laughter to Paul Warren in these days, for joy had descended upon him at last, blotting out past and future. To waken every morning to a sense of the incredible beauty of his lot; to fall asleep every night with the feeling that happiness too great to grasp was his, was an experience that lay outside all that he had previously known of life. As he walked up and down the great stairway, past the old clock that had ticked away his forefathers' lives, and the great portraits that had been the terror of his childhood, he stopped sometimes to ask, "Is it I?" Moments came when the intolerable joy was keenest hurt, so finely was his spirit strung. His occasional realization that a woman had refused his proffered love could not break

his mood; perhaps he dreamed that her spoken no was a waiting yes; perhaps was content with the feeling that, whether she was to be his or no, the joy of life was his with its thrill, its sting, its pain.

He found her one day in the garden, seated on a green bench near the spot where he had seen her first. Sunlight lay on her dark hair and her white gown, as she told a tale to the least Andrew Lane, who was sitting, open-mouthed, upon the grass near her, beside a gray kitten that lay asleep in the sun, its head upon its warm paws. She had played much with the child during the summer, and had taught him all her lore.

"I like stories," said Andy, suggestively.

"What kind of stories?"

"Fairy stories are best, but I should like one I have never heard."

"And what about?"

"I think," said the little man, after reflection, "about my kitty."

"Your kitty asleep or awake?" asked Frances Wilmot gravely.

A smile of deep interest rippled across the child's face.

"He is asleep now; I think I should like it about my kitty asleep."

The Southern girl leaned back, thinking, and then the story began.

"This is called 'The Kitten's Dream.'"

"Who wrote it?" demanded Andy.

"Nobody wrote it; I just felt it, and I am going to tell it to you. The kitten dreamed that he was running; did n't you see his paws twitch just now?"

"No, but they do sometimes," admitted the child. "I know he likes to run better than anything else."

"The kitten dreamed that he gave a little leap one day and sprang into a world where everything danced and moved all the time, so that there was something to chase forever and ever, to the end of the dream, to the end of the world. There were little silvery mice that ran and ran, with their long tails dangling behind them; and there were green grasshoppers that hopped and hopped; and

beautiful toads of green and brown that jumped and jumped, always sideways. There were fluttering butterflies of many colors, that flew this way and that, on wings that were yellow or blue or green with wonderful markings, and he chased them all and never caught any, and he was glad."

"My kitty catches grasshoppers sometimes," ventured Andy.

"Does n't he look sorry?" demanded the story-teller.

"Maybe," said the boy, thinking hard. "I never thought of that."

"In this country of the kitten's dream, when the apples fell from the trees they rolled and rolled and never stopped; there were green ones, and golden ones, and deep, deep red ones, and they flashed away through the grass. The only thing that troubled the kitten was that he could not chase them all at the same time.

"The only flowers that grew here were flowers that moved and nodded" —

"I've seen them!" interrupted the child, visibly excited; "daisies and buttercups and wild honeysuckle."

The story-teller assented.

"There were others, too, for all flowers move and dance if you only watch. Here the little green leaves twinkled and moved all the time, for the swiftest breeze chased and chased everything there, flower and leaf, butterfly and grasshopper, to the end of the world where some buttercups nodded over the very edge; and in chasing the breeze the kitten chased everything at once. Most gladly of all the little wind ran after the tall grass that grew in the meadow, and made it move in great waves like the waves of the sea."

"That's where I've seen the daisies," said Andy, nodding eagerly. "Tell me about some more things that went."

"I must not forget the brooks: there were little brooks that leaped and hopped, all full of golden sparkles, and it was as much as ever the kitten could do to keep up with one. In the brooks were fish with beautiful scales of many colors, silver and rose and purple all shading into one an-

other, and the kitten played tag with the fish."

"But did n't he get wet? He just hates water."

"The dream that the kitten had oftenest," said Frances Wilmot gravely, "was that the water did not make him wet. He could get into it with all four paws and tail to follow the fish, but he never caught them, and he never caught the brook, for it ran away from him, and he never caught the lovely golden-brown lights and shadows in the bed of the stream where the pebbles were, for whenever he put his foot on them they were gone."

"Was it always summer?" asked the boy. "It is n't here."

"No, sometimes it was winter, and there were great white snowflakes falling here and there, to follow and to follow. On cold nights there were warm fires in the great fireplace, and beautiful flames curled and danced and fluttered, only they made him sad, for they were bad for kitten paws. He knew, for once he had chased a little flame and had caught it, poor kitten! He liked better the little golden sunbeams moving on old gray stone walls in summer, and he ran after these by the hour, with leaf shadows moving in them, but he never caught any.

"But these are only things on earth. Often he dreamed of following through the sky great birds with blue wings, and birds with green wings, and birds with long white tails that fluttered just ahead. There were little mists and clouds, too, floating, floating away, and he often dreamed of running — how he never knew — through the air, and chasing now a rosy cloud and now a white one with purple shadows, but if he ever got his paw on one it parted and floated on in a hundred little shapes of cloud, rose-colored or white, leaving the kitten distracted way up in the blue sky."

"Did n't he ever catch anything at all?" asked a grieved voice.

Frances Wilmot bent and stroked the child's tawny hair.

"The kitten was a very wise one, and

he always dreamed of running and running after things, and never catching them."

The kitten woke and stretched itself in the sun, then lazily rose and began to chase a bit of thistle-down that floated past on the warm air.

"See!" said Frances Wilmot, triumphantly.

Andy looked after the kitten with new interest, then followed it as fast as bare feet could go. It was then that Paul Warren came out from the cool shadow of the cedar trees and looked down at the face whose humorous sadness told how near to her deeper thought the whimsical tale had gone.

"What wicked philosophy are you teaching that child?" he asked.

"It is truth," she said gravely. "It is only the escape of beauty that is beautiful, the feeling it come and go."

"And of love?"

"Perhaps it is the same with love," she answered, whispering, with her eyes closed under the sun. "It is so great; it comes, wave after wave, like the sea, like a great sea that has no shore; perhaps it goes the same way; who can tell?"

"Then you have felt it coming?" he asked in a voice that trembled.

"I think," she answered, "that I have felt the ripples about my feet."

He bent and kissed her where the dark hair met the brow, and her eyes, as they slowly opened, saw a sudden dimness in his. She smiled wistfully up at him.

"Only, if we try to bid this moment stay, we may never again find one so exquisite; perhaps it would be better to let it go, and to be forever pursuing and free."

He took her hands and held them fast within his own; then, as a full realization of his joy swept over him, he bowed his head upon them, crying out:—

"I am unworthy, unworthy, but I love you. You are not afraid to come?"

"Yes," she made answer, "I am afraid, but I will come."

XXII

The beauty of autumn deepened over sea and land as the September days went swiftly by. Clearer, crisper blue lay on the water, while all things growing by field and shore, the bulrushes in the swamp land, the grass on the upland slopes, aster, golden-rod, and fern blended into one dim harmony. Thistle-down and milkweed bloom floated noiselessly past the girl who wandered by shore and by inland paths, feeling in all the throbbing, passing color the very pulse of nature's life beating on her own.

Through these long days of dream, when nature dreamed with her, her eyes were dim with happiness, broken only by the fear that joy had woven about her too potent a spell, and that nothing could break it henceforward, not the call of human suffering nor the old quick sense of human need. Then the mood passed; her own heart and the wide horizon line bore witness to the larger life that was rippling within her own.

She was much alone in these days, except when Paul Warren or his mother was with her, for she shunned the Bevanne household, fearing to meet Alec Bevanne. The scene on the rocks at Tern Island was too vivid and too terrible for her to wish a repetition, and the young man's face, wrought out of its old semblance by overmastering passion, haunted her dreams. The few occasions on which she had seen him since that day brought her no relief; to be sure, the flame had died out of his face, but the darkened eyes and sullen mouth filled her with remorse for the wrong she had unwittingly done him.

She grieved that she must meet Alice Bevanne less and less, and grieved the more because she saw the record of fresh trouble written in the girl's eyes. Longing to question her, but not daring, she stood aloof, fancying at times that Alice was aware of her brother's story; at these moments her friend's expression became

to her but the visible picture of the anxiety in her own mind. Again she realized that this could be to the New England girl but one strand in the dark web which fate had woven about her, and remorse changed back to pity.

They were walking side by side along the quiet shore one evening, for Alice had come in the old fashion to the Inn, and were watching the faint, last flush of day fade into twilight over dim water and dusky shore. The moon which had hung like a pale shield against the blue gleamed round and golden as they paced the sand, and in the broad pathway of light a spectral ship with all sails set moved down the water, as if going from one land of faery to another. Suddenly the mystical charm of the moment was broken, and Frances felt her friend's hand quiver on her arm. Following the glance of her straining eyes she saw, ahead, on the rocks which lay bare in the moonlight, a swift shadow moving close, too close, to the water; a man's white hat gleamed out by the edge of the cliff, then disappeared. Alice Bevanne broke from her side, ran, fleet of foot, to the rocks, and climbed hastily up, and the sound of voices came back to the Southern girl, who stood alone on the white sand, her heart throbbing with a nameless fear. Presently Alice came back, and was silent as before.

"What is it?" demanded Frances Wilmot.

"Nothing," answered the girl, hastily. "I was afraid for a minute, but it is all right."

"I will not be put off in this way!"

"It is only Alec," said the other reluctantly, averting her face. "He has not seemed like himself lately, — something has troubled him, — we are afraid of melancholia, and I am watching him a little."

"What caused it?" asked Frances, a quiver in her voice.

"Nothing that could be helped," answered Alice quietly; then she turned her face, and her friend was aware that she knew.

"Ah!" cried Frances piteously, "you have so much to vex you! Why should I be sent to make life harder in so many ways!"

"Hush!" said Alice, laying a finger on her friend's lips. "You have done nothing, *nothing*, do you understand, that has been your fault. To me you have been sheer blessing."

Later, from a clump of birches near the top of the cliff, Frances watched brother and sister going home together along the grass-grown road across the moorland; and standing alone, while the little leaves fluttering in the night-wind on forehead and cheek, and the soft chirp of crickets mingling with the murmur of water, brought her an almost unbearable sense of fullness of life, she marveled at the growth of a soul where all that makes existence sweet had been denied. Achievement was already written on this girl's face, in delicate pencillings, and soft shadows at temple and eye. It was one that could never show faded beauty, immortal meanings being written there.

That night Alice Bevanne stood long by her open window, with the cool night air on her lifted face, looking out into the shadowed night. Of what she was thinking none could tell: not the crickets chirping outside, nor the golden moon across the water, nor the scraggly locust trees that had guarded and shadowed her life. Then, going over to her mirror to unfasten the old-fashioned gold pin at the throat of her white woolen gown, she suddenly bent and blew out the candles in the branching candelabra, as if her reflection had startled her with an expression of sharing her confidence, for Alice Bevanne was reticent even in the presence of her mirror, and faced her own image with an expression which said: "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." Far, far away, as she lay sleeping on her pillow that night, seemed the beating of the tide; far, far away the ebb and flow of human life, so poignantly her own without any share.

As September lingered by the shore,

the air was full of the breathlessness of coming change; then, out of the silence across the sea, came the great autumn storm. It began with a day of darkened sky and of ominous stillness; the slow waves on the purple-tinged rocks seemed thrilling with some deep sense of stir at the depths of things. Frances Wilmot was vaguely troubled; listening on the rocks with strained ears, she murmured her song of the tide, and into it crept a soft moan, drawn from the inner heart of pain. This sea was strange to her who had known and loved it in so many phases, — its stillest, most silvery look, its endlessly paling and deepening blue, and its swift, brief summer storms. Could this be her ocean, at whose edge she had so

crashing branches, nor did she think wind or rain would hurt the horses, and she had two lectures to make ready at once for a woman's club. Waterproof-clad, with a thick veil tied under her chin, she looked through the dripping windows to see that her trunks were well covered in the express wagon, then bent and kissed Frances Wilmot's brow.

"We have all gained a great deal from one another this summer, have n't we?" she said, holding the girl's hand. Then she went out into the wet world, and disappeared behind the lashing branches of the pines on the hill, down the streaming road, and passed from sight — forever.

But the little Lady from Boston stayed on, gliding in the storm, as the rain

often waited in the soft ripple of darkness and of water, or had helped pile drift-wood high, to watch the leaping golden flame of fire by the white flame of the waves? Now, under the low, dull purple clouds, came a sullen, lashing wind, bringing gusts of blinding rain. All things far were blotted from sight; from the window could be seen only blackened sky and darkened sea, against which gleamed streaks of livid foam. The dismal booming of the waves on the rocks sounded through day and night, and a great wind rushed from the water, shaking the Inn to its foundations, crashing in the branches of trees, and carrying the moan of the sea to the very heart of the forest.

Three days and nights the fury of the gale lasted, and one by one the ladies of the Emerson Inn deserted the ranks, while the schoolmistress maid, with heart beating fast in expectation, disappeared, joining the ranks of those who seek glory beyond the far horizon. Mistress Somebody from Somewhere was the first of the guests to depart: the house was going to rock, she observed, like a vessel in a tornado, and she had had enough experience of that kind. It was when the storm was at its height that the Lady from Cincinnati went, resolute, disregarding driving wind and pelting rain. She was not afraid of

ceased, and still the clouds hung low, and a great wind blew and blew.

Higher and higher rose the sea. Dark and incredibly great came the strong racers of ocean, their high crests breaking in green curves, the green foaming into white. To Frances Wilmot, in her wonder and awe, it seemed as if lines of mountain had suddenly broken into quick movement, and were coming on in an awful march of terror and of beauty, of roar and thunder, of color and shadow and foam.

XXIII

It was Uncle Peter who carried to Alec Bevanne the news concerning the happiness that had come upon the Warren household, — a chastened, quiet Uncle Peter, whose manner had lost something of its airy assurance. He had come out in driving wind to-day, though ordinarily the savage aspects of nature appealed to him but slightly, to watch the great waves rolling in under a darkened sky. The storm which had vanished from the upper air seemed to have betaken itself to the very heart of the sea, and to be raging there, secret, unappeasable. The mountain waves of yesterday were gone, yet more awful was the mighty stirring of the depths.

On the spray-dashed rocks he found Alec Bevanne, standing idly with his hands in his pockets and his felt hat pulled low over his eyes, dejected as if partaking of the mood of moaning wind and sullen sea. He hardly glanced at Uncle Peter, but stood apart, and the look in his blue eyes was that of one so withdrawn in his inner trouble that the beating waves of human life could not break entrance there. It grieved Uncle Peter, who could not bear the sight of suffering, nor a cold look from one who had been his friend, and, drawing near, he held out his withered old hand in greeting. The other shook it mechanically, with a look that suggested blank unconsciousness that any one was there rather than active desire that he should go away. With a wish to comfort and to cheer, Uncle Peter, mysteriously touching the lapel of the young man's coat, said in a half whisper,

"You look as if a bit of good news would do you good. In confidence I can tell you that our charming Miss Wilmot has consented to become one of our — of the Warren family, — in fact, to become Paul's wife."

Genuine gladness sounded in Uncle Peter's voice: romance in any form he loved, — it need not be his own. In this mood of exhilaration he entirely forgot the passion of his young neighbor for Miss Wilmot, forgot until he saw his face, and then was frightened by the pallor that crept over cheek and forehead, and by the tightening of the lips and the cords of the neck. It was too late to do anything to repair his mistake, and Uncle Peter wisely resolved to go. He did so, tripping hastily over wet rock and slippery stone, for he felt that he was old and no longer strong of arm, and he had seen the sudden clenching of Alec Bevanne's fists, with full realization that he had before him a man beside himself with rage.

"There have been two cases of insanity in that family," said Uncle Peter breathlessly to himself, as he gained a safe place of wet grass in the cove.

Alec Bevanne was left alone upon the

rocks, and, restless as the restless sea, he strolled along the shore with movements which suggested that the wind had its way with him and bent him to its will. Beyond the Emerson Inn he suddenly found Frances Wilmot at the edge of the little cove where his father's old dory was pulled high upon the sand. The girl was standing with wind-tossed hair driven back from her forehead, and her golf cape blown from her shoulders with a motion that resembled the flutter of wings. Joy of the passion of the sea was strong upon her, as was shown by the look of her face when the spray touched it, and by the eyes that watched the inky purple of the far water, the great green curling waves, and the gray gulls far and near. She stood, braced with tense muscles against the wind, unconscious of him, unconscious of everything save the stormy beauty and the thunder of ocean.

As he saw her, he stopped for a moment and stood rigid, with his hands clenched tightly at his sides. Then a quiver went through him, and he shook with something that was not the might of the wind; an evil look came to the bright blue eyes as he went to her down the shore path where fern and golden-rod lay beaten low by the past fury of the storm. When he spoke to her, it was with a voice that trembled through his effort to appear entirely self-controlled.

"Miss Wilmot," he said eagerly, "I am going to ask a very great service of you."

She turned to him, smiling through the spray.

"Yes?"

The rush of the wind and the roar of the breakers almost drowned his voice, and he came close to her before he spoke again.

"My sister Alice," he said quickly, and as he spoke she no longer wondered at his uncontrollable agitation, "is out yonder on the point beyond Storm Cove. She went out early this afternoon, mistaking the tide; it must have surprised her there and cut her off from the mainland. There

is but one way to save her, and there is no one else near. Will you help? I think that the Rocket will weather the waves; I'm a fairly good sailor, you know, and there is no such sea on as there was yesterday."

She marveled at the length and the carefulness of his explanation, and answered before his last word was said.

"Alice in danger? Of course I will come! Quick! Push out the dory, and I will help!"

She looked at the raging water and the long, white streaks of foam, knowing no fear in the excitement of the moment and the sudden call of need. The man's hands grasped the boat, and, with strength that was not all of muscle, dragged it to the water, then, when he had bade her leap in, pulled out into the waves with vehement will. Admiration for his courage and his skill stung her with sudden penitence as she realized that she had misjudged in the past the man whose love for his sister could nerve him to deeds so great.

"Could n't we go on in the dory?" she asked, as they drew near the Rocket, which was tugging at her buoy as she rode the waves, now on the crest, now plunging into the trough.

"No, no!" he shouted back. "There, I have her. Jump!"

Obedient to his bidding, yet now half afraid, she sprang into the boat and crawled to the helm; the man leaped after her, and, with a shout that had a ring of exultation in it, ran up the sail, tugging at the wet halyards with fingers that trembled in strong excitement, then slipped his mooring, and they were away.

"So much sail in this sea?" asked Frances Wilmot; courage like this man's was a splendid thing, she said nervously to herself.

"She'll carry it!" he cried back. "Fine, is n't it?"

The Rocket leaped and plunged and rose again, lay almost on her beam ends, and went out on the great rolling waves. The strain on the girl's muscles as she clung to the tiller was almost unbearable,

yet with it came the joy of struggle, and a feeling of triumph as one breaker after another, crashing against the bow, dashed the spray from stem to stern and went seething past. Across the wash of wave and of spray she saw with wonder the look of delight in her companion's eyes, and the brilliant spots of red that stained the pallor of his cheeks. A dull feeling of alarm paralyzed her hands, and the boat swayed and tossed as a great wave struck her almost abeam. When, with straining timbers, the Rocket had righted herself, Frances was horrified to see that the man, with insane exultation, was making ready to run up the jib.

"I cannot hold her," she called quickly. "You must take my place."

He did her bidding, grasping tiller and sheet, and the girl, creeping cautiously toward the bow, faced the shore and saw that they were heading, in a course that led past the Inn and past the Warren place, toward a point that jutted into the water toward the south. Suddenly she cried aloud, —

"But, Mr. Bevanne — you are mistaken, we need not go! There is Alice running along the rocks."

He looked at her, and for the first time spoke calmly.

"I am not mistaken; I have lied."

"Is n't Alice in danger?"

"I judge not, from what I see."

"Why have you done this thing?"

Her scorn stung him as wind and spray could not sting.

"Because it is the only thing left to do," he said dully. "If we may not live together, we must die together; there is no other way. If we upset, and I pray we may, there will be an end of my misery; that is all."

Even in her moment of supreme danger, when she saw the reckless motions of his hands, and knew that every inch of the mainsail was spread to the storm wind, pity touched the woman's heart for this man who was as a bit of driftwood in the great tide of passion that carried him whither it would. She knew his purpose

now; he had made all ready for the disaster which he knew might any minute come.

Meanwhile, Alice Bevanne was running over the winding shore path toward the Warren house, running as she had never run before, yet with speed that seemed to her but a snail's pace. Wet grass caught at her damp skirts and stayed her steps; scrub-pine and juniper reached out detaining fingers to hold her back. Here was the high rock where Paul Warren and she had sat enthroned as king and queen when she was six years old, with Alec for retainer or for rival monarch, as the occasion demanded, in those sweet hours of stolen play of which nothing was ever said at home; and just beyond was the cove where, the haughty footsteps of the retreating queen having led her too near the edge, she had fallen into the water, Paul Warren plunging to the rescue. These and myriad other pictures came back to her as the swift feet sped over root and pebble, bringing to the swifter spirit only a nightmare consciousness of standing still.

Near the boathouse in the cove she found Paul Warren, who was examining wharf and shore in order to see what damage had been done by the great storm. He lifted his head and looked at her in amazement, wondering what alarm could so transform the quietest face he knew.

"Mr. Warren," gasped the girl breathlessly, "something is wrong, — there is danger, — you must go out" —

Dumb with wonder he looked over the waste of water, following the direction in which her finger pointed.

"It is Alec, — he is not himself any longer, and he has taken Miss Wilmot out in the Rocket. I do not understand, but see!"

Out on the water, rocking, sinking, rising again, Paul Warren saw a white rag of sail, forlorn and far as a lost hope.

"In a sea like this!" he cried.

"Go quickly! I will come with you, for you know that I can row. The wind is beating them in toward shore, you see.

Alec — Alec does not know what he is doing."

At his side, inspiring, suggesting, calming, the girl worked as one to whom the magic vision has been granted of the one right thing to do. The oars were close at hand in the boathouse; as he pushed out the dory, the woman stepped into the water at his side.

"I dare not let you go!" he panted.

"I dare not stay," she answered.

There was a quick breath on his hand; a head was laid upon it in the old affectionate way of Robin Hood's earlier years. With a joyous bark the dog leaped into the waves after his master, and, as if the sense of coming danger, working along the delicate nerves of the beast, had at last brought him conviction of something supremely right to be done, he tried to follow, but was driven back by the might of the breakers. Wild with excitement, he ran along the shore, leaping and barking, as the dory fought its way toward the south, cutting across the path of the Rocket, until, plunging in again, he was carried out by a retreating wave, and swam out bravely over the stormy water.

Paul Warren did not see this, nor did he see, in the face of Alice Bevanne, her fierce joy at sharing the danger of the beings whom she loved. Even when she spoke, he hardly heard her, though he mechanically obeyed the voice full of the quiet courage and self-possession of the girl's daily life: —

"Head up a little! You can save her; the Rocket has n't capsized."

An awful energy of passion lent to the arms of the man a strength as the strength of ten, for, as they met and breasted the waves, rising, gliding over, sinking in the trough of the next, fury such as he had never known descended upon him. It was a moment when all the inheritances of his life met and clashed, and the fire smouldering for generations blazed up all the more fiercely for the protecting ashes that had covered it. To reach this coward and fling him into the sea, to rescue the woman he loved, ridding the earth of the

presence of this vile creature before it could again be fit for the tread of her feet, this was the one swelling desire of his heart. He was not thinking, the tempest within him was too strong for that; but through his mind, borne as dead leaves are borne by a furious gale, were drifting old words, old memories, old pictured scenes. His father's death had come back to him, and, like a cry in his ears, more vivid to sense than the scream of the gulls as they followed the trough of the waves hunting their prey, came the words which had bade him fight out the Bevanne brood. The elder Bevanne's pitifully weak love-letter came to him as a call to action, for each phrase recalled some look upon the face of the son when his eyes had rested on Frances Wilmot; and Paul Warren cursed himself that he, who had known the strength of the man's hopeless love, had not measured by it the extent of the woman's danger. So old passions hunted like unleashed hounds within his soul, and the memory of love's sweetness and its hope were driven out by elemental fury.

It was no easy task set that day for the strong arms of the man, as he battled with the irresistible might of the sea. Nearer and nearer came the black hull on the water, driven shoreward by the strong east wind, while the dipping white sail more than once seemed to disappear. A thing of nerve and muscle, with no sense save that of vision, Paul Warren strained toward that white rag whose rising and falling on the waves meant cruel Tantalus hope. Each time he lost it his heart dragged down as with the weight of chains, down to the depths of the sea, of whose glories this woman had told him with laughter. The memory of her words brought him only pictures of her pale face and tangled hair lying among those dim, rich things of shadowy green and gold.

Now they were near enough to discern clearly the figures in the boat, and, as the possibility of rescuing the woman he loved became more strong, the white

anger within him burned higher in uncontrollable quiet. Ah, his father had been right, and he, in his ignorance, had not known. Between him and the tossing, careening Rocket he plainly saw his father's face, and he heard him say, "Young rattlesnakes are as poisonous as old ones." Surely the heel of man was meant to crush out venomous things.

Paul Warren's motions were slower as the supreme moment drew near. Masterfully, with deep breaths, he took mighty strokes, and the dory crept closer and closer to the wild sailboat as she wallowed to leeward. The eyes of the madman at the helm were fortunately turned away, but Frances Wilmot, facing the greatness of death, yet full of the certainty that wind nor wave could wrest her from her place at the heart of life, looked and saw her lover coming to her over the waves. It was the face of one who felt himself able to wrestle with death itself, and pluck back the life he loved. The girl bent toward him, and her eyes were full of joy that omnipotent love should come to her thus on the tide of the sea.

Then the sea which had wrought her danger offered her a slender chance of safety, for, more through a fortunate accident of wind and wave than by the strength of Paul Warren's arms, the dory touched for a brief moment the side of the Rocket.

"Spring!" cried Paul; and Frances, with a movement too quick for fear, did his bidding. The appealing touch of the girl's wet hair as the wind blew it across his face tingled through him, and he found the angry ocean less hard to fight than was his desire to take her only for an instant in his arms. Then he saw that Alec Bevanne had turned and was facing him, the blue eyes all alight with anger. A madman's frenzy came upon the man left alone in the Rocket; and, with the skilled swiftness of a cat, he leaped into the dory, almost capsizing it by his sudden weight. He laid his hand upon Frances Wilmot's golf cape, and his headlong motion betrayed the insane hope of upsetting the

boat, dragging her with him to the depths. To Paul Warren came a sudden access of fury that was all compact of strength; in an instant's time he had lifted the slender form of the intruder in his arms, and had flung him into the sea. A horrified cry rose from the two women, and Alice Bevanne's hold upon the oars loosened as she made a swift movement to follow to her brother's rescue, or to claim his fate.

"Stop!" cried Paul Warren, taking the oars from her. "You cannot help him; there was nothing else to do."

The girl sank upon the bottom of the boat, covering her face with her hands, and Frances, taking the vacant seat, rowed stroke for stroke with Paul, glad that there was no time to realize the full horror of the moment. Back to the cove, over the tossing water, up on the great waves, and down again into the depths, rowed Paul Warren, stern vengeance sitting on his forehead. With fierce passion of which he had never dreamed, he exulted that he had rid the earth of that creature, as he exulted that this woman of all the world was safe, almost safe. A few more strokes, and then —

A great wave dashed them upon the sand of the cove by the Warren house, and with hands that trembled he helped the two drenched figures to alight from the dory.

"Go to my mother," he said hoarsely.

But they turned away, and he watched them as they went toward the Inn, trembling as he looked at Frances Wilmot's dark head, then marveling at the light on Alice Bevanne's face. It brought him a dim feeling that this girl's heroic nature had more than expiated the sins of both father and brother, and with this, as he looked out over the waste of waters, came a realization of his own deed.

"I have killed that man," he said simply, as if a mechanical statement of the fact should be offered to the encompassing universe.

He dragged the dory higher on the sand, the strain on his muscles relieving the tension of the mind.

"It had to be done," said Paul Warren sternly, throwing back his head and brushing the wet hair from his forehead; "the lives of two women were at stake."

But something in his heart spoke silently on as he scanned shore and water to see if perchance some incoming wave might not save the drowning man. It was less the deed than the motive for the deed that was in question. Spent passion left his mind free for his old cruelly ironic sense of things. He, whose impossibly high ideals had kept him from sharing the simplest phases of human life, had exulted in flinging a man to his death. He turned and walked down the storm-strewn shore, watching for some sign that it was not too late to help, full of a sense of tumult, before his eyes a feeling as of darkness unlighted, and in his ears the scream of the sea gulls which seemed to mingle with the scream of evil things in his soul.

XXIV

"But where is Paul?" asked Mrs. Warren anxiously of Uncle Peter, as the old man brought her her letters at breakfast.

"I don't know," said Uncle Peter. "In bed, I presume."

"No, he must have gone out very early, for I stopped at his room just now to speak to him. I did not see him last night."

"He must be in the city," suggested Uncle Peter.

"But he never goes without telling me."

"Where's Robin Hood?" demanded Uncle Peter suddenly.

Together they waited, lingering long at the table in the hope that Paul might join them, but he did not come. Aunt Belinda appeared as often as possible from the kitchen, torn between a desire to comfort away the worried look from Mrs. Warren's face, and a determination not to recognize its cause. Uncle Peter chattered amiably of everything he could think of, his nervous cheerfulness increasing the mother's agitation at every word; and

then searched house and garden and nearer shore with an incidental air, as if ordered by his doctor to take a zigzag constitutional in every direction. Alone, at the window or on the veranda, stood Mrs. Warren, looking out over the water which was clearing after the storm, and stretched, incredibly blue, dark, with white foam at its edge, to the clear horizon line where it lay in hard relief against the pale blue of the sky. It was a day of no gentleness of mood, but of pitiless beauty and of shrill, unheeding wind.

The Sea Gull was riding up and down unhurt upon the waves; the dory was pulled high and dry upon the sand. Of that wild journey out over the storm-tossed sea of yesterday no traces remained, and neither Mrs. Warren nor Uncle Peter knew of it. Aunt Belinda, however, had watched from the kitchen window the launching of the dory and the strange return with the Southern girl who had not gone forth with the other two, and she kept her own counsel, with much inarticulate muttering to herself among her pots and pans, aware, with that fine animal sensitiveness of her race, of the unspoken trouble in the air. The three waited in vain for note or telegram which would explain for them Paul's absence; but none came, and with every passing minute of the day the current of foreboding grew more strong. As the afternoon wore on, the color died out of the sea, the life died out of the air, and sky and water stretched away, a dull, gray, leaden waste.

Late in the day the third Andrew Lane, driver at the Emerson Inn, strolled down the road and paused at his grandfather's house, where the old man sat smoking in a splint-bottomed chair tipped comfortably back.

"Folks all right?" asked young Andrew.

Old Andrew grunted assent, and silently held out his pipe to give the visitor a light. They had puffed on speechlessly for several minutes before young Andrew ventured a further remark.

"I see young Warren up the shore this

mornin', and I thought he looked kind of queer."

Old Andrew listened sharply, and the wreaths of smoke ceased coming from his mouth.

"Acted like he was half crazy," ventured young Andrew, who was suffering more agitation than he was willing to express; "went searchin' round behind the rocks and lookin' over the edge as if he'd lost somethin'."

"Fishin', likely," said the grandfather, nor could the bearer of ill tidings get any further expression of opinion from the old man, who asked a single question in regard to his young master's whereabouts and then lapsed into smoky silence. It was not until young Andrew had gone home that old Andrew picked up his battered straw hat, refilled his pipe, and ambled down to the Warren house, where he had a long conference with Aunt Belinda.

Another morning dawned on sea and shore with a pallor that was not light; Paul Warren had come home at midnight, wan, distraught, and speechless. At the first glimmer in the east he was up again and away on his search, returning later for a morsel of food, but going out again immediately without explaining his strange conduct. The next day, Mrs. Warren, unable to endure longer the look of silent misery on her son's face, begged Alice Bevanne to tell Frances Wilmot of this mysterious trouble, and she performed her task as she did all others, unflinchingly. The Southern girl listened with a face grown pale as the morning; then the two gazed at each other in silence, eyes and hearts full of the memory of that terrible moment when the avenger had stood upright in the dory and the head of Alec Bevanne had sunk under the waves.

"Your brother?" asked Frances, with lips that feared the answer.

"He is much better," said Alice, "only still very stiff and bruised; but of course I could not explain to Mrs. Warren, and Mr. Warren, who does not know that Alec came safely home, is not to be found.

He must have been searching farther up the coast when Alec was brought to shore by the waves."

Courage had come back to the heart of Frances.

"I will find him," she said simply; "he is somewhere by the sea."

She rose and passed from the Inn, down the slippery path, past the nodding grasses wet with mist, past tangled beds of wild rose bushes, where red haws showed, and here and there a delicate, belated rose. Alice Bevanne stood watching her as she went farther and farther away, her dark hair and white gown breaking the encompassing gray; then turned and went slowly home, alone.

It was a day of the passing of things, as of an Avalon to which life had not come, or to which memories of life past had floated in shapes of mist. Out of the gray the slight waves broke in lines of white; spectral pines stood on near height or far, as at the end of the world. Pale-green willow and tall poplar tree beckoned in the moving fog to the very heart of mystery, and white road and grassy path alike seemed to end in cloud on hill or in hollow. As the girl wandered close by the shore or on the country roads where Paul and she had walked together, eye and ear were strained, but she did not find him. Far or near the murmur of the ocean came to her, and the answering murmur of the wind in the pines with the immemorial music. Again and again the mist half lifted over a sea of pearly blue, then closed in again, floating, breaking, a soft, palpable grayness everywhere.

Once, as the mist parted, before her on the wet sand she saw stretched out the lifeless form of Robin Hood, one paw flung across his eyes as the careless tide had left him there; she bent and patted the brave dark head.

But she could not stay, and went on searching by rocky bluff and sheltered cove, the fog again inclosing her, swift as the falling of a veil. The old paths were gone; familiar landmarks of pine and of cedar were wiped away as by obliterating

fingers; and she stopped with a sudden sense of hopeless weariness. Passion had died out of the sea, and there was nothing left but its gray moan.

Then the will of the woman rose above the will of sky and of sea: somewhere he was waiting for her; of that her assurance was perfect. Somewhere he was listening for her voice which he so loved; her voice should find him. Across the mist she sent it, the cry of the bird to its wounded mate. It broke into her song of the tide, and, as it quivered on the air, it seemed to glow with golden light and color, and to break into iridescent beauty against the gray. Passion and love and faith were set free in the wonderful notes, high and low; the dropping of human tears was there, ripples of human laughter, and the supreme joy that touches pain. Far off across the mist the man heard it, and knew this woman's deep sense of the melody at the heart of things, beneath the discord and the strife and sin, and he waited, the notes falling on his ear as cool drops of rain might fall on parched lips dying of thirst. She found him at last, exhausted by his fruitless search, leaning against a sheer wall of rock with the white quiet of despair on his face. As she came toward him with outstretched hands, her song died on her lips, for he shrank away.

"Don't touch me," he said sternly.

She paid no heed, but, with her old smile, drew him to a seat on the rocks, and half fearfully touched the disordered hair on his forehead, then laid cool fingers on his eyelids, closing them over the tired eyes.

"Frances, I have sent a man to his death," he said brokenly.

"Mr. Bevanne came safely home," she whispered.

Something like a sob broke from him, and the pale lips quivered.

"I am unspeakably glad for Alice and for her mother, but it does not alter what I did, or tried to do."

She broke into her song again, and the man at her side, with closed eyes, drank it thirstily in; then, watching the changing

expression on his face, she seized her moment and said coaxingly, —

"Come home! What do you mean by frightening us all nearly to death? I have been waiting and waiting for you."

"I did not realize — anything," he said hoarsely. "I was searching, at first, for Bevanne. Frances, it is all true, all the old fear that darkened my boyhood, of hands waiting in the dark, clutching you out of the past, making you do their will."

"It is not true," said the woman bravely; and, drawing nearer, she kissed his eyes and his brow with indescribable tenderness.

"That passion like that could master one unaware!"

She broke the tragic measure of his voice with a little light, joyous laugh.

"All that you needed to make you perfect was a little primitive passion!"

He stretched out a warning hand to ward her off, and paused, gazing at her with steady eyes.

"I shall never claim you, beloved, for I am not fit. There is nothing in human life but failure and misery and despair. It is only a pitfall set for our feet."

Her soft hand lay across his eyes as she whispered, —

"There is nothing anywhere but love!"

"Ah, but you were afraid before," he said.

"That was long ago," she whispered, "before I knew."

"But you don't understand," said the man's voice, breaking. "In that moment I did not know what I was doing, and I committed a crime. Think how awful the possibilities of things are! To all intents I killed that man, and, dear, it might be you."

With a sudden fierce sense of pity and of possession she drew his head to her bosom.

"Then I should say, as Sir Gawaine said of Lancelot, 'Of a more nobler man might I not be slain.'"

(*The end.*)

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

AMONG the many charming festivals celebrated by Old Japan, the most romantic was the festival of Tanabata-Sama, the Weaving-Lady of the Milky Way. In the chief cities her holiday is now little observed; and in Tōkyō it is almost forgotten. But in many country districts, and even in villages near the capital, it is still celebrated in a small way. If you happen to visit an old-fashioned country town or village, on the seventh day of the seventh month (by the ancient calendar), you will probably notice many freshly-cut bamboos fixed upon the roofs of the houses, or planted in the ground beside them, every bamboo having attached to it a number of strips of

colored paper. In some very poor villages you might find that these papers are white, or of one color only; but the general rule is that the papers should be of five or seven different colors. Blue, green, red, yellow, and white, are the tints commonly displayed. All these papers are inscribed with short poems, written in praise of Tanabata and her husband Hikoboshi. After the festival the bamboos are taken down and thrown into the nearest stream, together with the poems attached to them.

To understand the romance of this old festival, you must know the legend of those astral divinities to whom offerings

used to be made, even by the Imperial Household, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The legend is Chinese. This is the Japanese popular version of it:—

The great god of the firmament had a lovely daughter, Tanabata-tsumé, who passed her days in weaving garments for her august parent. She rejoiced in her work, and thought that there was no greater pleasure than the pleasure of weaving. But one day, as she sat before her loom at the door of her heavenly dwelling, she saw a handsome peasant-lad pass by, leading an ox; and she fell in love with him. Her august father, divining her secret wish, gave her the youth for a husband. But the wedded lovers became too fond of each other, and neglected their duty to the god of the firmament;—the sound of the shuttle was no longer heard, and the ox wandered, unheeded, over the plains of heaven. Therefore the great god was displeased, and he separated the pair. They were sentenced to live thereafter apart, with the Celestial River between them; but it was permitted them to see each other once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh moon. On that night—providing the skies be clear—the birds of heaven make, with their bodies and wings, a bridge over the stream; and by means of that bridge the lovers can meet. But if there be rain, the River of Heaven rises, and becomes so wide that the bridge cannot be formed. So the husband and wife cannot always meet, even on the seventh night of the seventh month: it may happen, by reason of bad weather, that they cannot meet for three or four years at a time. But their love remains immortally young and eternally patient; and they continue to fulfill their respective duties each day without fault,—happy in their hope of being able to meet on the seventh night of the next seventh month.

To ancient Chinese fancy, the Milky Way was a luminous river,—the River of Heaven,—the Silver Stream. It has

been stated by Western writers that Tanabata, the Weaving-Lady, is a star in Lyra; and the Herdsman, her beloved, a star in Aquila, on the opposite side of the galaxy. But it were more correct to say that both are represented, to Far-Eastern imagination, by groups of stars. An old Japanese book puts the matter thus plainly: “Kengyū (the Ox-Leader) is on the west side of the Heavenly River, and is represented by three stars in a row, and looks like a man leading an ox. Shokujo (the Weaving-Lady) is on the east side of the Heavenly River: three stars so placed as to appear like the figure of a woman seated at her loom. . . . The former presides over all things relating to agriculture; the latter, over all that relates to women’s work.”

In an old book called *Zatsuwa-Shin*, it is said that these deities were of earthly origin. Once in this world they were man and wife, and lived in China; and the husband was called Isshi, and the wife Hakuyō. They especially and most devoutly revered the Moon. Every clear evening, after sundown, they waited with eagerness to see her rise. And when she began to sink towards the horizon, they would climb to the top of a hill near their house, so that they might be able to gaze upon her face as long as possible. Then, when she at last disappeared from view, they would mourn together. At the age of ninety and nine, the wife died; and her spirit rode up to heaven on a magpie, and there became a star. The husband, who was then one hundred and three years old, sought consolation for his bereavement in looking at the Moon; and when he welcomed her rising and mourned her setting, it seemed to him as if his wife were still beside him.

One summer night, Hakuyō—now immortally beautiful and young—descended from heaven upon her magpie, to visit her husband; and he was made very happy by that visit. But from that time he could think of nothing but the bliss of becoming a star, and joining Hakuyō

beyond the River of Heaven. At last he also ascended to the sky, riding upon a crow; and there he became a star-god. But he could not join Hakuyō at once, as he had hoped, for between his allotted place and hers flowed the River of Heaven; and it was not permitted for either star to cross the stream, because the Master of Heaven (*Ten-Tei*) daily bathed in its waters. Moreover, there was no bridge. But on one day every year — the seventh day of the seventh month — they were allowed to see each other. The Master of Heaven goes always on that day to the Zenhōdo, to hear the preaching of the law of Buddha; and then the magpies and the crows make, with their hovering bodies and outspread wings, a bridge over the Celestial Stream; and Hakuyō crosses that bridge to meet her husband.

There can be little doubt that the Japanese festival called Tanabata was originally identical with the festival of the Chinese Weaving-Goddess, Tchi-Niu; the Japanese holiday seems to have been especially a woman's holiday, from the earliest times; and the characters with which the word Tanabata is written signify a weaving-girl. But as both of the star-deities were worshiped on the seventh day of the seventh month, some Japanese scholars have not been satisfied with the common explanation of the name, and have stated that it was originally composed with the word *tané* (seed, or grain), and the word *hata* (loom). Those who accept this etymology make the appellation, Tanabata-Sama, plural instead of singular, and render it as "the deities of grain and of the loom," — that is to say, those presiding over agriculture and weaving. In old Japanese pictures the star-gods are represented according to this conception of their respective attributes, — Hikoboshi being figured as a peasant-lad leading an ox to drink of the Heavenly River, on the farther side of which Orihimé (Tanabata) appears, weaving at her loom. The garb of both is Chinese; and the first Japanese pictures

of these divinities were probably copied from some Chinese original.

In the oldest collection of Japanese poetry extant — the Manyōshū, dating from 760 A. D. — the male divinity is usually called Hikoboshi, and the female Tanabata-tsumé; but in later times both have been called Tanabata. In Izumo the male deity is popularly termed O-Tanabata Sama, and the female Mé-Tanabata Sama. Both are still known by many names. The male is called Kai-boshi as well as Hikoboshi and Kengyū; while the female is called Asagao-himé ("Morning Glory Princess"),¹ Ito-ori-himé ("Thread-Weaving Princess"), Momoko-himé ("Peach-Child Princess"), Takimono-himé ("Incense Princess"), and Sasagani-himé ("Spider Princess"). Some of these names are difficult to explain, — especially the last, which reminds us of the Greek legend of Arachne. Probably the Greek myth and the Chinese story have nothing whatever in common; but in old Chinese books there is recorded a curious fact which might well suggest a relationship. In the time of the Chinese Emperor Ming-Hwang (whom the Japanese call Gensō), it was customary for the ladies of the court, on the seventh day of the seventh month, to catch spiders and put them into an incense-box for purposes of divination. On the morning of the eighth day the box was opened; and, if the spiders had spun thick webs during the night, the omen was good. But if they had remained idle, the omen was bad.

There is a story that, many ages ago, a beautiful woman visited the dwelling of a farmer in the mountains of Izumo, and taught to the only daughter of the household an art of weaving never before known. One evening the beautiful stranger vanished; and the people knew that they had seen the Weaving-Lady of Heaven. The daughter of the farmer became renowned

¹ Asagao (lit., "morning-face") is the Japanese name for the beautiful climbing plant which we call "morning glory."

for her skill in weaving. But she would never marry, — because she had been the companion of Tanabata Sama.

Then there is a Chinese story — delightfully vague — about a man who once made a visit, unawares, to the Heavenly Land. He had observed that every year, during the eighth month, a raft of precious wood came floating to the shore on which he lived; and he wanted to know where that wood grew. So he loaded a boat with provisions for a two years' voyage, and sailed away in the direction from which the rafts used to drift. For months and months he sailed on, over an always placid sea; and at last he arrived at a pleasant shore, where wonderful trees were growing. He moored his boat, and proceeded alone into the unknown land, until he came to the bank of a river whose waters were bright as silver. On the opposite shore he saw a pavilion; and in the pavilion a beautiful woman sat weaving; she was white like moonshine, and made a radiance all about her. Presently he saw a handsome young peasant approaching, leading an ox to the water; and he asked the young peasant to tell him the name of the place and the country. But the youth seemed to be displeased by the question, and answered in a severe tone: "If you want to know the name of this place, go back to where you came from, and ask Gen-Kum-Pei."¹ So the voyager, feeling afraid, hastened to his boat, and returned to China. There he sought out the sage Gen-Kum-Pei, to whom he related the adventure. Gen-Kum-Pei clapped his hands for wonder, and exclaimed, "So it was you! . . . On the seventh day of the seventh month I was gazing at the heavens, and I saw that the Herdsman and the Weaver were about to meet; — but between them was a new Star, which I took to be a Guest-Star. Fortunate man! you have been to the River of Heaven, and have looked upon the face of the Weaving-Lady!"

¹ This is the Japanese reading of the Chinese name.

It is said that the meeting of the Herdsman and the Weaver can be observed by any one with good eyes; for, whenever it occurs, those stars burn with five different colors. That is why offerings of five colors are made to the Tanabata divinities, and why the poems composed in their praise are written upon paper of five different tints.

But, as I have said before, the pair can meet only in fair weather. If there be the least rain upon the seventh night, the River of Heaven will rise, and the lovers must wait another whole year. Therefore the rain that happens to fall on Tanabata night is called *Namida no Amé*, "The Rain of Tears."

When the sky is clear on the seventh night, the lovers are fortunate; and their stars can be seen to sparkle with delight. If the star Kengyū then shine very brightly, there will be great rice crops in the autumn. If the star Shokujo looks brighter than usual, there will be a prosperous time for weavers, and for every kind of female industry.

In old Japan it was generally supposed that the meeting of the pair signified good fortune to mortals. Even to-day, in many parts of the country, children sing a little song on the evening of the Tanabata festival, — *Tenki ni nari!* ("O weather, be clear!") In the province of Iga the young folks also sing a jesting song at the supposed hours of the lovers' meeting: —

Tanabata ya!
Amari isogaba,
Korobubéshi!²

But in the province of Izumo, which is a very rainy district, the contrary belief prevails; and it is thought that if the sky be clear on the seventh day of the seventh month, misfortune will follow. The local explanation of this belief is that if the stars can meet, there will be born from their union many evil deities who will afflict the country with drought and other calamities.

² "Ho! Tanabata! if you hurry too much you will tumble down!"

The festival of Tanabata was first celebrated in Japan on the seventh day of the seventh month of Tembyō Shōhō (A. D. 755). Perhaps the Chinese origin of the Tanabata divinities accounts for the fact that their public worship was at no time represented by many temples. I have been able to find record of only one temple to them, called Tanabata-jinja, which was situated at a village called Hoshiai-mura, in the province of Owari, and surrounded by a grove called Tanabata-mori.¹

Even before Tembyō Shōhō, however, the legend of the Weaving-Maiden seems to have been well known in Japan; for it is recorded that on the seventh night of the seventh year of Yōrō (A. D. 723) the poet Yamagami no Okura composed the song:—

Amanogawa,
Ai-muki tachité,
Waga koishi
Kimi kimasu nari —
Himo-toki makéna!²

It would seem that the Tanabata festival was first established in Japan, eleven hundred and fifty years ago, as an Imperial court-festival only, in accordance with Chinese precedent. Subsequently the nobility and the military classes everywhere followed Imperial example; and the custom of celebrating the Hoshi-matsuri, or Star-Festival, — as it was popularly called, — spread gradually downwards, until at last the seventh day of the seventh month became, in the full sense of the term, a national holiday. But the fashion of its observance varied considerably at different eras and in different provinces.

The ceremonies at the Imperial Court were of the most elaborate character: a full account of them is given in the *Kōji Kongen*, — with explanatory illustrations. On the evening of the seventh day of the seventh month, matings were

laid down on the east side of that portion of the Imperial Palace called the Seiryōden; and upon these matings were placed four tables of offerings to the star-deities. Besides the customary food-offerings, there were placed upon these tables rice - wine, incense, vases of red lacquer containing flowers, a harp and flute, and a needle with five eyes, threaded with threads of five different colors. Black-lacquered oil-lamps were placed beside the tables, to illuminate the feast. In another part of the grounds a tub of water was so placed as to reflect the light of the Tanabata - stars; and the ladies of the Imperial Household attempted to thread a needle by the reflection. She who succeeded was to be fortunate during the following year.

The court-nobility (*Kugé*) were obliged to make certain offerings to the Imperial House on the day of the festival. The character of these offerings, and the manner of their presentation, were fixed by decree. They were conveyed to the palace upon a tray, by a veiled lady of rank, in ceremonial dress. Above her, as she walked, a great red umbrella was borne by an attendant. On the tray were placed seven *tanzaku* (longilateral slips of fine tinted paper for the writing of poems); seven *yudzu* - leaves;³ seven inkstones; seven strings of *sōmen* (a kind of vermicelli); fourteen writing-brushes; and a bunch of yam-leaves gathered at night, and thickly sprinkled with dew. In the palace-grounds the ceremony began at the hour of the Tiger, — 4 A. M. Then the inkstones were carefully washed, — prior to preparing the ink for the writing of poems in praise of the star-deities, — and each one set upon a *yudzu* - leaf. One bunch of bedewed yam-leaves was then laid upon every inkstone; and with this dew, instead of water, the writing-ink was prepared. All the ceremonies appear to have been copied from those in vogue at the Chinese court in the time of the Emperor Ming-Hwang.

¹ There is no mention, however, of any such village in any modern directory.

² For a translation and explanation of this song, see p. 245.

³ *Pueraria Thunbergiana*.

It was not until the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate that the Tanabata festival became really a national holiday; and the popular custom of attaching *tanzaku* of different colors to freshly-cut bamboos, in celebration of the occasion, dates only from the era of Bunseï (1818). Previously the *tanzaku* had been made of a very costly quality of paper; and the old aristocratic ceremonies had been not less expensive than elaborate. But in the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate a very cheap paper of various colors was manufactured; and the holiday ceremonies were suffered to assume an inexpensive form, in which even the poorest classes could indulge.

The popular customs relating to the festival differed according to locality. Those of Izumo — where all classes of society, *samurai* or common folk, celebrated the holiday in much the same way — used to be particularly interesting; and a brief account of them will suggest something of the happy aspects of life in feudal times. At the Hour of the Tiger, on the seventh night of the seventh month, everybody was up; and the work of washing the inkstones and writing-brushes was performed. Then, in the household-garden, dew was collected upon yam-leaves. This dew was called *Amanogawa no suzuki* ("drops from the River of Heaven"); and it was used to make fresh ink for writing the poems which were to be suspended to bamboos planted in the garden. It was usual for friends to present each other with new inkstones at the time of the Tanabata festival; and if there were any new inkstones in the house, the fresh ink was prepared in these. Each member of the family then wrote poems. The adults composed verses, according to their ability, in praise of the star-deities; and the children either wrote dictation, or tried to improvise. Little folk too young to use the writing-brush without help had their small hands guided, by parent or elder sister or elder brother, so as to shape on a *tanzaku* the character of some single

word or phrase relating to the festival, — such as "Amanogawa," or "Tanabata," or "Kasasagi no Hashi" (the Bridge of Magpies). In the garden were planted two freshly-cut bamboos, with branches and leaves entire, — a male bamboo (*oto-ko-daké*), and a female bamboo (*onna-daké*). They were set up about six feet apart; and to a cord extended between them were suspended paper-cuttings of five colors, and skeins of dyed thread of five colors. The paper-cuttings represented upper-robcs, — *kimono*. To the leaves and branches of the bamboos were tied the *tanzaku* on which poems had been written by the members of the family. And upon a table, set between the bamboos, or immediately before them, were placed vessels containing various offerings to the star-deities, — fruits, *sōmen*, rice-wine, and vegetables of different kinds, such as cucumbers and water-melons.

But the most curious Izumo custom relating to the festival was the *Némunagashi*, or "Sleep-wash-away" ceremony. Before daybreak the young folks used to go to some stream, carrying with them bunches composed of *némuri*-leaves and bean-leaves mixed together. On reaching the stream, they would fling their bunches of leaves into the current, and sing a little song: —

Nému wa, nagaré yo!

Mamé no ha wa, tomaré!

These verses might be rendered in two ways; because the word *nému* can be taken in the meaning either of *némuri* (sleep), or of *némuri-gi* or *némunoki*, the "sleep-plant" (mimosa), — while the syllables *mamé*, as written in *kana*, can signify either "bean," or "activity," or "strength," "vigor," "health," and the like. But the ceremony was symbolical; and the intended meaning of the song was: —

Drowsiness, drift away!

Leaves of vigor, remain!

After this, all the young folk would jump into the water, to bathe or swim, in token of their resolve to shed all laziness

for the coming year, and to maintain a vigorous spirit of endeavor.

Yet it was probably in Yédo (now Tōkyō) that the Tanabata festival assumed its most picturesque aspects. During the two days that the celebration lasted — the sixth and seventh of the seventh month — the city used to present the appearance of one vast bamboo grove; fresh bamboos, with poems attached to them, being erected upon the roofs of the houses. Peasants were in those days able to do a great business in bamboos, which were brought into town by hundreds of wagonloads for holiday use. Another feature of the Yédo festival was the children's procession, in which bamboos, with poems attached to them, were carried about the city. To each such bamboo there was also fastened a red plaque on which were painted, in Chinese characters, the names of the Tanabata stars.

But almost everywhere, under the Tokugawa régime, the Tanabata festival used to be a merry holiday for the young people of all classes, — a holiday beginning with lantern displays before sunrise, and lasting well into the following night. Boys and girls on that day were dressed in their best, and paid visits of ceremony to friends and neighbors.

The moon of the seventh month used to be called *Tanabata-tsuki*, or "The Moon of Tanabata." And it was also called *Fumi-tsuki*, or "The Literary Moon," because during the seventh month poems were everywhere composed in praise of the Celestial Lovers.

I think that my readers ought to be interested in the following selection of ancient Japanese poems, treating of the Tanabata legend. All are from the *Manyōshū*. The *Manyōshū*, or "Gathering of a Myriad Leaves," is a vast collection of poems composed before the middle of the eighth century. It was compiled by Imperial order, and completed early in the ninth century. The number of the poems

which it contains is upwards of four thousand; some being "long poems" (*nagauta*), but the great majority *tanka*, or compositions limited to thirty-one syllables; and the authors were courtiers or high officials. The first eleven *tanka* hereafter translated were composed by Yamagami no Okura, Governor of the province of Chikuzen, more than eleven hundred years ago. His fame as a poet is well deserved; for not a little of his work will bear comparison with some of the finer epigrams of the Greek Anthology. The following verses, upon the death of his little son Furubi, will serve as an example: —

Wakakéréba
Michi-yuki shiraji:
Mahi wa sému,
Shitabé no tsukahi
Ohité-tohorasé.

"As he is so young, he cannot know the way. . . . To the messenger of the Underworld I will give a bribe, and entreat him, saying: 'Do thou kindly take the little one upon thy back along the road.'"

Eight hundred years earlier, the Greek poet Diodorus Zonas of Sardis had written: —

"Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water of this reedy lake, for Hades, stretch out thy hand, dark Charon, to the son of Kinyras, as he mounts the ladder by the gangway, and receive him. For his sandals will cause the lad to slip, and he fears to set his feet naked on the sand of the shore."

But the charming epigram of Diodorus was inspired only by a myth, — for the "son of Kinyras" was no other than Adonis, — whereas the verses of Okura express for us the yearning of a father's heart.

Though the legend of Tanabata was indeed borrowed from China, the reader will find nothing Chinese in the following compositions. They represent the old classic poetry at its purest, free from alien influence; and they offer us many

suggestions as to the condition of Japanese life and thought twelve hundred years ago. Remembering that they were written before any modern European literature had yet taken form, one is startled to find how little the Japanese written language has changed in the course of so many centuries. Allowing for a few obsolete words, and sundry slight changes of pronunciation, the ordinary Japanese reader to-day can enjoy these early productions of his native muse with about as little difficulty as the English reader finds in studying the poets of the Elizabethan era. Moreover, the refinement and the simple charm of the *Manyōshū* compositions have never been surpassed and seldom equaled, by later Japanese poets.

As for the forty-odd *tanka* which I have translated, their chief attraction lies, I think, in what they reveal to us of the human nature of their authors. Tanabata-tsumé still represents for us the Japanese wife, worshipfully loving;—Hikoboshi appears to us with none of the luminosity of the god, but as the young Japanese husband of the sixth or seventh century, before Chinese ethical convention had begun to exercise its restraints upon life and literature. Also these poems interest us by their expression of the early feeling for natural beauty. In them we find the scenery and the seasons of Japan transported to the Blue Plain of High Heaven;—the Celestial Stream with its rapids and shallows, its sudden risings and clamorings within its stony bed, and its water-grasses bending in the autumn wind, might well be the Kamogawa;—and the mists that haunt its shores are the very mists of Arashiyama. The boat of Hikoboshi, impelled by a single oar working upon a wooden peg, is not yet obsolete; and at many a country ferry you may still see the *hiki-funé* in which Tanabata-tsumé prayed her husband to cross in a night of storm,—a flat broad barge pulled over the river by cables. And maids and wives still sit at their doors in country villages, on pleasant autumn days, to

weave, as Tanabata-tsumé wove for the sake of her lord and lover.

It will be observed that, in most of these verses, it is not the wife who dutifully crosses the Celestial River to meet her husband, but the husband who rows over the stream to meet the wife; and there is no reference to the Bridge of Birds. As for my renderings, those readers who know by experience the difficulty of translating Japanese verse will be the most indulgent, I fancy. The Romaji system of spelling has been followed (except in one or two cases where I thought it better to indicate the ancient syllabication after the method adopted by Aston); and words or phrases necessarily supplied have been enclosed in parentheses.

Amanogawa
Ai-muki tachité,
Waga koishi
Kimi kimasu nari —
Himo-toki makéna!

"He is coming, my long-desired lord, whom I have been waiting to meet here, on the banks of the River of Heaven. . . . The moment of loosening my girdle is nigh!"¹

Hisakata-no²
Ama no kawasé ni,
Funé ukété,
Koyoï ka kimi ga
Agari kimasan?

"Over the Rapids of the Everlasting Heaven, floating in his boat, my lord will doubtless deign to come to me this very night."

¹ The last line alludes to a charming custom of which mention is made in the most ancient Japanese literature. Lovers, ere parting, were wont to tie each other's inner girdle (*himo*) and pledge themselves to leave the knot untouched until the time of their next meeting. This poem is said to have been composed in the seventh year of Yōrō, — A. D. 723, — eleven hundred and eighty-two years ago.

² *Hisakata-no* is a "pillow-word" used by the old poets in relation to celestial objects; and it is often difficult to translate. Mr. Aston thinks that the literal meaning of *hisakata* is

Kazé kumo wa
Futatsu no kishi ni
Kayoëdomo,
Waga toho-tsuma no
Koto zo kayowanu!

"Though winds and clouds to either bank may freely come or go, between myself and my far-away spouse no message whatever may pass."

Tsubuté¹ ni mo
Nagé koshitsu-béki,
Amanogawa
Hédatérebá ka mo,
Amata subé-naki!

"To the opposite bank one might easily fling a pebble; yet, being separated from him by the River of Heaven, alas! to hope for a meeting (except in autumn) is utterly useless."

Aki-kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori
"Itsushika" to —
Waga machi koishi
Kimi zo kimaséru.

"From the day that the autumn-wind began to blow (I kept saying to myself), 'Ah! when shall we meet?' — but now my beloved, for whom I waited and longed, has come indeed!"

Amanogawa
Ito kawa-nami wa
Tatanédomo,
Samorai gatashi —
Chikaki kono sé wo.

"Though the waters of the River of Heaven have not greatly risen (yet, to cross) this near stream and to wait upon (my lord and lover), remains impossible."

Sodé furaba
Mi mo kawashitsu-béku

simply "long-hard," in the sense of long-enduring, — *hisa* (long), *katai* (hard, or firm), — so that *hisakata-no* would have the meaning of "firmamental." Japanese commentators, however, say that the term is composed with the three words, *hi* (sun), *sasu* (shine), and *kata* (side); — and this etymology would justify the rendering of *hisakata-no* by some such expression as "light-shedding;" "radiance-giving." On the subject of pillow-words, see Aston's *Grammar of the Japanese Written Language*.

¹ The old text has *tabuté*.

Chika-kerédo,
Wataru subé nashi,
Aki nishi aranéba.

"Though she is so near that the waving of her (long) sleeves can be distinctly seen, yet there is no way to cross the stream before the season of autumn."

Kagéroi no
Honoka ni miété
Wakarénaba; —
Motonaya koïn
Aü-toki madé wa!

"When we were separated, I had seen her for a moment only, — and dimly, as one sees a flying midge;² now I must vainly long for her as before, until the time of our next meeting!"

Hikoboshi no
Tsuma mukaë-buné
Kogizurashi, —
Ama-no-kawara ni
Kiri no tatéru wa.

"Methinks that Hikoboshi must be rowing his boat to meet his wife, — for a mist (as of oar-spray) is rising over the course of the Heavenly Stream."

Kasumi tatsu
Ama-no-kawara ni,
Kimi matsu to, —
Ikayō hodo ni
Mono-suso nurénu.

"While awaiting my lord on the misty shore of the River of Heaven, the skirts of my robe have somehow become wet."

Amanogawa,
Mi-tsu no nami oto
Sawagu-nari:
Waga matsu-kimi no
Funadé-surashi mo.

"On the River of Heaven at the place of the august ferry, the sound of the water has become loud: perhaps my long-awaited lord will soon be coming in his boat."

Tanabata no
Sodé maku yoï no
Akatoki wa,
Kawasé no tazu wa
Nakazu to mo yoshi.

² *Kagéroi* is an obsolete form of *kagérō*, meaning an ephemera.

"As Tanabata (slumbers) with her long sleeves rolled up, until the reddening of the dawn, do not, O storks of the river-shallows, awaken her by your cries."¹

Amanogawa
Kiri-tachi-wataru :
Kyô, kyô, to —
Waga matsu-koishi
Funadé-surashi!

("She sees that) a mist is spreading across the River of Heaven. . . . 'To-day, to-day,' she thinks, 'my long-awaited lord will probably come over in his boat.'"

Amanogawa,
Yasu no watari ni,
Funé ukété; —
Waga tachi-matsu to
Imo ni tsugé koso.

"By the ferry of Yasu, on the River of Heaven, the boat is floating. I pray you tell my younger-sister² that I stand here and wait."

Yachihoko no
Kami no mi-yo yori
Tomoshi-zuma; —
Hito-shiri ni keri
Tsugitéshi omoéba.

"From the august Age of the God of Eight-Thousand-Spears,³ she had been my spouse in secret⁴ only; yet now, because of my constant longing for her, our relation has become known to men."

O-sora yo
Kayô waré sura,
Na ga yué ni,
Amanogawa-ji no
Nazumité zo koshi.

¹ Lit., "not to cry out (will be) good" — but a literal translation of the poem is scarcely possible.

² That is to say, "wife." In archaic Japanese the word *imo* signified both "wife" and "younger sister." The term might also be rendered "darling," or "beloved."

³ Yachihoko-no-Kami, who has many other names, is the great god of Izumo, and is commonly known by his appellation Oho-yuni-nushi-no-Kami, or the "Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land." He is locally worshiped also as the god of marriage, — for which reason, perhaps, the poet thus refers to him.

⁴ Or, "my seldom-visited spouse." The word *tsuma* (*zuma*), in ancient Japanese, signified

"Though I (being a star-god) can pass freely to and fro, through the great sky, — yet to cross over the River of Heaven, for your sake, was weary work indeed!"

Amé tsuchi to
Wakaréshi toki yo
Onoga tsuma;
Shika zo té ni aru
Aki matsu aré wa.

"From the time when heaven and earth were parted, she has been my own wife; yet, to be with her, I must always wait till autumn."⁵

Waga kôru
Niho no omo wa
Koyoi mo ka
Ama-no-kawara ni
Ishi-makura makan.

"With my beloved, of the ruddy-tinted cheeks,⁶ this night indeed will I descend into the bed of the River of Heaven, to sleep on a pillow of stone."

Amanogawa
Mikomori-gusa no
Aki-kazé ni
Nabikafu miréba,
Toki kitarurashi

"When I see the water-grasses of the River of Heaven bend in the autumn wind (I think to myself): 'The time (for our meeting) seems to have come.'"

Waga séko ni
Ura-koi oréba,
Amanogawa
Yo-funé kogi-toyomu
Kaji no 'to kikoyu.

"When I feel in my heart a sudden longing for my husband,⁷ then on the

either wife or husband; and this poem might be rendered so as to express either the wife's or the husband's thoughts.

⁵ By the ancient calendar, the seventh day of the seventh month would fall in the autumn season.

⁶ The literal meaning is "béni-tinted face," — that is to say, a face of which the cheeks and lips have been tinted with *béni*, a kind of rouge.

⁷ In ancient Japanese the word *seko* signified either husband or elder brother. The beginning of the poem might also be rendered thus: — "When I feel a secret longing for my husband," etc.

River of Heaven the sound of the rowing
of the night-boat is heard, and the splash
of the oar resounds."

Tō-zuma to
Tamakura kawashi
Nétaru yo wa,
Tori-gané na naki
Akéba aku to mo!

"In the night when I am reposing
with my (now) far-away spouse, having
exchanged jewel-pillows¹ with her, let
not the cock crow, even though the day
should dawn."

Yorozu-yo ni
Tazusawari ité
Ai mi-domo,
Omoi-sugu-béki
Koi naranaku ni.

"Though for a myriad ages we should
remain hand-in-hand and face to face,
our exceeding love could never come to
an end. (Why then should Heaven deem
it necessary to part us?)"

Aki saréba
Kawagiri tatéru
Amanogawa,
Kawa ni muki-ité
Kōru² yo zo ôki!

"When autumn comes, and the river-
mists spread over the Heavenly Stream,
I turn toward the river (and long); and
the nights of my longing are many!"

Hito-tosé ni
Nanuka no yo nomi
Ai-hito no —
Koi mo tsuki-néba
Sayo zo aké ni keru!

"But once in the whole year, and only
upon the seventh night (of the seventh
month), to meet the beloved person —
and lo! the day has dawned before our
mutual love could express itself!"³

Waga tamé to,
Tanabata-tsumé no,

¹ "To exchange jewel-pillows" signifies to use each other's arms for pillows. This poetical phrase is often used in the earliest Japanese literature. The word for jewel, *tama*, often appears in compounds as an equivalent of "precious," "dear," etc.

² For *kofuru*.

³ Or "satisfy itself." A literal rendering is difficult.

Sono yado ni,
Oréru shirotaï
Nuîté ken kamo?

"The white cloth which Tanabata has
woven for my sake, in that dwelling of
hers, is now, I think, being made into a
robe for me."

Shirakumo no
I-ho é kakurité
Tō-kédomo,
Yoi-sarazu min
Imo ga atari wa.

"Though she be far-away, and hidden
from me by five hundred layers of white
cloud, still shall I turn my gaze each
night toward the dwelling-place of my
younger sister (wife)."

Toshi no koi
Koyoi tsukushité,
Asu yori wa,
Tsuné no gotoku ya
Waga koi oran.

"The love-longing of one whole year
having ended to-night, every day from
to-morrow I must again pine for him as
before!"

Aki-kazé no
Fuki tadayowasu
Shirakumo wa,
Tanabata-tsumé no
Amatsu hiré kamo?

"Oh! that white cloud driven by the
autumn wind — can it be the heavenly
*hiré*⁴ of Tanabata-tsumé?"

Hikoboshi to
Tanabata-tsumé to
Koyoi ai; —
Ama-no-Kawa to ni
Nami tatsu-na yumé!

⁴ At different times, in the history of Japanese female costume, different articles of dress were called by this name. In the present instance, the *hiré* referred to was probably a white scarf, worn about the neck and carried over the shoulders to the breast, where its ends were either allowed to hang loose, or were tied into an ornamental knot. The *hiré* was often used to make signals with, much as handkerchiefs are waved to-day for the same purpose; — and the question uttered in the poem seems to signify: "Can that be Tanabata waving her scarf — to call me?" In very early times, the ordinary costumes worn were white.

"Hikoboshi and Tanabata-tsumé are to meet each other to-night; ye waves of the River of Heaven, take heed that ye do not rise!"

Shiba-shiba mo
Ai minu kimi wo,
Amanogawa
Funa-dé haya séyo
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"Because he is my not-often-to-be-met beloved, hasten to row the boat across the River of Heaven ere the night be advanced."

Amanogawa
Kiri tachi-watari
Hikoboshi no
Kaji no 'to kikoyu
Yo no fuké-yukéba.

"Late in the night, a mist spreads over the River of Heaven; and the sound of the oar ¹ of Hikoboshi is heard."

Kono yūbé
Furikuru amé wa,
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Kai no chiri ka mo.

"Perhaps this evening shower is but the spray (flung down) from the oar of Hikoboshi, rowing his boat in haste."

Kazé fukité,
Kawa-nami tachinu ; —
Hiki-funé ni
Watari mo kimasé
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"The wind having risen, the waves of the river have become high; this night cross over in a towboat, ² I pray thee, before the hour be late!"

Asu yori wa
Waga tama-doko wo
Uchi haraï,
Kimi to inézuté
Hitori ka mo nen !

"From to-morrow, alas! after having

¹ Or, "the creaking of the oar." (The word *kaji* to-day means "helm"; — the single oar, or scull, working upon a pivot, and serving at once for rudder and oar, being now called *ro*.) The mist passing across the Amanogawa is, according to commentators, the spray from the Star-god's oar.

² Lit. "pull-boat" (*hiki-funé*), — a barge or boat pulled by a rope.

put my jewel-bed in order, no longer reposing with my lord, I must sleep alone!"

Amanogawa
Kawa 'to sayakéshi :
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Nami no sawagi ka ?

"On the River of Heaven a sound of plashing can be distinctly heard: is it the sound of the rippling made by Hikoboshi quickly rowing his boat?"

Amanogawa
Nami wa tatsutomo,
Waga funé wa
Iza kogi iden
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"Even though the waves of the River of Heaven run high, I must row over quickly, before it becomes late in the night."

Inishié ni
Oritéshi hata wo ;
Kono yūbé
Koromo ni nuité —
Kimi matsu aré wo !

"Long ago I finished weaving the material; and, this evening, having finished sewing the garment for him — (why must) I still wait for my lord?"

Amanogawa
Sé wo hayami ka mo ?
Nubatama no
Yo wa fuké ni tsutsu,
Awanu Hikoboshi !

"Is it that the current of the River of Heaven (has become too) rapid? The jet-black ³ night advances — and Hikoboshi has not come!"

Watashi-mori,
Funé haya watasé ; —
Hito-tosé ni
Futatabi kayō
Kimi naranaku ni !

³ *Nubatama no yo* might better be rendered by some such phrase as "the berry-black night," — but the intended effect would be thus lost in translation. *Nubatama-no* (a "pillow-word") is written with characters signifying, "like the black fruits of *Karasu-ogi*"; and the ancient phrase "*nubatama no yo*" therefore may be said to have the same meaning as our expressions "jet-black night," or "pitch-dark night."

"Oh, ferryman, make speed across the stream! my lord is not one who can come and go twice in a year!"

Aki kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori,
Amanogawa
Kawasé ni dédachi; —
Matsu to tsugé koso!

"On the very day that the autumn wind began to blow, I set out for the shallows of the River of Heaven; — I pray you, tell my lord that I am waiting here still!"

Tanabata no
Funanori surashi, —
Maso-kagami,
Kiyoki tsuki-yo ni
Kumo tachi-wataru.

"Methinks Tanabata must be coming in her boat; for a cloud is even now passing across the clear face of the moon."¹

— And yet it has been gravely asserted

¹ Composed by the famous poet Otomo no Sukuné Yakamochi, while gazing at the Milky Way, on the seventh night of the seventh month of the tenth year of Tempyō (A. D. 738). The pillow-word in the third line (*maso-kagami*) is untranslatable.

that the old Japanese poets could find no beauty in starry skies!

Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising of the moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky, — to make me forget the monstrous facts of science, and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanogawa itself, — the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. While Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; — and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal, — forever yearning and forever young, and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS AT METEQUI

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT

"I DID not know such beauty existed in the world!"

"Be careful, Mademoiselle, do not look back — the path is very narrow, the rolling stones may make you slip," warned Reine, who was acting as guide and porter.

We had been climbing steadily since dawn through an enchanted forest whose fairy flowers were bathed in the green reflected light of the pines; giant sentinels that raised their stately heads and shook their glistening golden cones in the very depths of the azure heavens. All sight and sound of the world about us had been shut away. Now, as we emerged upon the first plateau, there rose before us range after range of the Oberland Mountains, enveloped in hazy mists of pink and purple, blue and green. Thousands of feet below, the houses in our little village gleamed and sparkled in the noonday light, and from the valley beyond, fleecy clouds of rose and white drifted lazily toward us.

"Is that Metéqui perched high against those rocks?" we asked in dismay. "And must we climb up the face of that mountain?"

"Oh, that is not so bad as it looks," responded our cheerful guide. "Just put a little stone in your mouths to keep you from feeling thirsty, and also from talking; you will need all your breath for the last steep pull. Take my hand and shut your eyes, Mademoiselle Margaret. It is looking down that gives you *vertige*; you will be all right as soon as we are over this ledge; there is really no danger."

Suddenly the giddy ascent ended. We could open our eyes and enjoy the beauty of the undulating grassy slope on which stood the picturesque chalet of Metéqui. In the doorway, smiling and rosy, the mother of Reine was waiting to welcome us.

"How good of you to want to stay with me, mes chères demoiselles! My only fear is that I cannot make you comfortable. But come right in and have some hot coffee, that will rest you after your long climb."

We followed her into the smoke-darkened kitchen, or *fireplace*, for the entire room converged into one huge chimney with a square opening at the top. Through this opening a pole extended into the outer air, and to it was attached a board which could be drawn over the aperture when it rained or snowed. If the smoke became too dense, the board was removed for a few moments. The crane hung higher than our heads, and a man might easily have hidden in the suspended cheese kettle, under which the blazing logs now roared and crackled. Although the walls were blackened with smoke, the utensils for butter and cheese making were white as snow, and in the adjoining living-room the broad, low window-seat, table, and benches, were clean as scrubbing could make them. This was to be our dining-room when driven indoors by rain or snow. Felix had partitioned off the beds, making a tiny bedroom for us; a luxury seldom indulged in by the peasants.

"But what will you and your son do, Rosalie, if we occupy your room?"

"Oh, we are to sleep in the loft on the hay."

"Why not put us in the loft? we have never slept on hay; it would be too lovely!"

"But you *are* to sleep on hay, Mademoiselle," laughed Rosalie. "*Voilà!*" and stooping down, she pulled from under the bed an immense drawer¹ filled with sweet-smelling hay.

¹ In this part of Switzerland the beds are built in tiers, the lower ones pulling out like bureau drawers.

Never were beds more comfortable, more sleep-compelling. We did not open our eyes until the pale white dawn shone in our windows. The cattle were already astir. We heard their bells clinking dreamily as they moved to and fro. When, some hours later, we really awakened, we found that Felix, assisted by the small shepherd boy, had driven them into the forest. Rosalie, her crimson kerchief knotted round her head, her peasant dress discarded for the more practical trousers and jacket worn by the mountain women, was singing gaily as she worked.

"It is so hard to look after the cows in a dress," she apologized, "and you know that is the woman's work in our valley. Felix is very good to his old mother; he always does the hardest part. But you won't find many like my Felix. As a rule, the men leave the cattle to their women folks, and besides that, they make a deal of work about the house, having meals cooked at all hours, and hot coffee every afternoon! I tell Reine that a man is all well enough in his way, but that I hope she won't marry one!"

While Rosalie trotted busily to and fro preparing breakfast, we sat on the little porch and watched the sun creep over the Dent du Midi, whose snowy summits rose clear and sharp against the blue sky. The air was like a strong tonic, and we were most unpoetically hungry.

"Can we have some eggs for breakfast, Rosalie?"

"Indeed you can, Mademoiselle; all the hens are laying. You shall have them right out of the nest." And she scrambled over the wood stacked against the house, and disappeared under the rafters.

We could hear her talking to the chickens under the eaves. "I know I spoil my hens," she said, as she climbed carefully down, four fresh eggs in each hand, "but they do love to make their nests up there, and I enjoy seeing them so happy. And now, if you have all you need, my dears, I'll go back to my churning."

Her drum-shaped churn swung on a

pivot close by the outside door, and in no way interfered with conversation as she sent it flying round and round. "It is so exciting watching for the butter to arrive, and then gathering up the golden pats and washing them in the clear, cold water that le Bon Dieu sends us, straight from his mountains of snow. He is very good to us poor peasants. He makes us so strong and well, and then gives us plenty of work to keep us happy. The days would seem very long without our work — when I am busy they fly like the wind! Sometimes I don't even have time to look down on my children, and that is what I love most to do. When they first left home to work in the valley, I was very lonely. It seemed as though I could not live without them. One day I was in the village, and a gentleman loaned me his fieldglass. I could see Metéqui! Felix was on the hill with the cows. *I recognized each one!* That night I could n't sleep. I kept thinking about that glass, and how if I had one it would be like having my children with me, for I could see them every day. Before dawn I had started down the mountain. I could n't afford to buy a new glass, so Emile Théodmir sold me his. It was never quite perfect, but if you are patient and keep your hand very steady as it turns around, there comes a place where you can see nicely."

Dear old Rosalie, how many hours I have spent perched beside her on the steep hillside, gazing down into the valley!

"Look, look, Mademoiselle! I see Camille — he's leading a cow across his field — ah — the glass dropped just as I was about to discover whether he had Violet or Bouquet;" or, "There, Mademoiselle, those are my grandchildren on the road. They are going to church; I know each one by the color of the kerchief which she wears about her neck. Over in the open field beyond Adeline's I can see my other son making hay. Take the glass, Mademoiselle, be careful, hold it so that little piece won't drop. Now you can watch them while I get dinner." And

she would trot contentedly away, followed by her faithful cat.

Meanwhile I would sit and dream, gazing idly at the feathery clouds of pink and gold and misty white that floated up from the valley. Oh, the ecstatic delight of those first few weeks, when we seemed to have discovered a new world, a new life! — Or was it a very old one, that had not changed since the patriarchs fed their flocks on the mountain slopes of Hebron? Even the long rainy spell which followed could not dampen our enthusiasm, though thick mists obscured the mountains, and the water fell in torrents. We would lie on our beds of sweet-smelling hay and read by the feeble light that penetrated our tiny windows, or sit around the blazing fire in the dark kitchen while Rosalie whirled her spinning wheel and told us tales of the good old times when she was a girl.

"The strangers are changing our valley — the young people are no longer the same. Of course I believe in progress, we must move with the times. I am not one of those who wish to keep to the old ways — there are some who will not speak French. Patois is all well enough for us old folks, but when our children go to school and know not one word of French, they are laughed at by those who have been there and learned it but a few months earlier. When one has children, one must progress with the times."

"Then you believe in adopting the European dress?"

"No, no, we must keep our own costume," and her voice vibrated with pride. "Monsieur le Curé says that it is much better for us to wear our own clothes than to try and copy those of strangers, which do not suit our occupations. My little granddaughter is only nine, but I had her hat made last year. She cannot wear it until she makes her first communion, but two years soon pass, and I was afraid Agathe would die. She's very old, — she made my mother's hats."

"But has no one else learned to make them?"

"There's a young woman who *says* she can make them, but they'll never be the same as Agathe's. I wanted *Mélaine* to have the prettiest I could buy. Thirteen francs was a good deal of money to lay out at one time, but a well-made hat lasts your lifetime. Of course you must have it cleaned once in two years — that's some expense."

"Why, I thought *Mariettane* charged only twenty-five centimes (five cents)."

"And *Mademoiselle* thinks that is nothing? But to us it seems dear, — we mountain women have but little ready money. Then there's the ribbon, which must be renewed every few years, and only the best quality can be used on our Sunday hats. My mother gave me mine when I was married forty years ago — it's as good as new. I keep it in the village with my Sunday clothes."

Then she explained that the peasants who live in the high mountains build tiny houses in the village solely for the purpose of holding their good clothes. These houses are partitioned off into two small rooms, one for the men, one for the women. There are no windows, they are lighted only from the open doorways, — cravats are tied and hats adjusted on the piazzas which surround even these miniature chalets. Sunday morning the peasants descend the mountains in their working clothes, changing them before going to church. Those who come fasting to receive holy communion return and eat their breakfasts in these small quarters, that they may assist at the late service. Few care to remain all day in the village.

"I cannot breathe down there, *Mademoiselle*," she said, "there's no air, and it is so hot! I don't understand why so many strangers come there for the summer."

"Oh, *they* think that they are in the high mountains, and that the air is delicious! We did, too, before we came to *Metéqui*."

No superfluous clothes or furniture are carried up the steep mountains. When we first learned that these peasants moved

five times each year, visions of furniture carts, cheerless rooms, and an army of upholsterers, rose before us.

"How terrible to spend so much of one's life in such confusion, Rosalie."

"But it's not so very bad, Mademoiselle. When I go down to Emos in the fall, I leave everything exactly as you see it, pots and pans and bedclothes, ready for next season. When Felix and I arrive, all that we have to do is to make our beds and wind up the clock, *et voilà!* We are settled for the summer! It is the same when we leave Emos for Plançon. Our only trouble is with the chickens. We have to tie them up in big bags and haul them down on sleds."

"But why do you move so often?"

"And how could the cattle be fed if we did not, Mademoiselle? As soon as the hay is exhausted here we must go down to Emos, and when the hay loft there is empty we change to Plançon."

"Why not move the hay?"

"Does Mademoiselle think that so very easy? Besides, if we lived always at Plançon or Emos, how could we fertilize this soil? It is the cattle that keep our land so rich, that give us such fine crops of grass. We neither sow nor dig — all that is required of us is to gather in the harvest that the good God sends."

"Monsieur le Curé has come to bless our fields and cattle; would Mademoiselle care to be present?"

The sun was sinking behind the western mountains, the snowy heights of the Dent du Midi flamed crimson in its glowing light, as I crossed the field where Rosalie had hastily prepared a little altar. Before it stood a priest in white vestments. The rude table, the queer little candlesticks and artificial flowers, were transfigured for me, as God's minister implored Him to bless the earth, to bring forth its fruits for his children, to hold all living creatures within his care. Felix knelt on the ground beside his mother; their faces shone with the light of a perfect faith. Living close to the most stupendous

mysteries of nature, these peasants realize their absolute dependence on Him who created it. When winter snows shut them away from the world, and they have for companionship only the vast mountains, from whose rocky heights the glacial torrents thunder, the avalanches crush down upon them, their sublime faith lifts their souls to the heavens above, where dwells their all-loving Father. They do not fear death; it but opens the door of his kingdom.

"Why should we be afraid of death, Mademoiselle, when it leads us to God?" asked a pretty young peasant. "We all die young because of our hard lives, especially we women. That is the reason that so many of us remain unmarried. You know in Le Valais it has never been the custom for girls to marry before twenty, — it is considered too young, — they must work awhile for their parents, in return for all they have received, before they marry. After one is twenty time flies — one is soon twenty-four, twenty-eight, and when once that old, it does not seem worth while to make a change for such a short time, — *il ne vaut pas la peine de changer.*"

"Are you not afraid of falling ill so far from a physician, of dying all alone in this great forest?" we asked old Madeleine, who lived still further up the mountain.

"But one is so seldom sick, Mademoiselle. I have had fourteen children, all born in this room,¹ and we never needed a physician. The good God took five unto Himself when they were babies, the others are married and living in the valley. I know that I am old, that I must soon die. When I feel that the end has come, I shall walk down to the village. I would not want to trouble my good neighbors to carry me in a chair, as must be done when one is dying. After death it is still more difficult, yet we must all be buried in the churchyard."

¹ The mountain peasants live in one room, opening into a tiny kitchen, where the meals, consisting of polenta, rice, potatoes, milk, and coffee, are prepared in semi-darkness.

"Then why not live now with your grandchildren in the village?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, we mountain people love solitude. We can think more of God. He seems nearer to us when we are alone."

There was one dear old man whose smiling face always welcomed us to his little home. A born collector, he reveled in the costumes, linens, and embroideries bequeathed him by his ancestors.

"My father," he said, "was ninety-four when he died; he, too, loved the ancient costumes. I have one which he often wore. I put it on in his honor for our greatest fête days. But look at this head-dress — you never saw anything quite so old, now did you, Mademoiselle? My great-great-grandmother wore it when she was married."

His face fairly beamed with joy as he took from his carved chests these treasures of the past. In many of the linens were woven the dates 1557 and 1622.

"This set is for the dying; I love it most of all. See, Mademoiselle, the whole room is hung in white for the coming of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament;" and he held up piece after piece of exquisitely embroidered linens and laces that were to cover the walls, to be thrown over the bed, and held in the trembling hands of the dying communicant.

"When my mother and father died, it was I who made the room all white and beautiful; when my turn comes, my sister has promised to do this for me."

"And when you see this white room, and know that it is prepared for death, will it not frighten you?"

"Oh, no, that will be a happy day, a time of great joy."

Dear old Isidore. I love to think of him in that still, white room, his white soul waiting to pass into a higher life. Meanwhile he was not unhappy. There is nothing of melancholy in the religious character of these peasants. They have a keen sense of humor and a very practical turn of mind that makes them provide for this world as well as the next!

There came a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten morning at Metéqui, when we opened our eyes on a white, cold, glistening world. The snow had come! As far as the eye could reach, all was buried beneath its spotless mantle. In the valley the giant pines bent and swayed under their burden. Suddenly the sun burst forth, and our white world was changed to pink and blue and gold and amethyst. Every branch and bough beneath us gleamed with myriad lights, while above us the still, white mountains raised their majestic heights, austere, impenetrable. We were startled by a stranger's voice.

"I wanted to see what was happening to thee, little mother. I feared thou wert buried in the snow. Here are some supplies;" and Pierre dropped the heavy bags from his shoulders.

"But thou art good to thy old mother, Pierre. However didst thou climb the mountain through all that snow? The Lord must reward thee, my son, thy mother never can. Come, warm thyself by the fire;" and with shining eyes and a happy smile Rosalie bustled about, making him a cup of coffee, the peasant's panacea for every ill.

When Pierre left us, we settled down for a quiet day, but moans and groans, and a constant knocking against our wall, made us realize for the first time the unpleasant proximity of the cattle, who rebelled against their unwonted captivity. We heard Rosalie's soft, caressing voice striving to calm them.

"There, there, Miroflé, good old cow, — dost thou not know that the snow covers the ground, and that all the grass is buried beneath it? Bouquet, I am ashamed of thee! Canst thou not wait patiently for le Bon Dieu to send the good weather? And my young ladies — what will they think of thee, knocking thy horns against their wall! Very well, Friko, since thou wilt not believe me, come and see for thyself that the snow is here."

We heard her open the door, and saw the cows file out, one by one. "That's right, Sourit, stick thy horns in the snow

and see how deep it is, now thou wilt believe me. The snow is cold to thy feet, Frikio, thou dost not like it? Next time thou wilt trust thy old Rosalie. Come, now, back to thy warm stable."

Strange to say, after that there was no more trouble, the cows seeming quite content to remain indoors.

"Felix says that you must start for Evolène as soon as this snow melts. It is only a flurry, compared with what we may have in a few weeks. The diligence will not run much longer."

"Did we really think the peasants of Metéqui primitive?" asked Margaret, after our first day at Evolène. That was before we had seen Lana! A group of tiny black houses like mushrooms, clustered about a little white church. In one of them lived Monsieur le Curé. When we called we sat on high benches, as he had no chairs. He said he did not care for luxuries (!) — he was happy to work among his own people: — "They are all so good, they love le Bon Dieu, and are content in spite of their hard lives."

Here the peasants depend absolutely on their own resources, having little communication with the great world that lies beyond their snowy Alps. The women shear the sheep, spin and weave the soft brown cloth from which their picturesque dresses are made. They wear no petticoats, but a white linen chemise with a high neck and long, full sleeves. Over this a very short-waisted dress with no sleeves, the skirt falling to the ankle, just showing the white stockings and pretty, low shoes. On Sunday a quaint bolero jacket is worn. Once in three months each family has the right to bake bread in the public oven. It is then placed in the loft to dry, — fresh bread being eaten too quickly! If it becomes *too* hard, it can be soaked in milk, though this is not encouraged, as the milk must be saved for making cheese, which, with bread and potatoes, constitutes their daily food. There are no dishes in Lana. When a

new baby appears, he is presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, which lasts his lifetime. After each meal you are expected to wash your bowl and spoon, hanging the latter in a little rack on the wall. The women have no time for cooking or dish-washing, they must be off to the fields, which return but a poor harvest from their rocky soil.

We met a pretty young mother carrying on her shoulder a cradle in which lay her new-born baby. By her side toddled a wee bit of a man who had left the cradle just in time for the newcomer. In the middle of his back, well out of reach of his mischievous fingers, was tied a tinkling bell, by which he could be traced, should he wander off in the mountains while his mother was absorbed with her mowing.

When we returned to our village we found the peasants overwhelmed with grief. Rosalie was dead! The day before, she had gone out with the cows. Felix was in the village. On his return he found her lying asleep in the open field, a smile of perfect peace upon her upturned face.

Once more we climbed through the solemn forest of pines that led to Metéqui. When halfway up, we saw the men descending with their burden. A rude bier had been covered with fragrant pine boughs. It was borne on the shoulders of Rosalie's four sons. On the heights of Metéqui the sunlight still lay in a golden glory, but here in the forest the shadows of evening were falling as the little procession wound in and out the crooked pathway. We knelt as it passed, then silently followed to the village. From their open doorways the peasants joined us, men, women, little children. They laid her to rest in the old churchyard under the shadow of God's altar. Early next morning we left the village, carrying with us a memory, not of loss, but of eternal gain: of a faith that lifts those mountain people above the sorrows of earth into the peace and joy of everlasting life.

THE BARITONE AND THE OFFICE BOY

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

THE sidewalk before the brilliantly lighted entrance of the opera house was empty, save for the groups of speculators and libretto venders standing ready to break into a chorus of appeal at the appearance of the possible ticket buyer. It lacked fully an hour of the time for the evening crowd to arrive, — the homogeneous, philistine crowd that pays to be let in. But at the "back of the house," the stage door was briskly opening and shutting upon the crowd that is paid to come, — a heterogeneous crowd of widely different aspect.

From the little window in the blank wall that conceals the official machinery from the opener of that door, the office boy stood watching the passing show with an accustomed but not indifferent eye. It is a motley throng that proffers grievance or request at that window, or passes it on the way to the inner mysteries. In that small anteroom, where the office boy is the mouthpiece of fate, the three operative nations that reign upon alternate nights meet and mingle in a veritable tower of Babel. There German despair, French frenzy, Italian hysteria, American impatience, and Irish invective meet on a common ground of suffering and hope deferred. There the office boy listens to complaints in English of unfamiliar sound, and administers fragmentary and unsentimental consolation in German with an Irish accent. Although young and untraveled, the opera house office boy has formulated generalizations upon types and nationalities.

There are several of him, but he is generic, — a well-defined deviation from the type office boy. He has the facial immobility of the diplomat. Swift to gauge his visitor and decide upon the exact amount of attention necessary, he is yet

not discourteous if courteously treated. His manner is not ornamental; he deals with facts. You would call him democratic if he were not slightly addicted to the vice of patronage. Also his Americanism is perceptibly tainted by foreign contact. To the Teutonic inquirer for an absent official he can answer "nick da," which, if not soul-satisfying, is at least conclusive. If social interchange is what the occasion demands, he can say, "We gates," or "Bon swore," as if it were his habitual form of address. He has a sympathetic interest in the foreign mail, and likes to ask the not too inaccessible minor prima donna if she got her letter, although he may brush carelessly aside an unobtrusive masculine star of the first magnitude. All this is in the daytime. At night the social side of his duties becomes lost in the official.

Upon the evening in question, it was one Willie Jenkins, a youth giving a general impression of blondness and pinkness emphasized by blue uniform, who held the post at the window of communication. The elements shortly to compose the evening performance were beginning to arrive in inverted order of importance.

An innocent, freshly imported German chorus girl was for an idle moment occupying the office boy's attention. He was amusing himself to her confusion with "fake" German which sounded sufficiently plausible to commend itself to her attention. An occasional chorus of laughter from within broke into the duo of question and answer. It was interrupted by the arrival of a basket of roses of assorted hues.

"*Ausgezeichnet!*" murmured Willie Jenkins, as he opened the door to receive it. The office boy takes a warm interest in the destination of flowers, and has also

a Sherlock Holmes-like intuition about them. With a quick glance at the naïve parti-colored arrangement, he commented, "For Madame Bergmann," without glancing at the card.

"Good guesser," was the tribute of the messenger.

"That's easy," responded the office boy, unmoved by flattery. "*Ganz Deutsch*," he added, with a head gesture toward the garish floral offering.

As the outer door opened to let out the florist's boy, it admitted a short, thick-set gentleman in a fur-collared overcoat, the removal of whose hat revealed a virile black pompadour. The office boy stared a perceptible instant before greeting him carelessly.

"Good-evening, Mr. Repeti. I did n't know you without your moustache."

"Ah, terribla, terribla," Mr. Repeti responded tragically. More linguistically ambitious than most of his operatic countrymen, he had been at some pains to acquire the colloquial in English. "What time he grow out they tell me cutta him off. In your country you like what you call lightening changea artist." He raised gloved hands to an unaccountably silent heaven. He reflected, sighed, then with a change of tempo and expression continued, "To-night I singa the count. You giva me the dressing-room of Madame Brunzola."

Willie Jenkins's eye glanced in silent consultation to an invisible associate. "I don't think, Mr. Repeti. That's Madame Bergmann's dressing-room to-night."

The Italian's eye flashed stiletto-like. His chest heaved. "I singa the count," he reiterated in a tone in which the crescendo was immediate.

"Ladies first in this country," responded Willie briefly. He disliked "Dagoes," and always enjoyed, as he frequently confided to his associate Tommy Ryan, to "get a rise" out of them.

"The Tadesca, she is littla girl," the baritone responded loftily. "To-night I 'ave the dressing-room."

"She's prima donna to-night all right,"

returned Willie. Although his face was blank, he was enjoying himself hugely. "Moran sings Suzanna." His manner of mentioning this singer, although not disrespectful, subtly defined her artistic caste.

"I tell you I singa the count, I" — the baritone insisted passionately, striking his chest.

"It ain't often a baritone gets a show. Don't blame him for working it for all it's worth," said a voice from within, apostrophizing, rather than addressing, the injured count.

"And Madame Bergmann she sings the countess," returned Willie Jenkins. "Count against countess," he added frivolously, permitting himself the brief relaxation of a grin.

"Signor Quinby he tella me I am star to-night. I have a bad throat, but I sing."

At this dark allusion the office boy's hilarity subsided, and he was seen to consult more gravely with his adviser within. Another head appeared at the window, as if to gauge the seriousness of the count's symptoms, but "Ask Quinby" was his only suggestion.

"He ain't here yet, I tell you." A faint irritation growing out of the consciousness of responsibility was discernible in Willie's tones.

There was a short silence, during which alarming visions of an "indisposition" notice, possibly an eleventh hour change of opera, passed before the mental vision of the two youthful diagnosticians. Then the consultant said in a low voice:—

"Let him have it. He'll throw a fit in another minute. Little Bergmann won't care."

"Go ahead," Willie consented briefly.

The door of the inner mysteries had scarcely closed upon the appeased but still vibrating form of the baritone, when a dilapidated, indifferent person with a wall eye sauntered in, bearing in his hand a large, fluttering paper.

"I got to get this O. K.'d," he remarked to the window.

"Quinby ain't here yet," a voice answered him. "What you got there?" The office boy tried to decipher the ominous black words upside down. "Who's out now?"

"Moran."

"Gosh! Another shuffle! Who'll they get in her place, I'd like to know? They'll have to change the opera. And Repeti's here dressing already."

"Brunzola sings," returned the casual one. He had not the office boy's esprit de corps.

"Gee!" The office boys exchanged glances and laughed. "Brunzola singing substitute! That's a good stunt," exclaimed Willie Jenkins.

"I'd like to know how that come about," the other boy wondered. "She was mad 'cause they called Moran out the last *Figaro*. That's why she would n't sing to-night."

"Doin' the gracious act," observed the intermittently visible youth within. "Bet it says so." He appeared again to scan the notice. "Yes, 'Madame Brunzola has graciously consented to sing.' Bet she wrote that herself."

"Brunzola's all right," said a third voice, from the telephone desk. "She ain't stingy."

"Neither is Bergmann," contributed Willie Jenkins irrelevantly. "And she don't get half Brunzola's salary."

"Oh, Bergmann's all right, who said she was n't?" returned the telephone boy.

Willie Jenkins carried the subject no further, a terrible thought had turned his pink cheek pale. "That dressing-room!" he gasped. "Brunzola's all right if you don't strike her on her chippy side. But she'll never stand for that."

"Signor Push Cart'll have to get out," returned the other boy, grasping the situation instantly.

"An' Quinby ain't here yet."

"Ask Schultz."

Willie turned nervously as the outer door opened and shut again. "Who's that?"

"Bergmann's maid."

"If this ain't the worst ever. I'll be darned if I know" —

"Ask Schultz."

Willie Jenkins turned irritably upon his associate. "You know well enough it's Quinby's business, an' it ain't good for our health to ask Schultz about Quinby's business."

The inner door opened again, and a female form, wide and capable, stood in the opening. It spoke deliberately.

"In the dressing-room of Madame Bergmann is ein man. He haf his black coat off, und he puts his red coat on. He vill not go, und he lets me not in, und Madame Bergmann she is here in five minutes."

"That's all right, Frowline, you just slow up a bit. It ain't my fault. Can't Madame Bergmann go in the next dressing-room, — in Madame Oestreicher's?"

"But her dress it is in the room of the Italienischer already, so early it is sent; und he let me not in."

A despairing "Gosh" was her only answer. The sound of the outer door opening again jarred upon the harassed nerves of the office boys. Both visibly changed color as they saw before them the ample form of the Brunzola herself, gracious, imposing, in her wake a small, nervous French maid.

"Oh, Madame Brunzola," Willie faltered, for once deprived of words, "Madame Brunzola" —

"Yes, Tommy," the Brunzola paused condescendingly. "You have some message for me?"

"Oh, Madame Brunzola, I don't know what to do — Mr. Quinby he ain't here yet, an' it ain't Mr. Schultz's business" — In his agitation Willie completely lost his fine diplomatic grasp of essentials and was reduced to the level of the anecdotal.

"I don't understand, Tommy. What is the trouble?" There was more than a touch of royal impatience in the Brunzola's amiable patronage.

Willie blurted it out like a novice.

"Mr. Repeti he come early, an' he took your dressing-room. We did n't know you was to sing."

There was a brief and dreadful silence. The eyes of both boys sought the ground. When the diva spoke it was slowly, and Willie Jenkins's blood was chilled in his veins.

"Signor Repeti is in *my* dressing-room, do I understand?"

"Yez'm."

"And why — " the *why* was large and terrible — "why, if you please, is Signor Repeti in my dressing-room? If I had not sung the room belonged to Madame Bergmann."

"It is true," fervently assented the maid, clasping her hands. "Und the dress of Madame Bergmann it is in that room already! *Ach, lieber Gott!*"

The Brunzola turned to the German woman. "Where is Madame Bergmann?"

"She is not yet here. Alas, she is late! The *Kindlein* it is sick. *Ach Gott!* und the clothes of Madame they are in the dressing-room of" —

The Brunzola cut short lament and explanation. "Is any one in Madame Oestreicher's dressing-room? No? Very well, then I will go there for the present. You may send Mr. Schultz to me there *at once*. Also telephone Mr. Quinby. I will wait, you understand, in Madame Oestreicher's room. And no more mistakes, please." With ponderous and regal movement the Brunzola swept through the inner door.

It had scarcely closed upon her when the outer door opened to admit a slight, fur-wrapped figure that entered quickly. The distracted Willie caught a glimpse of golden hair.

"Oh, Madame Bergmann," he gasped.

"Yes,"—Hilda Bergmann paused with a little smile that might have brought balm even to so troubled a spirit as that of the office boy.

"Oh, Madame Bergmann, I'm so sorry, Mr. Repeti he's in your dressing-room, and your costume's in there, an'

he won't let your maid in to get it, an' Madame Brunzola she's come to sing in place of Mademoiselle Moran, and she wants the dressing-room, and Mr. Quinby he ain't here, an' Madame Brunzola she's mad, an' Signor Repeti he's mad, an' Mr. Quinby he'll be mad, an' Madame Brunzola's sent for Mr. Schultz, an' I don't know what to do, I swear I don't."

The office boy could not have explained why he delivered himself of his perplexities in this unreserved fashion to Hilda Bergmann. He never spoke of her with the easy familiarity with which he referred to many of the other singers.

Hilda could not at once grasp all the factors of the situation, English being as yet a foreign tongue to her. She assimilated them in fragments in the order of their importance.

"Madame Brunzola sings to-night, you say. She vish the dressing-room that was mine? But she may haf it. Oh, the Signor Repeti he is in there. *So!* Then I go to another room. Is the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher occupied?"

"Madame Brunzola she's in there already." In his anguish Willie's language took on a Teutonic coloring. "An' she's awful mad," he added fearfully.

Hilda looked troubled. "Mad with me? But I do not know she is to sing."

"No, no, — mad at Mr. Repeti, mad at me. Nobody don't get mad at you, Madame Bergmann."

Hilda smiled perplexedly. "But vere then do I go, Villie?"

But Willie being temporarily deprived of all resource, she found herself obliged to solve the difficulty for him.

"I go also to the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher und wait until you send me message. Hedwig she vill wait here, und you tell her ven she can bring to me my costume." At the door she turned to say, "It's all right, Villie. It is not your fault. I say so to Madame Brunzola."

Brought nearly to the verge of tears by the introduction of this emotional element

into the drama, it was in the last stage of mental disintegration that Willie came face to face with the disastrously late Mr. Quinby.

"What's all this row about the dressing-rooms? Don't you know any better than to put that crazy Spaghetti into Brunzola's dressing-room? It may cost us her contract."

"Mr. Repeti" — Willie began.

"Repeti! Repeti!" Quinby snatched the name from Willie's mouth. "Are n't the woods full of Repetis? There's only one Brunzola for this town."

Under the spur of attack, the office boy began to recover himself. "I did n't know what to do. *He* said *you* said he was to go there. I did n't know Brunzola was coming. Moran was down to sing. It was seven o'clock. It ain't reasonable."

"*Reasonable!*" thundered Quinby, in a tone eloquent of a condensed lifetime of sophistication. "Good God, what has that got to do with it! Little Moran got suddenly hoarse and could n't sing a note. Brunzola heard of it and kindly" — the familiar phraseology came out oddly — "consented to sing in her place."

"Good business," grumbled the office boy, his technical appreciation rising for the moment above merely personal considerations.

"Exceedingly good business," agreed his superior official, "if you have n't spoiled it all by letting that damned Dago into her dressing-room."

After a dismal silence Willie repeated, in a voice closely approximating a whine: "I could n't help it, Mr. Quinby, honest, I could n't. Madame Bergmann she said I was n't to blame."

"Oh, Bergmann!" exclaimed Quinby, in a tone in which relief and patronage were equally mingled. "What does she know about it!" His tone changed and became authoritative. "Go at once to Repeti and tell him he must get out at once. Tell him I said so. But mind you tell him civilly, or there won't be any opera. It's too late to get any one else."

The office boy went. What passed be-

tween them was never divulged except as it came out in resentful reflective fragments. Questioned by his associate, Willie was reserved. "Monkey talk," he mumbled. "But he went, all right, an' he says I'm goin', too, and I am."

"Aw, get out," responded his friend.

"That's exactly what I'm goin' to do," replied Willie intensely. "I've been in this here office five years, an' I ain't had no trouble with no one, an' I don't wait fer no dirty Dago to lose me my job."

"Aw, *they* won't fire you! He's only a baritone. He ain't so sum. Did n't you hear Quinby say the woods was full of 'em?"

"A baritone may n't be much, but this here is an opera company, an' I guess he's more count than an office boy," returned Willie with legal impersonality. "An' if he wants me fired, I guess he gets it all right. But," he added fiercely, "he don't get the chance. I send in my resignation to-night. See?"

With these ominous words Willie Jenkins relapsed into a silent gloom, from which he refused to be roused for the rest of the evening.

In "the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher" another scene had been enacted. Hilda, smiling and propitiatory, went in to Brunzola the outraged, who sat tapping a high-heeled French slipper upon the floor of the contralto's inferior dressing-room. She looked up to give the young German singer a brief smile of welcome.

"You were late, love."

"It vas the little Max," explained Hilda. "He is much sick. He has vat you call group, is it?"

"Oh, yes, that's nothing. All children have it." Generalizations were the Brunzola's panacea for the troubles of others. "Don't worry, child."

Hilda's face lightened, then clouded again. "I am vorried, Madame, he cannot draw vell his breaths. But Max say he vill stay, that I must not disappoint."

"Don't think any more about it, carissima. He will be all right to-morrow." Then, having permitted her mind to dwell

for an extraordinarily long period upon the affairs of another, the Brunzola reverted to the indignity she was suffering as the reward of her unprecedented graciousness. "Such impudence, my dear! Did you ever hear anything like it? A man — a baritone, and a second-rate baritone at that — in *my* dressing-room! It was the chance of his life, I suppose."

"Yes," agreed Hilda, looking troubled. She felt an unfounded sympathy for the scorned baritone.

"I suppose one ought really to feel sorry for the baritones and bassos, poor things! They so seldom have a chance."

"In *Der Fliegende Holländer*," suggested Hilda, whose mind had the Teutonic accuracy. "Und Herr Schmidt — surely he is greadt, Madame. *Ach*, but I love to sing Senta to his *Holländer*! Even if basso, I think he is altogether vat you call star."

"Oh, yes, Herr Schmidt is a fine artist," Brunzola assented of the remote basso. "But this miserable little garlicky baritone who bleats like a lamb — I have always detested him!"

"You were so good to sing for Mademoiselle Moran," suggested Hilda sweetly.

"Silly little thing! What they can see in her! And yet, my dear, if you will believe it, they actually called her out last time she sang Suzanna, when I had that nervous headache. Wretched, hard little voice, and she sings sharp!"

"Yes, it is not so beautiful a voice," Hilda admitted reluctantly. "But she is pretty, do you not think, Madame? It is that, perhaps, that they like. They do not compare her with a great artist like yourself."

"I had supposed," the Brunzola philosophized icily, "that in opera one required a voice, not a face. But very likely they like her little *café chantant* grimaces. As you say, they have no taste, this American audience. They are cabbage heads. True art is wasted on them. But I will show them to-night," she went on, a trifle inconsistently, "how Mozart should be

sung. They have perhaps forgotten." A moment later she added, "But you, child, sing it sweetly. It is truly a wonder, for one trained in Germany."

"You are very good, Madame" —

"But Moran," with a return to her former tone, "with her miserable little French scream — she can no more sing it than a cat."

At that very moment a delighted and astounded audience, passing through the lobby, were trying to grasp the astonishing contents of the printed notice which confronted them: —

"Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mademoiselle Moran, Madame Brunzola has graciously consented to sing in her place."

It was not long before Willie Jenkins, reserved, as becomes the misunderstood, came to the contralto's dressing-room bearing the olive branch. "Your room is empty now." He spoke to Madame Brunzola, but his eye glanced uncertainly toward Hilda Bergmann.

The Brunzola rose, then had an unusual compunction. "But your clothes are in there, child" —

Hilda protested, "*Nein, nein*, Madame. They are not yet unpacked; I stay here. It is your dressing-room when you sing. I have no wish to take it. I stay here."

The Brunzola smiled. "Sweet child! You really don't mind?"

"*Ach, nein* — no — indeed, Madame. I stay here. I would not think to take your room."

The diva paused in the deliberate act of departure — for what to her was a waiting audience! "You Germans are so much more amiable and *sympatica* — I should say *sympatisch*, should I not, *liebes Kind*? I can't bear Italians. They are so sudden. My first husband was an Italian, — a Neapolitan, — and I always said my life then was like living on the side of Vesuvius. Well — adieu, *contessa*. When we meet again I shall be your humble servant Suzanna." And with a premonitory touch of the prima donna run, the Brunzola tripped away

The Brunzola might have considered that retributive justice overtook the unchivalrous baritone, for he had no individual recall, while Suzanna's *Deh vieni* and the letter duo received applause unlimited. The diva was all graciousness as she received her recalls, and every time but one dragged with her the reluctant Hilda, who, unconscious and spontaneous in the opera, was childishly shy before the curtain.

It was a complete triumph for the Brunzola. She went home wreathed in smiles, the disquieting prelude to her triumph forgotten save as further evidence against the Italian character. But by accident an echo of the afterclap reached her ears in the shape of the humble tragedy of the office boy.

"Where is the boy that usually calls me?" she happened to ask the next evening, not liking the manner of the Mercury who summoned her. The question was merely intended to convey an impression of his inadequacy to the youth addressed, but his answer caught her attention.

"He's resigned, 'm."

"Resigned!"

"He gives up his job when his month's up. He just answers the phone now. He won't give no more messages since his fuss with Mr. Repeti. He wanted to go next day, but Mr. Quinby he ask him to stay till I got to know the work, so he squared it with him that way." The new boy took pride in the recitation.

"His trouble with Mr. Repeti," the diva repeated vaguely. Then a gleam came in her eye. "The night of *Figaro*, you mean?"

"Yez'm, I guess so."

"H'm. I must see to that. Tommy's a nice boy; we must keep him."

"It ain't Tommy, it's Willie."

"Well, Willie, then. I will speak to Mr. Quinby about it."

"Mr. Quinby ain't firing him; he asked him to stay. It's Willie his self. He won't stay."

"Very well, then," the prima donna

adjusted herself gravely, "I will speak to Willie. I am accustomed to Willie, and I don't wish him to go. Send him to me after the performance."

This conversation, repeated, produced some grim chuckles of delight from Willie, but failed to move his determination. He was inwardly hilarious and outwardly decorous as he went to the Brunzola's dressing-room after her final exit.

She glanced up pleasantly as the maid answered his knock, and threw him a careless, "Oh, come in, Tommy." She spoke looking into the mirror, while her maid extricated a diamond tiara from a mighty structure of blonde wig. "I hear that you are going, Tommy. I should be very sorry to have you go. I don't like that other boy. He has such a disagreeable husky voice. I hope you will change your mind."

"No'm, thank you, very much, Miss Brunzola, but I can't stay after that row with Mr. Repeti."

The Brunzola's eye flashed sympathetically. "Yes, I know. Italians are annoying, but you must n't go away on his account. You stay, Tommy. I want you to stay." Never doubting that she had settled the matter, the Brunzola took out a crumpled bill and handed it to the office boy without looking at it. Then, as the nervous maid had packed the tiara in the case, and was holding out a fur-lined wrap, she smiled a condescending dismissal to Willie Jenkins.

He went back to the office and exhibited the bill to his comrades.

"A fiver! You'll stay now, won't you?" exclaimed his intimate (the real Tommy, by the way).

But Willie Jenkins shook his head. "Not on your life!"

The next evening another summons came to him at the latter part of the performance, which was *Tannhäuser*. Elizabeth, who had just disappeared over the hill to die, and was obliged to wait some forty minutes before reappearing upon her bier, sat in her white nun-like robes resting in her dressing-room. It was Hilda

Bergmann. As Willie entered she looked up with a smile.

"Good evening, Villie. You get my message? Vat is this I hear that you go away?"

"Yez'm," returned Willie awkwardly, "I'm goin'."

Hilda looked distressed. "Vat for you go away? Don't go, Villie. I miss you if you go."

Willie the self-possessed was dumb.

Hilda went on: "You are so quick. You keep so vell my flowers. You are so good to the little Max that day he is outside in the carriage. You gif him one little ball, und he hold it all the vay home."

Willie blushed to the ears, grinned foolishly, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Oh, that's nothin'," he replied hastily.

"You vill stay, then?" she urged.

Willie hesitated, coughed, then mumbled almost inaudibly, "I did n't suppose it made no difference. If I'd of known you cared" —

"Und Madame Brunzola vishes also that you stay." Giving him a moment to consider, she turned to a bunch of pink roses on her dressing-table, and, selecting one with care, drew it out. "Vould you like a rose, Villie? I think you are fond of flowers."

Willie received the rose in a red hand, with a gulp of thanks; then, as he still lingered uncertainly, she said again coaxingly, —

"You stay, then, Villie?"

And without another thought to the forsworn glory of his dramatic exit, Willie consented.

"Yez'm, of course, if it makes any difference."

Back in the office again he made use of another idiom.

"I did n't suppose it ud cut any ice with her — with either of 'em, but she ask me to stay, so I stay."

"Good work," agreed his friend heartily.

"She's got eyes like a kid," Willie volunteered a few minutes later, "an' you can't refuse her nothin', any more'n you can a nice kid. My sister has one like that, an' nobody can't refuse her nothin'."

And this was the only apology or explanation that Willie Jenkins ever vouchsafed for his abrupt change of heart.

But Tommy, his associate, student of human nature, observed shrewdly, "I guess you got a crush on little Bergmann."

To which Willie replied fiercely, "Say, just cut that out, will you!"

An armed neutrality, occasionally giving place to guerilla warfare, which was carried on between Willie and Signor Repeti for the rest of the season, furnished much amusement to the habitués of the ante-room. But upon the subject of Willie's adoration for Hilda Bergmann few even of his intimates ever dared to jest.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

IN La Bruyère's *Characters of Theophrastus*, there is a sketch of the country gentleman as he appeared to the Athenian civilian of the fourth century B. C. Your countryman, says Theophrastus, talks in a loud, unrestrained voice, wears heavy shoes, eats not daintily, but voraciously,—he cares not what,—is eccentrically familiar with his servants, and likes to contemplate oxen,—surely a dull occupation. He will carelessly interrupt his dinner to go feed his cattle or to chat with any one who knocks at his door,—surely, to a civilian's mind, a great disrespect to the function of dining, that gastronomic ceremony, the climax of the day and cynosure of its ordered proprieties. Again, continues Theophrastus, when your countryman comes to town, he is always asking prices and testing the money paid him to see if it is honest weight; he buys a piece of meat, and carries it in his hand about the streets, to the embarrassment of his friends; he sings out loud in the public baths; he lifts his robe most indecorously high, and remarks, apropos of nothing, that it is time for a new moon and that he intends to get shaved.

Theophrastus was a pupil of Aristotle, and though he never so attained the exquisite urbane accent but that the Athenian market women knew him for an alien, still he was an Athenian civilian in point of view. This eccentric countryman of his, is he not like Sir Roger de Coverley?

Civilian Theophrastus of Athens and Civilian La Bruyère of Paris thought that character absurd whose angles were unground in the social mill. Civilian Addison of London, contemporary of

La Bruyère, and fellow observer of human types, thought him odd, but attractive. He smiled, but he liked him; and this liking was the most gracious thing that came out of Addison.

On country matters the civilian has mainly had his say unchallenged and unanswered. He has recorded his opinion and his prejudice even in the language: in "pagan" and "heathen," country derivatives, "memorials more enduring than brass" of the new faith's long delay this side of outlying villages and waste places, until "villager" and "heath man" on urban tongues became reproachful synonyms for the unconverted and those still in the night of their idolatry; in "boor," who was merely a farmer, a Bauer, a tiller of the soil, until his civilian fellowman decided that his manners were not good. In the meanwhile how does your etymology compliment your cities with "civil," "civilized," "urbane," "polite," "polished," and only in "bourgeois" and "policy" venture to hint a criticism! Not that language has shaded its connotations so unkindly to the countryside itself; "natural" is a word of praise, and "rural" a word of good liking; but with the countryman it has been so severe that "country matters" in Hamlet's usage meant mere coarse obscenity. Only in "citified" and "countified" do the two seem to have clinched and parted with even honors, leaving the balance of derogation about equal. Mainly language has behaved badly in this matter. Mainly the city has spoken and the country not replied. The satire which jibes at the close-fisted farmer has seldom been answered, though the answer is plain. There is a misleading circumstance in the case. The countryman, in proportion to his income, probably is and

always has been more open-handed than the civilian. Between the farmer or planter, and the factory hand or merchant, the farmer or planter is less liberal of his cash, but not of his income, for the reason that, while the whole of the wage earner's or merchant's income is in cash, or something readily convertible, only a part of the farmer's or planter's is such. The other and larger part goes, with no cash intermediate, directly to his consumption, or in barter at the village store. He does not handle so many dollars to the same income as the wage earner or merchant, and the cash dollar looks greater to his imagination. We associate miserliness with cash, a misleading circumstance. But of his resources at large, his produce, his hospitality, and his time, the countryman is probably more liberal than the civilian, for the balance in tendency to liberal-handedness is in favor of the man whose neighbors are not too close to his elbows. Hospitality varies inversely with the population per square mile.

Some one, in describing his idea of "a gentleman," speaks of "a certain indifference to small things." It is to dislike penny wisdom, to be not busy and minute, not careful and troubled about odds and ends, to be able to spoil one's clothes without regret, to spend one's money without watching it go, to have no haunting horror of wasting or throwing away. But this is not only a tendency in attitude of your affluent aristocrat, your gentry of birth with whom wealth has passed under the skin and become a characteristic, but it is a tendency in attitude of those who have found a roomy place on the earth, and a wealth of possibilities in wide new lands. The Westerner thinks he detects a certain pettiness in an Easterner of his own class; the American is less saving than the European of similar worldly conditions; the European is this side of the Chinaman. This indifference, this freedom from the petty, might be called the gift of fortune to your aristocrat, and the gift of nature to your frontiersman. The one gains his view and free air by

being lifted above, and more or less upon, the shoulders of his neighbors; the other by having his neighbors too few and far to trouble his view and free air. Through lack of space it comes that one's horizons are narrow, outlets meagre, and choices anxious. The soul is cramped and moulded by the elbows of one's neighbors. The "bourgeois" attitude is primarily a question of elbows.

Yet out of this close competitive herding it has come in part that we have any souls at all. First civilizations were social growths. Moral standards were tribal rather than private. South European civilization was mainly a city affair, of city states and conversing philosophers. In Northern Europe life was longer uncentralized, and the country spirit moved mightily. The peril of the city is pettiness and conformity. The peril of the country is a certain numbness and vacuity. So witness those literatures where the spirit of ages is "preserved and stored up." In South European literature there is more liveliness and more conformity, in North European, more dullness and more daring. The Mediterranean poet does not long that "the desert were his dwelling place," or

"for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

or for

"A book of verses underneath a bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread," —

and only one companion to sing beside him in the wilderness. He longs for "a day in the city square," where there is "something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear at least," church-bells and news, the Pulcinello, the latest play, the stirring procession: "*Bang-whang-whang*, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle*, the fife." And in higher mood he conceives the reward of the faithful and just, not in a restoration to that lost wild Eden, but as a citizenship in that celestial capital, whose priceless gates, lustrous pavement, and supreme society satisfy better the vision of his inward eye than mountains, moonlit rivers, and the beauty of Eden

loneliness. A favorite theme of the Parisian novelist, Amiel observes, is the *vie de province*, a dreary, narrow, soul-hungry, and unfed existence. But to Amiel, as to Marcus Aurelius before him, it is the same hungry life we all live, dreaming of the city of God and metropolis of the soul.

They are ancient educational rivals, the country and the city. In educational rivalry there is apt to be some ill-feeling. The rivalry was for the charge, discipline, and culture of mankind. The original question was: Are the habits of this promising species to be gregarious or solitary? Shall it feed and breed in flocks, shoals, and herds, like the crow, the herring, and the deer? or independently, like the hawk, the trout, and the panther? In more modern form: Is it better for a man to walk like Dr. Johnson by Charing Cross where his fellows throng, or like Isaac Walton by some stream apart, and practice the liberties of angling? Johnson was a thorough civilian in his likings, but not in his nature, which was angular and individual. His nature tended to solitude, his likings to company, and between the two he was melancholy. He had no love for bucolics. "Let me smile with the simple and feed with the poor! What folly is this!" he cried. "No. No. Let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." "A fishing rod," he said, "is a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other." Whereas Walton maintained with some force that to go fishing was almost in itself to travel the path of wisdom.

The issue has remained an issue. The educational system adopted has been a conflict and a compromise. Man is both social and solitary. He hungers for fellowship and for independence, for conversation and for peace. He has a destiny both racial and personal. He is of the flood of the generations, and yet feels that he has a private goal which is not with them. He insists that "The proper study of mankind is man," and then lifts up his eyes unto the hills for help. He is a

Charles Lamb in his love for city streets, the "prints, pictures all the glittering and sudden accession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen — bookstalls — busy faces ever passing by;" and he is an Emerson, whose nature feeds on solitude, brooding in his "little sandy village," which "not the smallest event enlivens," where "if I look out of the window there is perhaps a cow; if I go into the garden there are cucumbers; if I look into the brook there is a mud turtle. In the sleep of the great heats there is nothing for me but to read the Vedas, the Bible of the tropics, — sublime as heat and night and a breathless ocean. If I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, nature makes a Brahmin of me presently — eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence, this is her creed."

II

There are two cross currents of migration at the present day, the one a stream from the country to the city, swelling the latter to monstrous size and causing some indigestion. The other, from the city to the country, is more like tides, rains, or mists, than like the current of a river: tides with spring floods and autumn ebbs, showers of holidays and vacations, or else a mere moist and drizzling condition, a suburban compromise. Both movements are at the bidding of a common instinct to seek the other half of that race inheritance of a mixed culture, in protestation that man is neither a hawk nor a herring, but a composite in nature.

It was probably a countryman who first discovered that there is a solitude of cities, that it is not the presence of other people which banishes solitude, but the presence of other people with whom we are communicant. A multitude incommunicant emphasizes solitude. Solitude is a condition of the mind. The ticking clock and the wind across the uplands are company enough for conversations — with the clock about its courageous busi-

ness of measuring the immeasurable, cutting off minute sections of infinite time, and with the wind about its admirable method of traveling. But whatever may be the countryman's discoveries or gains, his migration is already at flood. It needs no promoter. His thirst for the city, his motives for gregarious flocking, have suffered some unjust reproach, but no discouragement. The civilian's counter migration is smaller, and intermittent in action. A discovery in turn lies before him, so far as he has not made it yet, that there is a society of the woods and fields, that in certain respects, for company, for observation, and for comment, this society is more practicable than civilian society. It is more practicable, for example, in three respects: first, because its social arrangements are more distinct; second, because its dramas, spectacles, panoramas, and contrasts are for that reason more intelligible; and third, because they generally are more convenient and at hand. For this field and forest society is an immense caste system.

It is a drawback in American life for purposes of observation and comment that we are a people indistinguished to the eye, unclassified to the understanding. Your casual stranger may be a bank president or a floor-walker, a bishop or a broker, a Presbyterian or a Christian Scientist, or be by birth of Iowa or Maine, or live in a hall bedroom or a mansion with a park front. He bears few marks of his opinions or beliefs, political or religious. You can make but broad generalizations about him. Moreover his opinions and beliefs are not of a piece. It is likely that he was born into one set of conditions, passed through others, and has come out a mixture, his make-up composite, his outline indistinct. Our clergy are mainly unfrocked, our officials ununiformed. We have no kings. Our beggars are unsatisfactory. You cannot tell a governor from a congressman. Your collision with a package-carrying youth may be a right contact with a student of the schools, an academic rebuttal, or but "an

illiterate encounter" with some mercantile adolescence, some conveyer of parcels. There is nothing absolute about his garb, countenance, or motions. Society moves before us disorderly, and our eyes are bemused with the clutter.

"That nation is happiest whose annals are tiresome." That nation is most democratic whose society has least structure. Then your happy democracy has its drawbacks for the purposes of observation and comment. Those are not the main purposes of society, but they are the purposes of which we are speaking.

But what even is Hindoo society to the society of the woods and fields? What is the caste system of Brahmin and Sudra to the caste system of species? Every bird has its caste marks, its garb, habits and habitat, its song, — save as your catbird or mocking bird, chartered libertines, practice their loose talents of imitation, — its generic manner and motion, its style in respect to eggs. Every creature is a rigid conservative to the caste lines of its species, the law of its kind, the tradition of its race. Cross-breeding and grafting of collaterals are not unknown, but no apple tree shocks creation by bearing a maple leaf. Its sense of propriety is too strong, its pride of species too ingrained, its prejudices too rooted in antiquity. The social system of the woods and fields is older than Egypt. Its customs were venerable when a mummy was an innovation. The bees had their hive cities, their queens and palace tragedies, before ever a human creature wattled a roof.

Kipling's McIntosh Jellaludin hinted that he could tell a woman's antecedents of caste and race by the way she rinsed a jug. It were a shrewd inference in humanity, but a commonplace in nature.

The book of humanity is written in obscure language and confused style. The book of nature is perhaps less subtle, but it is more readable. In respect to its contrasts and panoramas, if not more dramatic, they are more convenient. The craft, cruelty, and ceremony of war is a strong effect, but difficult to obtain; but

almost any electric spring day one may watch the swallows twittering before the vanguard of the storm, and the black battle climb the sky, with plunge and stab of jagged swords, with power and pomp and hate, with rattling volleys and boom of artillery. Or, on one of those days called of George Herbert "the bridal of the earth and sky," when the bridegroom world wears his festival garments, green and red and purple and gold, and has riot in his blood, and reverence in his heart for the garmented and veiled bride above him, in blue and white, and pure and soft as the down within a dove's wing,—on such days peace is overhead, but there is struggle and tumult always in the grass. Whoever lies close with shaded eyes looks into a populous community, a tropical forest, a jungle ruled by jungle laws, the swarming, caste-cleaved India of the grass.

"A child said, 'What is grass?' fetching it to me with full hands,"—so Whitman begins one of his singular monologues. "How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he." He goes on to call it the flag of his own disposition, hopeful and green, and like a child among more grown-up vegetations; or, again, it was a uniform hieroglyphic which being interpreted would say something about universal democracy. "And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves," somehow showing that the dear buried people were not dead, "for the smallest sprout shows that there really is no death." And so, by taking note of the grass, he becomes sure of his foothold, and leaps suddenly to a "knowledge of the amplitude of time," meaning that, instead of *ars longa, vita brevis*, both art and life are, on the contrary, limitless, that there is no end of time, and an abundance with which to fill it. This seems no very strict deduction from the premise of the grass.

Still, nearly any form of meditation can start up from the grass and grow greenly. But for myself, I find symbols of such far

ideas more in the overbending sky and its population of vapors; and in the grass rather symbols of immediate daily living, its detail and its multitude. To peer closely into the grass is to come down upon a busy subverdant world, a thronged stage, a scene of plots, of comic and tragic event, of fury and of quiet, of more "characters" than there are in La Bruyère's *Theophrastus*, and each caste-marked and distinguishable. Here are the slug-gard and the parasite,—their primal types; the gauzy frivoler, the sober family drudge; the patient and politic bug who waits in ambush of his cave for his meat to walk into his mouth in due season, and the anxious and troubled bug who is convinced that something is going to prevent his dinner presently. Alas! I am no entomologist. I know not your names, my brethren. But I look down on your labors and ambitions, and find your proceedings not unintelligible. I notice that the gregarious civilian bug seems active but fussy, a something petty, a something bourgeois about him; and about him who feeds and breeds apart from his fellows a certain fixed and vacuous manner, a certain dullness. I hear a council of municipal crows talking business in green chambers of the trees. A hawk rests on his spread wings alone in the sky. There is much to be said for crows; in fact, they say it; they are no hesitant talkers; but by contemplation of the self-captained hawk I pass to the opinion that a man is in possession of but half his race inheritance who has no liking for loneliness. It was once somewhere "highly resolved" for him that his education should be duplex, that he should hunger for his fellows and for himself, and that, as he should find his fellows in company, so he should find himself in solitude. "In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns." The civilian takes the Saturday afternoon train with a happy sigh. Each feels the tug of a faithful instinct, bidding him act after his kind and minister to the starved half of his nature.

"WE"

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

AMELIA was going to read it to me. And as it was so important and mysterious, she gave it a preparatory perusal.

"Well! Do they feed the bulls on *cake* in England?" she inquired.

"Read me the context," I said.

She read. "'You've sixty-seven, and you don't cake. You've broken the lease in that respect. You're dragging the heart out of the farm.'"

"In England," I said, opening my eyes, "they feed the bulls largely on oilcake made of cotton seed in the United States, — after we have used it to make the patent lard and the soap that floats."

"Humph!"

She continued to scan the literary score; and while she was preparing herself I put my feet up, and resumed my train of thought, to wit:—

A figure of speech unites the strong and obvious with the coy and hidden, and everybody is joyed in the marriage and the child, especially if the union be properly done in the monogamic way. To meet approval it must bear the author's stamp of consent; it must be a plain, open, two-sided comparison. But as for a triple allusion, *that* is something that may not be formally encompassed. The third dimension must be subtly apprehended by the reader, and the solid substance of it must be mentioned discreetly, — else everybody will rise *en masse* to protest. (As if the full measure of meaning robbed the primal matter of its beauty.) But it arouses suspicion, and it is more culpable to steal a meaning into something than to filch one out of it. So we are down on it. Our honest, straightforward minds will not brook such triplicity.

I was going on in that vein till I should have put myself asleep, had not Amelia started up.

"Do you know what the Egg Itself is? There is n't any context, except dashes and things."

"Nothing? no clue at all?" I inquired.

"No. The blind woman draws the figure of the Egg Itself with her finger as she names the lot of colors of — the picture. It must be important, because it is capitalized and named twice. And that's all. I suppose that is one of the parts that everybody is wondering about."

"Maybe it's an Easter egg," I offered.

"Silly!" she said, and kept on with her perusal. And I kept on with my thinking.

There are three sorts of people: those whose life is simply the living of it; those who yearn for expression but have not the gift; and those who can write. The first may be said to feel; the second may be said to feel and hear, but not to see. Theirs is only the rumor and shadow of joy wanting in the wood. But to say a thing is like catching it alive. Such trappers must have sharp sight. — Hearing does not exactly locate. A thing expressed belongs to you for the first time, and there is the joy of seeing it.

"I guess I might as well begin. I don't catch the meaning of half of it at all. Nobody does. But it is very beautiful."

"Is it a detective story, then?"

"They always come out in the end, and this does n't. The first part I like, though. Listen."

She read at first rhythmically, intimately, as in pure enjoyment; and then toward the middle I noticed that she had gone into the constrained, reverend tone. I opened my eyes. Her brows drew together, with an enigma between them, as when she sometimes sticks slightly on a matter of literary faith, but makes herself say it as it is printed. I had begun to

smile just at the impressive part; and as for the hidden meanings, they kept me in a constant titillation. But I kept myself from laughing *viva voce*, despite their aptness in hitting the thing off. When she arrived at the place where the author's signature used to be on all writings, her arms dropped. And the magazine, which had all the time been trying to shut up, slapped itself together. Her eyes lifted, rather vacantly, and she sat a moment in quandary. Then looking my way she saw what was left of a smile and heard a chuckle, — just as she was about to take me into the problem.

Myself had evidently become the conundrum now. She straightened up with her eyes set open as if she were making a photographic exposure on my dark interior, — looking in a purely optical way through the windows of my soul down into the obscurity where the strange sound had come from.

"Why, what is there funny about that to laugh about!"

"Funny! Why, it's just good. I was just laughing at the way he hit off those two fellows. And the whole business. That's them."

"It is They," she corrected. "But I am sure most people would not laugh at it."

"That kind," I rejoined, "cannot laugh at anything that is not in their own earnest lives. I was just laughing at the rap he took at those fellows. He was kind to the Editor, though."

"What fellows? Where?"

"There where he came to in his automobile. He comes cross-country on his machine and unknowingly runs into the Garden of Literature, — all set about with trees trimmed to the form of jousting knights and peacocks, and smooth maids of honor, — inanimate things vivified, things of common day invested with imagery. Not mere trees, and therefore only realistic, nor yet purely artificial and therefore tawdry and romantic, but the real thing in a livelier guise. That is 'Literature.' Not only in a new form, but

formal — classical. Literature is really horticultural. The showing of the romantic in the real is what it *is*. Literature is a combination."

"Oh, you are pleased with your figure of speech, — the symbolism you saw."

"My figure of speech," I exclaimed. Did she not catch the drift of it at all? "In that garden you have been reading about," I continued calmly, "is the house of Imagination, with the coy little sprites, Children of the Imagination, running roundabout and in and out; and here in the House of Imagination with its curved mirrors transforming even straight edges into lines of beauty is the fantastic Fire of Imagination lighting and warming it."

"But he does n't say they are that," she protested.

"No? And the way he has laid it over those fellows, the editor and the publisher!"

"What! The Butler and the Tenant Farmer? Do you mean to say that?"

"Are n't they the only two men on the estate? Look at the story."

"Go on. I don't know anything about it," she said.

"This Madden, the Butler, is a member of the Household proper — as an editor really is. But the Tenant Farmer, Turpin — shades of the highway robber! — is only commercially interested. He is always scheming a way to drag the heart out of the land, and wanting more on his overstocked back acres. A greedy man, she calls him; and the author says he is a ginger-headed giant. She says he is quite a new man — not the kind that were before him. Indeed he is; quite a modern production. But Madden is given more of a character. He is solicitous for the honor of the house, — which he is, of course. He has more than the mercenary impulse. Let's see how it says it. 'Evidently a butler, solicitous for the honor of the house, and interested, probably through a maid, in the nursery.' Only evidently a butler. Inevitably, on the other hand, he is an editor, solicitous for literature and tending the nursery of liter-

ary young hopefuls through his maid, the stenographer. Ho, ho! He makes him more vivid every time he mentions him. The fellow accompanied the automobile to the crossroads, and having pointed the way he immediately 'retired into the armor-plated conning-tower of his castle and walked away.'"

"I thought that was just a description of an English butler, but a rather queer one."

"So it is, too," I replied. "Any one who has sent him a little poem must recognize the armor-platedness of his personal position. And as to the editorial watch-tower, I hope I do not have to explain that—it being so much to the point. This author represents himself in the story as coming out of the East"—

"Of England. The trip was in England," said Amelia.

"True enough. But did you ever see any 'fig trees of the lower coast' in England? Such a thing in the very first paragraph ought to give any one a hint of the way in which it is all to be taken."

"Go on."

"I say this writer came out of the East, suddenly, in a literary vehicle that was a very automobile of modernity—a lively Pegasus of style. And he ran all unaware, so it seems, into the Garden of Literature, where lives the woman,—the beautiful blind woman who made the children come with her yearning, but cannot see them. She only feels and hears."

"Now," said Amelia promptly, with the air of making a thorough test of the matter, "how about those colors? He thinks something while he is trying to fix his automobile, and she tells him to stop because those colors hurt. Is there any sense in all that talk about the blind woman seeing 'black streaks and jags across the purple,' and 'purple and black,' and all that when he thinks?"

"That," said I, "is good—the philosophy of style. Style is the submonition one gets of a writer without being able to exactly locate the reason for it—much as this woman senses the 'colors' she can-

not be said to see. You know it is said that a man cannot put pen to paper without telling on himself; the printed page will somehow take on the hue of his mind, even though he thinks himself artfully silent in some ways and declarative in others. This writer, or automobilist, was silent of what he said inwardly about the machine. A man can see and say only himself. As the woman says, 'They are not in the world at all. They are in *you*.' That is Style—the colors we show to the insight. I suppose you recognize that this is the best possible symbolism of Style."

While Amelia hesitated to admit what she saw, I had to smile—or grin—again.

"Now you are thinking of something funny," she ventured.

"How did you know? Well, yes—I was. I was thinking of his mentioning a hue 'like port wine mixed with ink.' I wonder whether some of the English writers get the local color of self entirely from those fluids. Possibly that is what makes the 'black streaks and jags across the purple.'"

Amelia looked at me dubiously, wondering whether there were not more of me, possibly, than she had become acquainted with. But she immediately placed her finger on another lot of the black streaks and read them:—"I was silent, reviewing that inexhaustible matter, the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples, beside which the mere heathendom of the West Coast nigger is cleanly restraint. It led me a long distance into myself."

"He does n't give any clue to that, either. What is it?"

"That's Criticism—and more."

"And now," said Amelia, "what does that queer part mean,—her tracing the figure of the Egg Itself, and naming all those colors when he asked her to describe the 'picture' as she saw it? And then he speaks of it again as 'the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see.' What is it? Can't you and I see it—if it is so important? Why?"

"I will try and convey it. The colors she mentioned are the spectroscopic colors into which sunlight decomposes, — the colors of the rainbow. And all together, mixed or fused, they make the white light, or Truth — which literature attempts but never accomplishes. The Egg Itself is the Sun, from which the light and these colors emanate, and from which the world itself was hatched. I daresay you never saw the Sun, did you, — or Truth? Now do you begin to see a few things? Now you see why he describes Style, which is no more or less than the substance of literature, as being made of colors that are 'separate — all broken.' That is the way she saw his thoughts. None of us speak the white light of the whole truth, but only strange patterns of the decomposed light, vagaries of color. Some of us see more of one and some more of another."

Amelia had, I thought, begun to believe. But now she looked at me in doubt. I had probably become overconvincing. There is such a thing as being too right. It is not popular.

"But what of it?" she inquired.

"I don't know. They are just figures of speech."

"I thought you might be twitting me. Tell me, then, about those tallies."

"Ah — the old English tallies — that kept the Fire of Imagination going," I said musingly. I resolved to attack her by the intellect no longer; I would appeal to the woman in her. I stepped into the next room. I brought back our publisher's statement of the sales up to a certain day.

"There," I said, "take it in your hand. An English tally, as you certainly know, was a notched stick for the purpose of keeping accounts. You could cast up your reckoning by feeling, as this blind woman did the 'milk record.' We know our publishers are honest, do we not?"

"Oh, I know they are."

"You feel that they are honest," I said. "So it is that they keep accounts with us. We never see them, we feel that they are honest. Those five tallies, then, are the fac-

gots that keep the Fire of Imagination going; they make it leap and play and cast its distorted vagaries abroad. But of course it never brought forth the Truth, or deepened the impassioned Insight."

Amelia arose and strolled up and down the room. Now and then I could feel a glimmer of admiration and approval.

"Now," I said, "I might as well prepare you for the deeper waters. You see plainly enough, as everybody does, that this childless woman has a longing for children. The children are those of imagination, of yearning, for she 'made them come.' But she cannot see them; she is both childless and blind. All that is plain. Now, outside of this ideal place is the busy world, pictured in all its worriment. Inside the garden is a place of fantastic, distorted imagery, — what we call beautiful. And in this woman is only what she feels and knows by intuition. So there is the world of mere Experience, the world of Imagination, and the world of Insight, — of living, dreaming, and really knowing. This woman is a childless one yearning for expression, progeny — just as one who cannot write yearns to bring forth children of his fancy and see them in expression — just as all of us in the world, 'us blindies,' long to know the truth, but never do except we look within and abide by the longings of our nature, whole and unbroken. We cannot work it out in an arithmetic of words; it would be a shame if we had to. The three worlds are here depicted separately and apart from one another — but in mutual comment — a triple figure of speech, and triplicate. And along comes a writer. So it is principally an allegory shedding its trinity of hue and uniting in a white light on the literary life, which is the main thing illumined. The woman is principally one who yearns for expression. In the narrower sense she is literary, but in the larger sense human. She cannot write; she has no children."

"But here is something I am curious about," said Amelia. "What I want to know is this. Why did those little sn-

that had been avoiding him all through the story, come to him toward the end?"

"Don't you understand? They came to him when he stopped tapping on the leather screen, in which way he had been calculating the cost of Turpin's new shed. Finally he ceased his tapping and sat forgetful; and right at that point the little children that had been so coy came and made friends with him. The Inspirations came when he was not thoughtful of money. Love is the reward of unselfishness. And these little ones were the children of Love."

"What! These sprites! I thought"—

"Yes, she just imagined them. But there is more to it. You notice that the girl depicted outside of the garden had a child that died. And the child was what? There was not the usual bargain beforehand, the mercenary prearrangement. It is made of that kind and put in that part of the story as a parallel to the literary children, which are the product of love and passion, not mercenary. And the poor woman of the Garden says passionately, 'We must bear or lose.' That is, if we do not bear we lose. It is a great bereavement not to be able to express one's self."

"But here is something I would rather know about," said Amelia. "The Butler's wife saw one of these sprites, and then it seems it was not the Blind Woman's at all any more. She was very much surprised and grieved, it seems. She exclaims, 'Hers! Not for me?' Now I see no sense in that."

"Listen," I said. "These little children of the Imagination, these conceptions, run all over, out of the house and roundabout in the wood. They are anybody's and everybody's, a common property of the race, yours and mine. We send one to the Butler's wife, the magazine. And then we sometimes find it is not ours at all, for it has been printed; some one has seen it. And what a loss it is! And with what sore bereavement we exclaim, 'Hers! Not for me?' And then there is

nothing to do again but go 'walking in the wood,' to see if we can catch another."

"That is hard," she mused.

"Yes," I said. "See how it was with the automobilist. One time his machine broke down on his way thither; he was stalled. So he spread a rug, and he arranged on it pieces of his machine, which he explains are 'superfluous parts'—toys. With these he tries to coax the little children to him. But the Inspirations, the thing we have to say, will not come from fussing with our art—the technic—the poetesque uses of words, gaudy mannerisms of speech. Superfluous parts indeed. That is what they are; the ornaments and toys. Many of us have felt like this automobilist, 'I really do not need all these things.' They are not the essential."

Amelia sat on the couch, thinking deeply.

"Don't you see it all?" I inquired.

"Yes, it is the whole—business. Maybe it is all just a co—"

"I have never seen one that tended to business so thoroughly," I remarked.

"And what of it all, anyway?" she said suddenly. "Why was there anything in it that—could n't be understood?"

"I don't know. They're just the facts in the case."

"Hidden. Is that a writer's business, to go and hide things? And I knew them all, anyway. It's just"—

"Yes. It is a detective story, I admit that. They are just figures of speech."

"I would rather talk to you about—anything. I know all that, except when I read it. How did you figure it out so easily?"

"You know my motto; the way I find everything out, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. It is, Inquire Within."

"That is one of the best things to do in the first place. I had done that before I read this."

Amelia rose from the couch.

"Come," she said, drawing up a chair. "Let us sit together and look out of the window."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY HENRY W. BOYNTON

A WELL-KNOWN English Review has recently entered a proper enough protest against the unnecessary multiplication of short biographies. The past decade, not, so far as we can see, overfruitful in strong creative work, has achieved a great deal of grubbing in the old dust-heaps; and much turning over of material already unearthed and in some way sorted. In certain instances this work has been done perfunctorily, or, with whatever zeal, by hands naturally fitted for other tasks; but the number of valuable finds, major and minor, has been remarkable. The growing popularity of the brief biographical study is not undeserved. It aims not to supplant but to supplement the fuller and more formal type of biography. Its brevity does, of course, give it a chance with readers who shrink from anything in two volumes octavo; and the serial method of publication, bestowing a kind of cumulative dignity upon each succeeding number, secures a wide circulation among conventionally bookish persons. The established success of the English Men of Letters Series has led to a repetition of the experiment by other publishers. Naturally there is much to choose in point of quality among these compact studies, by whomever published; but the present commentator, who has chanced to read many of them, has found very few of them merely impertinent.

I

The original English series it has been judged proper to extend to the treatment of distinctly minor figures in English letters, and of the greater Americans. Sydney Smith and Bryant are among the latest inclusions; there is little doubt as to which of them has the better right to a

place of dignity among producers of literature in English.¹ Mr. Bradley's study, as the work of an American critic of the younger generation, may be taken to represent, in a way, the opinion of an early posterity. He treats Bryant "not merely as the earliest American poet, but as one of the more considerable luminaries of our small constellation,—the most imaginative, perhaps, of all our poets save Poe." There is, as the passage suggests, no spread-eagling done in this volume; the author has too real a respect for his subject, and for the critical office, to be in any danger from local pride. The result is what seems a perfectly reasonable estimate of Bryant as a poet who, if he did not achieve greatness, achieved distinction. As for his specific service to American literature, Mr. Bradley seems to say all that can be said: "Our racial consciousness is necessarily lacking in a reminiscence of that remote past when faith in things eternal first took form in beautiful mythologies and legends of gods and heroes. But in Bryant there is present something of the mood out of which such things spring, and he supplies, in his feeling toward nature, a little of that freshness of delight in all created things, and even more of that pristine poignancy of regret at the briefness of their span, which is needed to give spiritual perspective to our literature." With so clear a recognition of the "elemental quality" of Bryant's poetry, it is a little odd that the critic should not couple a recognition of the inevitable brevity of

¹ *William Cullen Bryant*. By WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Sydney Smith. By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

its expression. If Bryant's precocity was as remarkable as that of a Shelley or a Keats, its exercise was even more short-lived. It hardly suffices to say that the poet "even in his most productive period devoted only a small portion of his energies to the writing of poetry." There were, no doubt, in Bryant's youth, obstacles to the adoption of "literature as a profession" which, using the word literature in a vague sense, no longer obtain in America. But to live by poetry has always been the most painful of enterprises and the most precarious; apparently a professional "career" in poetry was forbidden Bryant by the conditions of his natural endowment as well as by "the exigencies of his situation in life." At his poetical best he was one of the most remarkable of youthful prodigies; and it would be as reasonable to regret his subsequent activity and usefulness in affairs as to lament the narrowness of his range and the paucity of his product in poetry. For what we have received let us be duly thankful. Bryant's long-continued and deep-grounded effectiveness as a public character is an aspect of his career upon which Mr. Bradley by no means fails to cast due emphasis. But why go back of the facts to surmise that if the man had not put himself in the way of a life of varied activities, he might have produced more, or better, poetry?

Mr. Russell's study of Sydney Smith pretends to offer nothing particularly fresh in matter or treatment; he has admittedly been "working in a field where a succession of diligent gleaners had preceded him." He has had a few new letters at his command, and that is all. Yet the book has been undertaken seriously, and the labor by no means wasted. Those "diligent gleaners" had been content with a more or less fragmentary and inaccurate method of presentation: Mr. Russell has assembled, corrected, and verified these scattered data, and made them the basis for an independent interpretation of the work and character of his subject. He seems, in short, pretty

thoroughly to have summed up the Sydney Smith question; no more elaborate study of him is likely to be needed. That is to say, the biographer's task was in many respects easier than that of Mr. Bradley. Mystery hangs about a poet, but a wit, whatever his stature, belongs to our common world. It must be said that there is nothing in the present study to convince us that Sydney Smith was not rather a wit than a man of letters. Of the famous but now somewhat faded Sydney jokes our biographer is, on the whole, commendably continent. Such things rarely stand the test of even a generation of years; and it is the penalty which a joker has to pay to posterity that innumerable verbal jests with a counterfeited water-mark should be saddled upon his memory. But Sydney Smith was a wit in the older and larger sense, a *bel esprit*, a keen intellect united to a genial fancy.

Mr. Russell shows our wit to have been, if not a great writer, a man of much practical zeal and influence. "What is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is, in my judgment, that Sydney Smith was a patriot of the purest and noblest type; a genuinely religious man according to his light and opportunity; and the happy possessor of a rich and singular talent which he employed through a long life in the willing service of the helpless, the persecuted, the poor. To use his own fine phrase, the interests of humanity 'got into his heart and circulated with his blood.' His playful speech was the vehicle of a passionate purpose. From his earliest manhood he was ready to sacrifice all that the sordid world thinks precious for Religious Equality and Rational Freedom." Not so far from Bryant, the American Poet and Editor, one sees, was this English wit and publicist, leaving the mere question of literary classification out of account. Bryant himself was capable of saying, shortly after the beginning of his connection, destined to last for half a century, with the New York *Evening Post*, "Politics and a bellyful are better than poetry and

starvation." Politics and questions of reform were later on to become of much more importance to him than a belly-ful; but his utterances were always calm, judicial, a little rigid. Sydney Smith, on the contrary, though not far from a contemporary, belonged, as an Edinburgh reviewer, and in other capacities, to the robust English school of letters, and was, after Swift, one of the greatest English masters of satirical invective. So he imagines himself saying to "a regular Tory Lord, whose members regularly vote against the Catholic question: 'To bring on a civil war for No Popery is a very foolish proceeding in a man who has two courses and a remove. As you value your side-board of plate, your broad ribband, your pier-glasses, — if obsequious domestics and large rooms are dear to you, — if you love ease and flattery, titles and coats of arms, — if the labor of the French cook, the dedication of the expecting poet, can move you, — if you hope for a long life of side-dishes, — if you are not insensible to the arrival of the turtle-fleets, — emancipate the Catholics! Do it for your ease, do it for your indolence, do it for your safety — emancipate and eat, emancipate and drink — emancipate and preserve the rent-roll and the family estate!'" Nowadays we are inclined to model our diatribes rather upon the style of the *Evening Post*; but there was a kind of infernal virtue in those unconcealed weapons of assault and battery which Jeffrey and North and Sydney Smith used to such purpose.

There seems, on the whole, to be no reason why Frederic Harrison's *Chatham*,¹ issued by the same publishers, should not have been as fitly included in the English Men of Letters Series as the *Sydney Smith*. Both were rhetorical improvisators, though one chanced to be an orator and the other a pamphleteer. With all its brevity, Mr. Harrison's study of the elder Pitt is, as would be expected, of the most finished character. His admiration

¹ *Chatham*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

of Chatham as one of the "four great creative statesmen" whom England has produced gives warmth to his interpretation, though he quite avoids the panegyrical note of Macaulay. His style is, if less lively, and quite untouched by humor, hardly less nervous than that of the eloquent Whig. "He has been charged with being drunk with war, delighting in war for itself; but this is a gross caricature of Pitt's ambition. . . . Pitt had no love of war. He loved his country with passion, and his ambition was to make his country the first in the world, to hand on to generations to come a mighty and stable inheritance. It was the ambition of Frederick, of Marlborough, of Dupleix, of Lally and of Montcalm, of Choiseul, of Alberoni, as it was of Pitt. But of them all, Frederick and Pitt alone have founded vast empires which, after one hundred and forty years of growth, are still growing to-day." To such a man the notion of a literature detached from the practical issues of life may well have seemed vanity; the wonder is that it did not seem so to Frederick. Pitt was content to shape an empire; what we have of his writing is laborious and formal, as different as possible from those glowing fragments of his reported discourse.

II

A very different man from the witty Rector of Combe Florey was the Vicar of Morwenstow: far less a person of public affairs, far more a man of letters, — and yet he was not primarily that, either. Sel-don has the parochial life, in whatever sense the term be used, produced a more interesting character. Poet, antiquarian, chronicler of Cornish legends, mystic, ecclesiastic, and (lightly his son-in-law biographer breathes it) opium-eater: a man most eccentric, most lovable. For his recluse habit — he hardly left his wild Cornish shore for a quarter-century — and for his fastidious unconventionality in dress and conduct, he strongly resembled that other literary hermit, his

contemporary FitzGerald. But while FitzGerald was solacing his somewhat aimless and self-centred existence with random, though, as it turned out, fruitful experiments in Spanish and Persian, Hawker was studying the antiquities of old Cornwall, reading Aquinas, and, above all, performing with hearty goodwill and scrupulous fidelity the thousand and one duties of a country priest who is also squire and magistrate.

Two brief, inaccurate, and incomplete memoirs appeared shortly after Hawker's death. One of them, by S. Baring-Gould, was well received, and has been twice reprinted; but the continued and growing interest in the author of *Footsteps of Former Men in Old Cornwall* has given good cause for the preparation of a full and reliable biography, such as we now have from the hand of his son-in-law.¹ The volume is a *Who's Who* for rubicundity and portliness; this being the style just now in fashion for biographies. Its contents are a product of unusual skill and discretion. Hawker was a figure which might easily have been distorted by adulation or carelessness. It appears to be presented here in its natural proportions. As master of a substantial glebe, he developed not only an excellent knowledge of crops and livestock, but a tendency to a very human irascibility in dealing with refractory or delinquent laborers. He shared the superstitions of his Cornish parishioners: made the sign to defend from the evil eye, and had a firm belief in pixies, brownies, and demons of the sterner sort. "As I entered the Gulph between the Vallies to-day, a Storm leaped from the Sea, and rushed at me roaring — I recognised a Demon and put Carrow to the gallop and so escaped. But it was perilous work. There once I saw a Brownie; and thence at night the Northern Glances gleam." On another occasion he writes quite soberly to his brother: "You talk of wea-

ther. . . . My Cliff Wheat was in the Blade and we thought it would snap with the wind. So on the 8th I had two crosses made of Wood, and on the Transome of one was carved and the letters painted red — 'Imperat Ventis' from St. Luke, I. E. 'He commanded the Winds,' and on the other, 'Dixit Mari, Tace,' 'He said unto the sea, "Peace, Be still."' They were fixed and consecrated by Six O'Clock in the evening, amidst so fierce a Gale that the Carpenter could hardly hear the Service on the Cliff. But the Prince of Air heard it and obeyed. By Twelve O'Clock there was a calm, and no Storm from the S.-W. and N.-W. — the points breasted by the Crosses — has entered that field since. Could any man doubt the Power of Words . . . who saw and witnessed, as all our people have, these things?" Upon matters of superstitious belief less closely connected with his daily life he had equally firm convictions: such as that angels have no wings and dress in white ("Are you not instructed," he writes to an ignorant friend, "that the Alb of the Primal Church, girdled, was an exact copy of the usual garments worn by angels when they communed with men?"), and that the hair of the Virgin and her Son was of "a blushing brown," "that of a ripe chestnut with the sun trembling over it." Yet this man was capable of invective as bitter as that of Sydney Smith; and of such touches of keen humor as: "He appeared to me to be a Protestant devoid of intestines, a most unusual thing. Is he not some other Man's Backbone?"

To the numerous memorials of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which have been published of late is now added, in the excellent Literary Lives Series, a study of Patmore.² Coventry Patmore's career was in many respects singular. Mr. Sargent chose him as model for Ezekiel in the now famous painting in the Boston Public Library; and there

¹ *The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow.* By C. E. BYLES. New York: John Lane. 1905.

² *Coventry Patmore.* By EDMUND GOSSE. Literary Lives Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

was not a little — there was perhaps too much — of the *sæva indignatio* of the prophet in his make-up. No one of his generation, not even Carlyle or Ruskin, was equally savage in his denunciation of the political and social conditions of the age. Yet his only generally recognized success was a popular success, — an idyl of what might be called the antimacassar school, its theme of deliriously chaste middle-class wedlock mildly decorated with a commodity of curates, crinoline, croquet, red plush sofas, and tea on the lawn. To catch the fashion of the time — witness *Dora*, for a single instance of the way in which that particular fashion was able to influence better poets than the author of *The Angel in the House* — and express it to the utmost: not the natural business of an Ezekiel, one would say. And indeed, though that poem is by no means to be disposed of as merely vapid or banal, it cannot justly be said to represent the poet at his best, as some of his later work represented him, — say the *Odes*, *Amelia*, and *The Unknown Eros*. There his didactic intent failed to compromise the utterance of his pure lyrical impulse. Patmore was essentially a singer, and he never knew it. His biographer has a very clear opinion of his place among Victorian poets: —

"It is probably not very unsafe to predict what Patmore's place will be in literary history. He does not quite stand in the central stream of the age in which he lived. He will not be inevitably thought of as representative of the intellect of his time, like Tennyson, nor as a spreading human force, like Browning, nor as a universal stimulant and irritant, like Matthew Arnold. His contributions to the national mind will be far less general than theirs, mainly because of his curious limitations of sympathy. Those who do not feel broadly may have a deep, but they cannot expect to have a wide, influence. They cannot suffuse themselves into the civilization of the race. The individuality of the three poets I have named was soluble, and as a matter of fact particles

of their substance flow in the veins of every cultivated man. Patmore was narrow, and he was hard; there is that in his genius which refuses to dissolve."

III

Poetry was as absolutely a profession to Patmore as to Tennyson and Browning, though he found it impossible to apply himself systematically to composition, as they did, and his product was comparatively small. He waited for his rare moments of inspiration with what was for him an excellent passivity. "No amount of idleness is wrong in a poet," he said placidly. "Idleness is the growing time of his harvest." Not, one reflects, the harvest of a Browning, which seems to have matured even as he "walked along our roads with step so active, so inquiring eye." He has never been more unmistakably "a spreading human force" than since the Browning societies became obsolete or obsolescent. The third fresh study of his life and work undertaken during the past two years has just presented itself.¹ In scale it stands midway between Mr. Chesterton's and Professor Dowden's; in quality it is to be compared rather with the latter. The style is not of the "popular" sort, and may indeed be said to verge now and then toward pedantry; but if the book bears the external stamp of a terminology whose agreeable mystifications might, a decade or two ago, have been manna to the cult, it has also the advantage, hardly then to have been appreciated, of really meaning something palpable. The study is in two parts, the first of which might by itself have made an excellent English Men of Letters number. Professor Herford has been successful in his attempt "to sift out from the picturesque loose drift" of detail and anecdote which has gathered about Browning's name "the really salient and relevant material." As little space as possible is devoted to the poet's

¹ *Robert Browning*. By C. H. HERFORD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

forbears and childhood: as few *ex post facto* premonitions of genius noted in early pranks and babblings. Even the incidents of that memorable courtship are lightly touched upon; while full treatment is given to the fifteen years of married life and poetic heyday which followed. The whole method is critical: events are dwelt upon or slighted according as they bear upon the poet's actual productiveness. For the rest, Professor Herford is successful in the most difficult part of the Browning critic's task: in dealing with those poetic extravagances with which Browning's labors began and ended. We may not at this day be particularly eager for a new exposition of *Pippa Passes* or *The Blot in the Scutcheon*, and yet owe something to the critic who is able to make both clear and tolerable *Sordello* or *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*.

The sixty pages on Browning's "Mind and Art" represent an extreme type of academic criticism: a method of scientific analysis which, of excellent use to a master, our young Ph.D.'s are in the way to make a public nuisance. Professor Herford is a master in this sort; yet one can hardly resist a smile or a shudder at the hard technicality of his procedure. One feels himself helplessly rung into the classroom by the very term "mind and art," — and yonder on the bulletin-board is a syllabus of the forthcoming lecture of the day, the first of its eight heads running, "1. Divergent psychical tendencies in Browning — 'romantic' temperament, 'realist' senses — blending of their *données* in his imaginative activity — shifting complexion of 'finite' and 'infinite.'" But these dry bones of discourse are clothed in due time; with what texture a sentence or two on Browning's two conceptions of reality may suggest: "His most intense consciousness, his most definite grip upon reality, was too closely bound up with the collisions and jostlings, the limits and angularities, of the world of the senses, for the belief in their illusoriness easily to hold its ground. This 'infinite soul' palpably had its fullest

and richest existence in the very heart of finite things. Wordsworth had turned for intimations of immortality to the remembered intuitions of childhood; Browning found them in every pang of baffled aspiration and frustrate will. Hence there arose in the very midst of this realm of illusion a new centre of reality; the phantoms took on solid and irrefragable existence, and refused to take to flight."

Mr. Japp's book about Stevenson¹ is top-heavy with a sub-title: it is not consistently a record, an estimate, or a memorial. It contains a good deal of valuable matter presented in the most scrappy and disjointed way; as well as some matter which is not valuable at all. Mr. Japp is far too obviously laden with grievances, some of them Stevenson's, some of them merely his. He is very severe with Henley, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Symons, *et al.*; not always, it seems, upon really dignified grounds. It is easily possible to take issue, on the score of taste, with those rather too well-known remarks of Henley's, but to call them "spiteful perversions" is surely an exaggeration. Such bits of personal controversy as the chapter on Lord Rosebery are mere impertinence; our dour Scots LL.D., F. R. S. E. takes himself a grain too seriously. The fact remains that he was a cherished friend of Stevenson's, and that his book, with all its formlessness and maladroitness, gives an impression, hardly paralleled elsewhere between two covers, of the generous ardor which this toil-ridden virtuoso had to expend upon life. How he lived, this Louis the Well-Beloved! always with something harum-scarum upon the surface, a wanderer, a rebel against petty conventions, yet with a deep conformity in his heart and in his conduct. Of whom could this be said so truly, unless of Cervantes, whose name is by one of those familiar accidents of the calendar once more fresh upon our lips? He, to be sure, was a sol-

¹ *Robert Louis Stevenson: A Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial.* By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F. R. S. E. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

dier of another sort, pitted against physical foes of more kinds than one; and born an age too early to obtain even in years that warming recognition which fell to Stevenson in his early prime. Mr. Calvert's timely *Life of Cervantes*² is, oddly enough, the first brief and satisfactory

monograph to be written in English. The more elaborate *Life* by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is better worth owning, but it is now hard to obtain. This narrative is compact and well considered; and is admirably illustrated with portraits and title-pages.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SECRET STORY

[While the anonymity of the Club must be strictly kept, the Editors think that the readers of *The Secret Story* may like to know that it has been written by one of the oldest and most truly original of our American writers of fiction.]

How beautiful, how true, that quiet talk of "Vision" in the May number of these pages. That talk brings out my little hidden story which has been growing for so many years.

I remember a small boy, the one I knew best of all. On a day of the spring-time he was on the grass in a meadow by the river. His friend was with him, and there was a blue sky and white clouds overhead. The gentle breeze, the soft *susurrus* of the flowing stream, and the shining of the sun, became to him very beautiful, and he was suddenly conscious of a happiness beyond these, and of which he could not speak, and which he did not in the least degree know about or understand. It was nothing; it was formless as the viewless air. And yet it made his whole life broader and brighter, as it lingered with him for hours, slowly fading out in the joys of a strong, vigorous boyhood, with constant outdoor activity.

A few years later the visitation came again. It was by a waterfall. The summer day was bright as before. The nameless joy, coming so without cause or ex-

planation, led the youth to wonder what this light might mean. It lingered for a day, and then slowly melted into the cool gray gloom of an energetic, toiling life of constant occupation.

And as time has gone by, at intervals of years this visitation has come again and again, and it has been the same silent joy under all kinds of outward experience and circumstances. And it ever leaves the life it visits broader, happier, and more beautiful than it finds it. In the wilderness, in the years of lonely living, it has come with peculiar power: in the days of toiling in crowded assemblies in the cities it has come, and the little boy, after so many years, still wonders and questions what it is. He has never mentioned it, or discussed the question with any one. He finds a few timid allusions to it in a very private journal kept in the time of his college experience. Aside from these hidden hints, no light of day has ever fallen upon this secret story. The boy always had an Achates. In his childhood and youth there were no secrets between him and this second self of his. From babyhood each read absolutely the thoughts and feelings of the other. And yet Achates never knew this secret history. That sense of happiness was nearer than Achates.

This one I have named Achates came to see me not long ago. He had been three years in the Civil War, and since that time in business, and had reared a family. I did not recognize him at first, and he

¹ *The Life of Cervantes*. By ALBERT F. CALVERT. New York: John Lane. 1905.

did not know me. There were too many years between us, — since we had parted in wartime. But we spent days together. We went down by the river, and the two little boys of so long ago came out of their hiding. The intervening time rolled away. The war and the family were gone, and we were two children, the very same as ever. The flaws of temper, the quick turns of yielding and resisting, and all the peculiarities, were so childish and so accurately the same that we were startled, shocked, amused, and driven to the conclusion that we were not a day older in our essential selves than we had been in the earliest hours of our acquaintance. And yet with all this I did not venture to ask Achates whether he had thought or known of the dream, the vision, the visitation, that had so shaped my life and made it what it is.

The little boy still questions what it was that came to him so naturally that bright day in the meadow. He questions and he muses with no better wisdom than at first. But in that secret chamber where the little chap has lived so long, and where the "I myself within me" has wondered at the man who has slowly enveloped him and grown up around him, and whom he yet knows to be but dust and ashes, — in that calm retreat a guess has long been recorded. The little chap has even dropped into poetry about it. I find the secret lines in that same hidden journal of which mention has been made. Without copying the timid lines, I may give their purport, and thereby suggest a solution of the mystery.

After questioning: —

"What is this strange, sweet silence stealing,
From out dim spaces, far, unknown?"

The suggestion reads: —

"Is it a great and gentle spirit,
In kindly converse with my own?"

The boy has not gone beyond this. He has been willing to assume that the great and gentle Spirit has used means. He has not thought it necessary to make biological insinuations. He has not cross-ex-

amined the molecules, nor suspected them of deceit or evil intentions of any kind whatever. On the other hand, he has been deeply grateful for the hours of vision that have been given him. He has known at such times that he has news, glorious news, of events happening he knows not where; and there is a joy of friendship, which he feels, but comprehends not. The sunlight, the sky, the lands, and the seas have become very beautiful. All the world and the life are full of light. In the lapse of hours or days this passes, but a vague consciousness remains of a lingering power which guides in the long journey. The little chap has read with reverence the history of Jacob and the Angels, the account of little Samuel, and the long line of sacred story which ever has been, is now, and ever shall be, the hope and the light of all the earth. He has read with confidence of the dreams and premonitions of Abraham Lincoln. He has questioned the records of the Society of Psychological Research, and has considered the probable extent of those subliminal possessions, now so often mentioned. Through all this, his own hidden story has remained the same. That joy which came so quietly and so long ago has not departed. In the midst of a busy life, below the eager career, this hidden story goes on and on, unchanging in its character, through its long, intermittent history.

It is very true that it has been found possible, in every age and every land, to treat the story of the hidden life with derision. But it is equally true, always, that the story-teller can smile at Satan's rage, and it is often seen that he can face a frowning world.

When the little story-telling traveler packs up and gets ready to leave, and bids farewell to Dust-and-Ashes, who has so long enveloped him, and to this beautiful world, it is understood that he sometimes casts a longing, lingering look behind: but it is also understood by those who have vision, and so can watch him and know that his eye is not dimmed nor his force abated, that he quickly turns

from the backward view, when he is leaving this world, and with glad alacrity hastens on his journey home.

THE IRONY OF FATE

I WAS born on the day that Hawthorne died, and I have always expected to wear his mantle. But after long years of incredibly persevering industry I have barely succeeded in winning the distinction, which at one time he claimed for himself, of being "the obscurest man of letters in America." I begin to suspect that something more than industry, something more than ambition, something more than a curious coincidence in dates, goes to the making of a novelist; but I cannot help feeling that a malign fate has marked me for failure where others, no more suitably equipped, have succeeded. I have the honor of belonging to a large family, inextricably connected by ties of marriage with innumerable other large families, all instinct with reverence for the family reputation. To this widely ramified connection everything imaginable has happened. Once, inadvertently, I wrote a story about a remote cousin, which was unexpectedly accepted, bringing down upon me the wrath of more relatives than I can count, for my base treachery in revealing family secrets. Ever since that time a watch has been set upon current literature, as unremitting as that of the Russian censors, and my kinsfolk, not literary by nature, have been trained into literary ferrets. I am additionally handicapped by a keen sense of honor, which forbids my making copy of my confidential friends. In my best days I had an active imagination, but even that could not keep pace with the actual experiences of my family and friends. During my long years of industry my literary method was as follows: Having shut myself up in the seclusion of my attic-study, I would first practice deep breathing for five minutes, saying to myself with each inhalation, "I was born on the day that Hawthorne died." Feeling then through every fibre

the gentle glow of well-being, I would ask myself, "What, in my place, would Hawthorne do now? Hawthorne would write." And having so said, I would set myself to four hours of concentrated effort, letting my imagination soar into the empyrean, using my best judgment for reins and literary taste for a bit. Then, little by little, I would write my story, making it as strong, as well-balanced, and as clear-cut as lay within my power. Afterward, I would go over it carefully with a magnifying glass, and cut out everything that ever happened to any one of my relatives or friends. I had been writing for the magazines for seven years without eliciting any more personal return than a printed formula of declination, when one day I received a handwritten note from a famous editor: "Why do you persist in sending us stories with the tale left out? Your style is good, but your writing lacks substance."

I saw my mistake at once. The imagination alone is insufficient, if facts be subtracted from its product, and my imagination in its widest sweep was subtended, if I may be allowed the technicality, by a common store of facts. It is a great misfortune when the family imagination is specialized in one individual, while the family memory remains a stock property. It then behooves me, I soliloquized, to abandon the use of my imagination and work out my stories on scientific principles. If Cuvier could construct an extinct monster from a solitary bone, surely I am not yet too old to learn to construct a story from an isolated fact. I had been interested in several touches that marked the work of one of our most objective and popular novelists. They had set me to wondering what manner of man he might be when he was alone with himself, and more out of curiosity than for any other reason I began to write a story which would account for and reveal the kind of person I surmised him to be. I had never heard an unpleasant word in regard to him, I had never read a word that was not highly flattering, but two or

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three sentences in a widely circulated novel had painted for me a picture. Only when my study was finished did I begin to suspect that I had written a highly original story about a living and breathing man. I sent it to an editor with a psychological bent, and received from him a surprising letter full of unstinted praise. My story was a wonder of psychological analysis, but it was so literally, word for word, the private history of one of our best known writers that its publication would furnish sufficient ground for a libel suit. Alas! I had outrivaled Cuvier, for he could construct merely an extinct monster, while my monster was alive and up-to-date and dangerous!

I began, then, to brood over my fate, for it seemed, almost, that I must be demon-haunted. My wife had never approved of my writing. She thought I might much better take care of the garden and mow the lawn. She had the near-sighted look when she spoke to me that people wear when they speak to a failure. I was a failure, I knew full well, but how could I account for it? I had as good an intelligence as many of our successful writers, as great perseverance, and a better use of language; yet their stories were taken and mine were left. I have a nature in which injustice rankles, and I would always rather feel myself in the wrong than feel myself wrongfully accused. I had failed, therefore I must have deserved to fail, but how? So I set to work to construct out of my self-knowledge a character for which failure would be the only justice, a character that would bring down the roof of the temple upon its head by its own self-seeking, yet in a manner so impersonal and detached that all the region round would echo with Olympian laughter. In order to paint such a portrait of myself it was necessary to omit all my redeeming qualities and to bring out the other kind with a merciless touch. Yet I tried to relieve the shadows with humorous lights, which would unmistakably indicate that I was not a hater of the human race, but a lover who

would say: "This creature have I held up to ridicule that you may see why men fail and take warning!" And then, having created out of my inner consciousness a bit of life as pitiless and as ironical as a Greek tragedy, I sent it to an editor whom I had had in mind throughout the writing; the only editor in America that I could depend upon to appreciate the subtle humor, the biting satire, the underlying truth.

I waited eagerly for his answer. It came, with a burst of confidence that astounded me. He could not speak highly enough of my story. "It is a masterpiece of narrative and portraiture," he wrote, "but by some unaccountable coincidence you have painted the portrait of my wife's brother. My wife has strong family feelings, and my brother-in-law has a fiery temper, so I dare not print it. But if you can get some other editor to publish it I will be your friend for life."

I, too, have a fiery temper, but what good does it do?

APROPOS OF FACULTY WIVES

WHILE the college professor, budget in hand, is occupying the centre of the stage for a brief moment, his wife listens to the hubbub of economic discussion, smiling merrily or maliciously, as her temperament leans to philosophy or pessimism. For, hark ye, my masters, this question of collegiate salary versus collegiate expenditure, so picturesquely presented in the *May Atlantic*, is a petticoat matter, and she knows it. The salary is earned by the head of the house, but the proportion devoted to each need, the extent of saving, the management of details, in a word, the manner of living, is left, in the majority of cases, to the wife.

The reason lies not at all in any superior ability in the "faculty wife," but simply in the circumstances. A college professor must attend to class-work, prepare his lectures, and give numberless personal interviews to students. In most institutions he has also a certain amount of administrative detail to answer for, as a

member of committees, "student adviser," et cetera, the extent and importance of this depending usually on the degree of his executive ability. Since it has been fairly well established that the profession is not, and never has been, overpaid, he presumably loves his work and puts in his evenings and any other spare hours in digging his own corner of the appallingly large field of knowledge, perhaps somewhat spurred thereto by the understanding that the faculty "must publish." His programme is manifestly full, and any digging done meantime in his suburban lot is usually directed by his wife. It is a most exceptional college man who combines with the theory of plant growth the practice of the spade and lawn mower.

In the institution with which I am most familiar, one of the larger universities of the middle West, this state of affairs has created or developed an admirable amount of practical ability among the professors' wives, but if this were all the case would present no special interest, since many hard-worked professional men have little time for domestic detail. The real complications of Mrs. Professor's existence arise from the combination of this responsibility with two other factors: the peculiar conditions of social life in a university community, and the intellectual pressure constantly at work.

In the matter of social conditions the first point which strikes the observer is the democracy of spirit and theory; the second, that in this democracy of letters, like that of politics, money does form a dividing line. I know of no other community of cultured people whose feeling is so entirely democratic as the faculty of such an institution as the one referred to above. Within its bounds every one is accepted at a certain face value of equality. Scholarship, in a broad sense, is taken for granted, everybody calls on everybody else, there are many "all-faculty" functions, and clubs of various sorts unite the women who are inclined clubward. On this general basis the first division is the inevitable one rising from personal "lik-

ability;" the second — alas, not less inevitable — is founded on differences in salary.

The wife of a young instructor who has eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year must do her own housework, and can hardly offer her friends even tea and thin bread-and-butter. She is probably gently bred, often college trained, almost always plucky and independent. Even if she could leave the baby, she will not, after the first year or so, accept a great deal of hospitality while the pleasure of returning it is entirely out of reach. Nor is there in this any commercial element of social barter. She simply knows that friendships may be spoiled by having all the favors on one side, and wisely avoids the danger. She keeps her friends, and has, probably, a pleasant neighborhood life, but that does not prevent her missing the larger opportunities. Carried on in various lines, this certainly makes a "difference," and the difference is felt the more keenly just because of the general democracy of sentiment, and because a faculty of say two hundred and fifty members may easily embrace all the degrees between a two-maid establishment with wine-cellar attachment, and a no-maid establishment with corn meal mush for dinner and salt-cellar attachment.

So much for filthy lucre! There is another phase, far worse on the whole. She is expected, nay, forced, to be intelligent. The university world is vibrant with intellectual interests. Libraries and laboratories are the tools of daily life. Every third man has just published a book or has one in drydock, and every second man is preparing a paper for a learned society. The truth or falsehood of every new theory, the value of every new discovery, is first battled over on academic ground. What woman can help responding to such influences? How many wives come to physical bankruptcy through the auxiliary arts of proofreading, stenography, or index-making! How many more stray from the happy paths of ignorance into the sinuous byways of modern thought!

It is not enough that the faculty wife combine culinary skill with the shifts and shortcuts of the home dressmaker. She must study the balanced ration, and the bases of design. Neither does it suffice that she bring up her offspring in the way she went herself. Around her stand the exponents of the latest theory of infant psychology, mostly childless, but frightfully alert, and she shakes off their baneful influence with difficulty. She may never have a new skirt and a new waist at once, but she saves money to go to Europe, that being a recognized necessity.

And the lightning changes which an hour may necessitate, — to be ready to discuss Nietzsche with a famous foreigner over the dinner she has just cooked; to spend a day putting reserved seats into her lord's tennis trousers, and yet share his joy over a "complete edition, only thirty dollars;" to play Portia in public and Cinderella in private! — Surely her mission is hardly less diversified than that of the Yale alumni, who are said to go out into the world "to preach the gospel and raise hell generally." And it's great fun, after all, — when the baby is well and the slavey decides to stay. Only at times of unusual depression does the faculty wife say with the Preacher, "Of making books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

THE DICTATORSHIP OF AN ACROBATIC MIND

A FEW months ago one laboring under the bane of deliberation queried: —

"Is it worse to be thought-less or thought-tied?"

It is neither the one nor the other. Both are merely bad.

Worse than either is the misfortune of possessing mental faculties so constructed that with the slightest pull of the intellectual string the whole equipment springs into instantaneous motion after the manner of an acrobatic jumping-jack.

This condition is the *bête noire* of my existence. The severest cudgels have

failed to keep my insubordinate thoughts under control. They have bullied and oppressed me until I feel myself the abject prey of every chance comer. The weakest gosling of an idea is as potent against me as the cannonade of an encyclopædia.

I listen to a lecture or a sermon. The orator begins to roll a ponderous period up a difficult hill. Snap! I have caught the impulse of a word or two, and off I go in leaps and bounds, hither and thither, but ever on until I arrive at the top, and find I have gathered in my jiggling flight so motley a crew of ideas they surely must begin with time and finish in eternity — yet still they continue to arrive. I am contemplating them in dismay when the conscious movement of a neighbor attracts me. A new hat! In one instant I have inspected every hat and coiffure in my vicinity, planned my next season's suit, and determined the rearrangement of my back hair. Another jump, and I am back with the speaker; he is but halfway up. By a strenuous effort of will I accompany him to the top, that I may be present when he arrives at one of the foregone conclusions I have already arrayed there. If by mischance he does not reach the end expected, impelled by the stimulus of a new view-point away I fly, and thus miss the opening of the next sentence. It is not a fair start, but no matter, the process is the same. One leap, and I have returned; another, advanced, arrived, double, turn and twist, back and forth, up and down, in and out, and alas, too frequently never touching bottom. It is arduous.

What is being thought-tied compared to this? A bann of repose, and irresponsible thoughtlessness? — an unattainable joy to a mind whose only respite is an abeyance, a waiting for a fresh pull of the string. Nor is mine that happy-go-lucky species of mind which jumps at conclusions. I jump to conclusions indeed, but it is a series of jumps, a succession of leaps from one peak to another, until arriving at the summit, afar off it may be from the one intended, but guarded by a bulwark of opinions, here I stop, breathless.

As a consequent of having stated these facts, a confession is now forced upon me: this high vaulting from one thought to another, this springboard association of ideas, has created within me a memory of which I stand in deadly awe.

It is unnecessary to recall to me the fact that psychologists consider memory of a very low order of intellect. I can substantiate the statement.

But I protest that when I was young I had no memory, that this thing has grown apace with my years, the malevolent product of my mental gymnastics, until now, full grown, the amount of material it can furnish for the hashing of thoughts is something appalling.

Overworked, my will has been dethroned and my judgment debased. But whatever the inner misery caused by these conditions, the unseemly outward manifestation is causing even my friends to regard me askance. There was a time when to me, also, the supplying of dates was something uncanny, the recalling of long buried facts positively gruesome, and the quick application of quotations a decided bore. The finding of a word for which a friend appears to be searching — if by ill-luck it happens to be of a slightly different meaning and thus throws him off the track from what he was intending to say — is not often considered a friendly act. To see too quickly the point of a story and then forget to laugh at the proper time, or to insert a missing detail and with it a chance insinuation that you have heard the story before, does not enhance one's popularity. Undertake the telling for one's self and quickly one's auditors are swamped in a sea of suggested ideas, and the climax is presented to submerged ears. Then in desperation one tries another tactic, one or two bold strokes, and the point appears so quickly that it passes for a mere detail. You are sure to be left speechless, with your audience politely waiting for the dénouement.

Poets pray for man the gift of a strong athletic brain, most especially the un-

happy possessor of the acrobatic mind. Such a one, guided by the uncertain conduct of a mind which moves in spasmodic leaps and jumps, stimulated by any chance word or expression, can never travel up the road of Parnassus in the good fellowship of comrades. He can never scale the heights in the company of the elect.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AND THE EUROPEAN SIGHT

ALL my life I have read stories of Americans abroad and have refused to believe most of them. But I have returned from my own first trip across the Atlantic a convert to Charles Battell Loomis and to the theory that the American tourist is among the most interesting sights to be found on the continent of Europe.

A New England business man crossed on the steamer with me; as soon as he landed, the Italian air seemed to bring out all over him, like a measles rash, the most rampant Americanism I ever saw. He gave himself the greatest inconvenience to procure three cigars in order to smuggle them into Naples, a thing which he afterwards discovered was within the law; in Rome he boasted that he had "sneaked" his kodak into St. Peter's against the regulations, although he did not want to photograph anything. In short, his one object in life seemed to be to cheat the Italian government and the Italian shopkeepers, whose acknowledged prerogative it is, as all right-minded tourists will agree, to eke out a miserable existence by cheating us.

The New Englander soon passed beyond my ken, for I was making a leisurely trip, and he, as you may easily surmise from the glimpse I have given of him, was of the class who waste no time in quiet contemplation. The next oddity I encountered was in Florence in the shape of a countrywoman from Florida, who, on being asked if she had been to Santa Croce, responded with interest, —

"No; what's that?"

"Santa Croce is the church where Galileo was buried," she was told.

"Galileo, oh yes!" Then, with the air of summoning a recollection from a long distance, "Galileo? Why, of course! *Pygmalion* and Galileo: you always hear of them together; now, who was *Pygmalion*?"

I see I have omitted mention of the girl in Rome who lost her luncheon because she rashly arranged to meet her party for that meal at the foot of Michael Angelo's Moses in the Vatican; I say rashly, because, had she consulted her guide-book, she would have discovered that Michael Angelo's Moses was to be found in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, at the opposite end of the city from the Vatican.

In Paris I met a party of delightful young persons, brothers and sisters from Boston. Every evening they appeared at dinner dressed to go out, and on inquiry it proved that they were testing solemnly in turn every café and vaudeville in the city made famous or infamous by fiction. One night it was the Moulin Rouge, followed by Maxim's; the next night, the Bal Bullier. I suppose I looked a little shocked at this, for they hastened to explain: "Of course we don't understand a *word*, but the dancing is good. And they are such famous places, and we may never get another chance!"

It was an unobtrusive looking American who stood in the long corridor of the Louvre before the Murillo Annunciation when a personally conducted party made its appearance. The American stood where he was when the group halted, in the hope, I suppose, of picking up a few gems in art criticism from the little French guide who succeeded, in his disquisition on painting, in making a tremendous noise. But the guide must have felt that

my friend was a jarring note in his admiring audience, for he suddenly stopped, turned and fixed him with a beady eye, and shouted, —

"Are you of *zis* partee?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah-h-h! Zen you must away! *Zis* is a personally conducted partee."

"Pardon, monsieur," murmured my imperturbable American as he bowed himself away, "I thought it was a dog-fight." And as his sauntering departure was followed by the infuriated gesticulations of the little guide and the amused laughter of the rest, I rejoiced for the first time in Europe in an American peculiarity.

But it was not until I boarded the steamer coming home that I met a thoroughly typical American. I asked him how long he had been in England, and he told me that much to his disgust he had had to stay a week.

"I landed last Saturday, and my business ought not to have taken me but three days," he said. "But I had to interview an English board of directors, and if you ever tried that, you know it is the slowest job on record."

"Do you often make these flying trips?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "I used to. But now I come over only about four times a year."

It is curious, this question of types; we pass by ninety-nine of our fellow-countrymen who have been born and bred here, and suddenly descend upon the hundredth, and label him typical for no more obvious reason than because he differs from the others. So in meekness of spirit I recognized in this man on the steamer the typical American business man as he figures in tradition and the modern novel. Yet I have lived in America all my life and never met any one like him before.